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EXPLORATION

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Now that the explorer's work seems to be done, the great lands all trodden to their recesses, the seas thoroughly searched for any islands, their depths well searched by the plumbist, and only the poles awaiting his feet, it is time to take some account of his motive and the chance there may be for his successor to satisfy it in the age to come. To accomplish this, we shall first see something of the place of this world-searching impulse in history, and then, in the manner of the naturalist, seek how it came into the hearts of men.

We do not have to look far in order to find that the exploring motive is characteristic of certain times and peoples. In the old world of men among the folk of Eurasia and North Africa, though their culture was in many cases comparable to our own, the marks of the geographic form of curiosity shown in explorations are very limited. The Greeks of classic time whom we are accustomed to regard, and justly, as our near intellectual kinsmen, essentially lacked that motive. On the sea, though their ships were as good as those of the Norsemen, they never ventured beyond the Mediterranean and the Euxine; and they were obstinate coasters, keeping, when possible, within sight of the shores. On the land they never made any remote ventures; there is no account of a Greek in classic times having penetrated as far as western India or China on the east or to the Alps on the west. They were content with the fields they knew, and went only so far in them as they found immediate profit from traffic with their people. The few travelers, such as Herodotus, limited their goings to the easy ways of trade and to a range of a thousand miles or so from Athens; for the rest of the world their limited curiosity was satisfied with stories of wonders they did not seek to behold.

The Romans, for all their desire to master the earth and their wide ranging conquests, show as little of the exploring motive as the Greeks. I have been unable to find a trace of a traveler who deliberately set forth upon such a search. It is curious that with all their administrative skill they do not seem ever to have sought information of the countries and peoples about them, even when they were planning long ahead for expeditions where the need of such knowledge should have been most evident: their humor seems to have been to march straight into the dark until they brought up against the impossible. Only among the Carthaginians do we find any evidence of the searching humor; on the sea they worked their way to the British Channel, developing a trade route which they used for centuries; and in at least one expedition they seem to have won south as far as the Cape of Good Hope. They seem also to have had a better sense of the land than any other of the ancients. The march of Hannibal into Italy, and that of Hasdrubal to Hannibal's relief across Spain, southern France, over the Apennines and the Alps and down the Valley of the Po, with the evident purpose of descending the eastern coast of Italy, was planned and executed, until the defeat that overwhelmed him at the battle of Metaurus, in a way that showed he knew the lay of the land better than did the Romans of his time.

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Both these movements were worthy of Cæsar and more skillfully planned in relation to a wide field than any he made. There have, indeed, been no better executed marches in modern days.

Among the other Semitic peoples, the Carthaginians and the Arabs alone have shown any signs of an interest in unknown fields, and this did not lead them far over the seas, and, save in mere conquests, not at all over the land. The Hebrew folk, considering their high intellectual grade, had surprisingly little interest in the world beyond the narrow limits of their own country. Not only do they afford no trace of the exploration motive in Old Testament times, but to this day the Jews have had no part in such work. I have been unable to find an instance where an Israelite has become an explorer of the earth's wildernesses. In view of the fact that in work of research in every department of natural science they have proved themselves able leaders of inquiry, this limitation is curious. We can understand this lack of interest of the race in the unknown world in the olden days for it is characteristic of all peoples when, escaped from the nomadic state, they come to have allotted fields for tillage and strongholds for safety; but the failure of this able people to take their share in the modern searching-out of the earth is curious.

The lack of the exploring motive which in ancient times characterized the peoples about the Mediterranean — for that matter all the settled folk of the world — continued down to about the end of the tenth century of our era. In all this period of about two thousand years, when the Mediterranean swarmed with ships perfectly well suited to cross the Atlantic in the tropical belt, there seems to have been no desire whatever to try that venture. In our state of mind, with such an opportunity for a dash into the unknown, half the craft of that sea would turn their prows westward; encountering the dangers for the chance of adventure and discovery. Nothing shows so well the difference between the ancient and the modern sense of the world and its mysteries as this failure of the wide sea to tempt brave and imaginative men to search its mysteries.

In part, the lack of the earth-exploring motive among the able people of ancient times is to be explained by the curiously obdurate belief that the earth was an unlimited surface with a boundless ocean lying beyond the lands. The Atlantic appears to have been generally believed to be a part of this circumambient, beyond which there was no reason to hope for other lands. The Greek men of science knew that the earth was a sphere; they had fairly well measured the curve of it and knew approximately its size; but their knowledge never became a part of the common store, and was forgotten until the beginning of modern times, when it had to be rediscovered. If we had the notion that the Atlantic was a limitless sea it is doubtful if it would prove tempting to explorers. It would be like a balloon course in the stellar spaces. In other part, the lack of the exploring motive among the ancients was due to the prevailing distrust in nature; to the belief that beyond the limits of demonstrated safety all was in the control of powers inimical to man. This is not the place to discuss the effect of the demon theory of nature, but it is evident that it had much to do with the development of the exploring as well as all other motives of inquiry.

Naturally enough, the first steps in exploration were made by the Norsemen, a folk who had remained apart from the Mediterranean civilizations, and had developed as no other people a valiant attitude as regards the sea. Their boats were less good than those of the south, and they had no better art of seamanship, but their hearts felt the temptation of the horizon. In the tenth century they began the attack on the North Atlantic in a succession of brave ventures which led to the discovery and settlement of Iceland and Greenland; and so further explora-

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tions were made, perhaps as far south as Nova Scotia and, as some have believed, even to the New England coast. While there may have been hope of gain in these daring voyages, they show the exploring motive; they are the first since the Carthaginian on which men ventured beyond the trodden ways of the seas, the very first where the ship masters dared to steer straight away from the land over the unknown deep.

Five hundred years before Columbus set sail on his memorable voyage, the Northmen had broken through the mystery of the western sea, and shown that it was only a larger Mediterranean, not a limitless expanse of waters; but their discoveries had no effect upon the imagination of man. But the state of mind of people had undergone a vast change in three centuries. The motives which had led to the crusades had given place to that of our modern life. Men believed in this world, and were eager for its opportunities of knowledge and of wealth. Quickly the states that faced the Atlantic were afoot for conquest. Spain, naturally the first, and with admirable courage and swiftness in the work; and England, France, and Portugal were no laggards in the race to the far-off goal. It was in this scramble for empire and for trade that the impulse of exploration came to be the most modern, and, in some ways, the most significant of all the motives awakened by the Renaissance, the new birth of European man.

In its first stages of growth the exploration motive was mingled with other impulses, with those of trade and of religious propaganda. With the Spaniards it remained associated with the desire for clerical and civil conquest. We find in it little trace of seeking for knowledge for its own sake. It was much the same in France, save that the religious motive had a larger share; the explorer's motive among its wonderful group of missionaries is often very evident. In England, because of its previous religious history, and its partial emancipation from priestly control, the hampering influence of the propaganda motive had little share in western adventures. Now and then we hear of projects for Christianizing infidels, but it is a small voice in that roar for conquest of lands and trade which began in the days of Queen Bess. While in France and Spain the religious motive remained strong, almost dominant, in the purposes of the conquests of those states, it had no real place in England; our ancestors did no Christianizing of any account, — they were content with the simpler work of winning empire.

After all the attractive parts of the new world had been pillaged, and there were no more enticing fields for plunder, the better and purer form of the exploration motive began to take shape. In two hundred years the parting of the world had been substantially effected except as regards Africa. At the beginning of the eighteenth century the well-affirmed spirit of discovery had to find its way on other paths. Then begins what we may term the purely scientific stage of the motive, — that in which the main if not the only end sought is the extension of knowledge. Probably because of the semi-agnostic state of mind of the English people, and consequent general lack of interest in religious propaganda of the Spanish kind, the separation of the existing motive from its old associations was more quickly accomplished among them than elsewhere. Other folk have done nearly as much in revealing the land and seas, but the British were the first to send forth a host of explorers who sought knowledge for its own sake.

It is interesting to note that the waters of sea and land were the first features to stimulate this scientific curiosity. When the shapes of the oceans were fairly well-determined, the imagination of these seekers of the unknown turned to the rivers, a field of enduring and fascinating mystery. All who have had the good fortune in their youth to dwell by a great river, — and even the small are in this regard great, — must have felt the desire to seek out its sources

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and trace their passage to the sea. In my childhood, I dwelt beside the Ohio, and found in its tide the greatest stimulus that came to my youthful imagination. The floods and shrinkings of the stream, the boats and rafts upon it, all moved me strongly to run away and turn explorer. That I did not essay the adventure was due to that fear of the unknown which is strong in infancy, and in most persists after maturity. This curiosity concerning the sources and courses of rivers was strongest concerning the Nile, the supremely mysterious stream. More than any other geographic feature it has served to quicken the minds of the British folk to exploration. So, first through the seas and then through the streams, in a far lesser way across the great lands, men gave shape to their interests which bade them search the world.

It is interesting to see the diversity of the exploration motive among diverse peoples; in general it may be said to be a possession of certain branches of Aryan stock, for while there are exceptions, as in the case of the Carthaginians, they are unimportant. The able Turanian folk, though now and then they have broken forth in marches of conquest, seem never to have felt the exploring impulse. From what we know of them we cannot conceive a Chinese Marco Polo making his way to the Mediterranean. The eastern Aryans of Persia and India appear to have been as little moved to assail the seas and lands as the Chinese. It was about as easy to journey from the Bay of Bengal to Australia as from the Mediterranean to Britain, but the journey seems never to have been made. Among the western Aryans, those alone whose states bordered on the Atlantic or the Mediterranean spontaneously came by the motive. Germany and Russia have shared in this spirit but it has been second-hand, by the contagion of example. Among the people of all these states in touch with the western sea, it remains strong at least with those who have manly strength. Admirable examples of the exploring motive in its best shape abound in the biographies of English-speaking people from Great Britain and America. For their numbers the Scandinavians have afforded an even larger proportion of these brave adventures, while Germany and France have made notable contributions to this valiant host of truth-seekers. That the motive still lives in those of Iberian blood is shown by the recent remarkable explorations of General Reyes of Equador, said to be of pure Spanish blood, in about the last remaining great unexplored field, — that of South America just east of the Andes. Report has it that he began his remarkable journeys in fleeing from his enemies in a revolution, by way of the Orinoco River to the sea. In the adventures of this escape he acquired that hunger for the horizon which is apt to possess all hardy spirits who by any chance are cast away in the wilderness. His journeys are, in certain ways, among the most important achievements of the explorers of his generation, and make us look with unwonted interest upon his last revolutionary essay, by which he has become dictator of his country.

It has been my good fortune to know several men who were possessed with what we may call the divine fury of exploration. The most interesting of them, as an illustration of the suddenness and intensity of the possession, was Captain Hall of Arctic fame. When I was a lad, Hall was a seal engraver in Cincinnati, a rather commonplace person engaged in an eminently sedentary occupation. Stories of Arctic travel had a curious fascination for me even before my teens, so I came to know something of him, and shared in his longing for the preposterous north pole, in itself no more worthy of seeking than any other point in a square mile of inhospitable sea or land. Hall's ideas gradually became fixed on this crusade. He gave up his business and, in time, his life, to the mad search. His mania, as my childish devotion to the pole, was probably in part due to the traditions of Symms of "Symms' hole" fame, who

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shaped his mania in Cincinnati, and left a curious and enduring tradition of it among the many speculative people of that town.

Although about the beginning of the nineteenth century, exploration for conquest having practically terminated, the motive took on its truly modern scientific shape, the work done by these seekers after pure truth has still had no small influence on the history of the states whence they came. The territorial interest which England has in Africa, which now promises to give her substantial control of the more valuable parts of that continent, is in large measure due to the wilderness-breaking spirit of her adventurous men. It has made all her boundaries here and on other continents no more than camp lines to be moved onward at the next beat of reveille. Other folk have built walls to their empires and been content to seek no farther, but her explorers have kept up the search, and her banners have followed them. So in the later, as in the earlier, form of this hunger of the unknown, have been the shapes of our great modern states. Whether in association with the motives of trade, of political conquest, of religious fanaticism, or in the later day as a pure seeking for knowledge, it has been a momentous influence in the destinies of men.

Turning now to the natural history of the exploration motive let us see if we can trace it in the life below the level of our kind, and so determine whether or no it is a property of man's intellectual estate. As in all such efforts to look downward into the life whence man was derived, we encounter a serious difficulty in the fact that our lineal ancestors among the brutes have vanished from the earth: it is effectively certain that not a single species is now living that had any share in handing on our life in its long advance. In all our studies of this kind we have to trust to what we can observe among our collateral kindred, our cousins of remote degree. We do this safely as regards the main psychic features of animals, for our knowledge shows that the likeness in the mental realm is, so far as the simpler impulses of the mind, quite as great as in the bodily parts between the manlike apes and man; there is no difference save in proportion in their organs, bones, muscles, and other elements of structure, and in both we find the fundamental qualities of the intelligence equally alike, though with far greater differences in proportion.

Among the apes we find the impulse of curiosity, which is at the foundation of the exploring motive, as well-developed as it is in man. In this regard they are curiously like human children or the grown people of the lower races. They are in their way explorers; their habits are generally social; they form herds or droves, and these groups are not domiciled but of wide ranging habit. They have pushed out very far from their centre of origin, which seems to have been somewhere about the shores of the Indian Ocean, so that they have come to occupy every part of the earth to which they could gain access which was fitted to their needs. In fact, there is no group of mammals which in the same length of geologic time has won so far around the world. Considering that all the apes are arborial in habit and that only the rare and higher species are accustomed to travel for any distance on the surface of the earth, the distribution of the group shows that they have long been — probably from the beginning — explorers of the unknown.

Among the mammals of a lower grade than the apes, at least among all those of social habits, the exploring motive in the form that makes them seek for "fresh fields and pastures new" is, if not stronger, even more traceable than in the nearer kindred of man. Every country-bred person knows by experience the insistent way in which our domesticated animals, though wonted to barriers, and selected for their willingness to be confined by them, are always "breachy," that is, addicted to exploration. Even among sheep, the dullest-witted of the servants we have on a farm, the primitive desire for the

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unknown is most evident. This is well shown by a recent experience I have had with them. Half a dozen Hampshire-downs were well fenced in a small field where they had every element of ovine luxury, yet they chafed and studied every chance of freedom. On one occasion they escaped through the gate to the chance of lean pastures. When harried back by the shepherd and his dog, one would have supposed that their experience with the wilderness would have bred content, but ever afterwards they watched that gate, and the buck when he thought he was unobserved would try to butt it open. Here was an evident case of that hunger for the horizon which seems even more innate with most beasts than with men.

Among certain mammals, most evidently with the rodents, the exploring motive at times takes on what seems a maniacal form. This occurs occasionally among the squirrels of the Alleghenies, when they move westward in hordes which sometimes bring devastation to the crops of the country over which they pass. It is even more clearly shown in the lemming of northern Scandinavia, which, at intervals of years, move in great hosts westward as fast as they can travel, stopping at no bounds, but going onward until the survivors of the expedition reach the sea, and swim out into it until they are drowned.

Among the birds the outgoing humor is even more manifested than in the mammals. It has been with many forms wonderfully organized into systematic migrations, which may take the hosts over waters as wide as the Mediterranean in their biennial movements between Africa and Europe, — the small, weak-winged forms, it is said, taking passage on the backs of the stronger creatures, such as the storks. We may note the same motive in the lower vertebrates, the fishes, or, yet further down the scale, in the insects, — it is excellently well shown in flies, — so that we find that the humor for marching forth for new chances in life seems to be almost a common quality of intelligence, whether we name it rational or instinctive. As to the origin of it we may, if we please, have recourse to the notions of the extreme selectionists, — not the true followers of Darwin; they tell us that the form of geographic curiosity which leads to the exploring habit of animals is profitable as it adds to the chances of survival, and that the slightest beginnings of it would be accumulated by the process of natural selection from generation to generation, so that it would be in the course of time firmly established. There is no better cloak for ignorance or more effective check to inquiry than this ready system of question-begging by the use of the phrase "the survival of the fittest." Here, or often elsewhere, we have no evidence whatever that the exploring motive was developed by such a process. It is safer to take it as a quality of intelligence, and thus to certify our ignorance as to the manner in which it came to be.

Thus far only can we see into the mystery of the motive which leads sentient creatures to explore the world about them. We see that in every species of animals wherein any kind of intelligence develops to a high grade, curiosity awakens. Where they behold something that is unfamiliar, though the sight of it commonly awakens fear, it at the same time provokes an insistent desire to know more of it. We note this state of mind in squid, in some of the insects, in fishes, in reptiles, and in practically all the species of birds and mammals. Where it leads the creatures, as it commonly does, to explore the fields about them, we can give the most rational account of the process by supposing that, as in ourselves, the imagination makes some sort of a picture of what the unseen holds; this excites the curiosity, and action must be had to relieve it.

However we may seek to account for the impulse to go forth in search of the unknown, it is evident that it is not a peculiarity of man's estate, but came to him, as the beginnings of all else, from the

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lower life, where the seeds of his good and evil were shaped. So, too, it is plain that in the first stage of his life as man he was by nature a nomad. This wandering stage was long-continued; it probably represents many times the duration of his sedentary life such as we see about us. Thus the American Indians, an able people who were well advanced in the way towards civilization, were still so possessed with the wandering humor that their tribes moved about ceaselessly in the process of conquering or being conquered. It is evident that individuals became explorers of no mean ability; some of them ranged in their passages from the Atlantic to the Pacific side of North America. The movements of the tribes in Africa and of the better known peoples of the great Eurasian land show the same excursive motive. The vast migrations of the Teutonic tribes which broke down the Roman Empire, from the naturalist's point of view much resemble the occasional eruptions of the lemming as above described. A large part of human history is to be read in the light which a knowledge of this exploring impulse throws upon what would otherwise be inexplicable.

When in the course of advance towards civilized conditions originally nomadic, man came to have possessions that tempted competitors of his kind; when he had come by flocks and herds; and even more, when he became the soil tiller, and advanced farther in wealth, — he needed strongholds for defence. As soon as a tribe has built any efficient fortress it becomes attached to the field it occupies and protects. This place of safety, as the art of war develops, soon represents the largest and most important property of the folk. The hold almost always encloses a dwelling-place where, because of the permanence of occupation, houses take the place of tents; the commonwealth is organized with reference to it; shrines and memories help to make the place dear. In this, the domiciled state of man, the main object of the society is to keep itself safe from the foes who are certain to be nearby and ever dangerous. Any indulgence of the exploring motive leads the wandering among aliens, and commonly enough to death. Thus it comes about that forth-going is apt to be condemned, so that even in a highly civilized country, such as Japan was half a century ago, any effort to go beyond the boundaries of the state may be looked upon as treason. It is, in some part, to this effect of war in making men profoundly sedentary that we may fairly attribute the decay of the exploration motive in the civilizations of classic times, such as we have noted among the Jews, the Greeks, and the Romans.

The return of the nomadic exploration motive in the period following the Renaissance appears to have been due, as are most such events, to several causes: to the intensity of the competition in trade of several strong states, each able to give a good measure of protection to its citizens who might wander; to a better sense of natural law, which, in part, cleared away the old notions of danger from demons in the wilderness. In part it may have been brought about by one of those curious tides of the common spirit, such as sets herds of animals in motion after a long period of repose. It is evident that the first stages of this modern movement of exploration have passed. There are still a few rivers to be traced to their sources, the poles are untouched, and there are untrodden peaks to be climbed; but as a field of cursory exploration in the manner of the great leaders in such adventures, the resources of the world are so nearly exhausted that a generation may bring the end of opportunity. The question arises, will this end lead to another decay of this primitive motive, as did the beginnings of civilization when man first became sedentary? The answer to this is easily made by any one who will attentively regard the curious movements of the inquiring humor of which the exploring motive is but one phase.

Considering the future of exploration,

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we should at first note that, while from the point of view of the path-breaker, who has his main satisfaction — sometimes the whole of it — in knowing that his feet are the first to break the way, the seas and lands are, so to speak, worn out, they are still virgin fields to those who have the modern sense of what exploration really means. So far, we have done for the greater part of the world no more than would a traveler who, bent on discovering Rome, should make the rounds of its walls, jot down the sites, and note the appearance of certain of its buildings, and then go on. If Rome had never been seen before, this might be a useful thing to do, as it might lead to real inquiries. This is about the condition of the work done by most, we may fairly say all, of the so-called explorers; they make the ways ready for true exploration. Those who try to find the basis of large understandings in their records are always disappointed; they see only the place where work needs be done. This is no basis for blame; they were path-breakers, and the place of such is sure and they are worthy of praise.

The real exploration of the world has to be done, and endlessly done over, by men who go to its fields of land and sea for very definite purposes, — to satisfy the needs of the learning of their time. Only the mere fringes of this endeavor will be devoted to climbing peaks or winning a few miles nearer to a mere geographical definition, such as the north or south pole. The cause of true exploration will be vastly advanced when some real observer with the spirit of the naturalist finds himself within, say, fifty miles of the pole, with a sea beneath him that by soundings proves that there is no land polewards; who then deliberately gives up the satisfaction of putting his feet a little nearer to that field in which the wobbly axis of the earth ends, in order that he may save time and force for better uses. That man will stand for the new type of explorer who represents the motive of our time as the captains of the Spanish forays in the new world represented the crude and brutal form of the impulse four hundred years ago. We are to glance at those fields that await the modern explorer, and are to give him the same inspiration that the men of old won when they knew they

> . . . "were the first that ever burst —
> Into that silent sea."

There is, it is true, a certain pure physical delight in being, won in the mere seeming, for it is rarely we are sure that we are the first in the seeming unknown. But this delight is somewhat childish; it is like that of the big game hunter who has the satisfaction that in killing an elephant he has done what no one else has done, or will do, for that particular beast. Most newly discovered seas have been plowed by unknown keels, and there are few square miles of land which have not been trodden by many feet. The mountain-climber — one of the commonest embodiments of the exploring motive — most often finds on the virgin summit or in the cañon a beer bottle and the card of John Doe.

As a lad, I found my way to the exploring motive in the caverns of Kentucky; they are endless in number and in their narrow range of beautiful and mysterious ways. I well remember, on breaking into the first of these untraversed, as it seemed previously unknown, deeps, how delighted I was to feel that I was where no human being had ever been before. It was short-lived, for soon I found in the dust the print of Indian moccasined feet, showing that before the wall of stalactites and stalagmites, through which I had broken my way, was formed, those ancients had been there. To the real explorers who are to discover the earth this question of antecedent keels or feet will have no importance, for they are sure that what they seek has been found by no predecessor.

Taking first that part of the work of exploration which has the charm of coming from the battle with the elements and the difficulties of the earth, — in the

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realm of modern geography there is a host of most important problems resting upon the shape of the surface. Every ridge, lake, and hill has the value to the student in this field that the inscriptions of antiquity have to the historian. These records cannot be brought into our museums; they must be interpreted by the geographer on the ground and with strenuous labor. When that task is done, comes the geologist, who, beginning where the geographer leaves off, sets himself to read the remoter past of the area. His problems are so numerous that no one man or age can command them all. He brings back his store for discussion, to find that for one point which his explorations have settled, there are two others that are raised in the process, each more important than that which has been determined, — that is the best part of his large rewards. To the outsider, the non-naturalist, this may seem a Sisyphean occupation; but if Sisyphus had been paid a good wage for the first rolling of his ball, and found his wage doubled for each subsequent journey, he would have liked his task.

It is not possible to give here, even with the utmost brevity, an idea of what awaits exploration. Some notion of the problems as we see them — the man of a hundred years hence will surely double the host — may be formed by considering what has to be done in North America alone, the best known of all the true continents, for Europe is but a fringe of the great Eurasian land. Considered from the point of what is termed the modern geography, perhaps one third of this land is fairly well understood, though every decade demands new investigations with reference to questions which were not suggested ten years before. So far as we can foresee, the geographic problems of the continent will need the explorer for generations to come.

In the domain of geology the expansion of problems, with the process of solving those we have in hand, is vastly greater than in the more limited field of pure geography. A few years ago the more confident men of science seem to have been of the opinion that the riddles of our continents might be read with a few decades of hard work, such as is now being devoted to them; but at every step the horizon expands, and a wilderness of new questions opens before us; something of what the geographer essays to do with the earth as it is, the geologist must strive to do for the stages of the past. One of his tasks is to trace the steps by which the vast structure took its present shape, whence came the forces which built it, and in what successions and in what areas they were applied. Another is to decipher from the records what were its climatal conditions at various stages in the succession. Thus, to give a single instance, I may cite the problems raised by certain beds of salt which occur in the United States: in brief these are as follows:

The rock salt deposits above referred to lie in two fields, the one in the district near Lake Erie, the other near the mouth of the Mississippi. Now a deposit of salt means that enclosed basins existed in an extremely arid climate, such as we now find at the Great Salt Lake of Utah, and in sundry other desert countries. Such conditions depend upon peculiarities of geography; they are never of world-wide extension. At present, and for all recent geological time, we have evidence that the climate of the places where these salt beds occur has been blessed with a large rainfall. What then were the conditions which led to the development of *dead* seas in these areas? The solution of this interesting question will depend upon the results of a great amount of geological exploration; on the study and interpretation of the continental form in former geological periods; the course of the currents of the air and sea; in effect, on the reconstruction of an ancient geography. Volumes could be filled with a mere list of these riddles, the solution of which will lead the explorer far afield over the surface of the earth, back into

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remote ages, and most of all into his divining spirit, the widest of the great deeps.

Interesting as are the questions of physical geology, there are very many like that just above noted; they are not the best that science affords. Better are to be found: better because they call for yet higher ability and farther-going inquiry for their solution. Of these, the more important concern the origin of the earth and its relation to the other spheres of space, and the history of organic life upon it. Both these fields of inquiry are, even in the imperfect seeing of our day, amazingly rich in problems which call for the best the exploring spirit has to give, and in return will give to it the noblest rewards that come to the path-breaker. Of the two groups, that which concerns the history of life is the richer, and work in it involves more of contact with the earth's surface. These problems of Paleontology — that tedious word for ancient life — once seemed delightfully simple. You had only to gather the fossil remains period by period, describe the species in set phrase with good pictures, and behold you had done your paleontology. We begin to see that this dry-as-dust performance is a parody on the history of ancient life: it is no more than a list of Greek verbs would be in the story of Hellenic life. It will be centuries before the records of that life are explored, and the task demands that the surface of every visible part of the continent be scanned often with the care of those who search for a lost jewel. Even when they are least expected these records may be found by the eye trained as that of an Indian in following a trail. Again, an instance from my own experience.

Near thirty years ago, in a deposit of glacial drift on Aquidneck Island, near Newport, I found a fragment of stone with a mere ghost of a fossil upon it, so faint that many persons skilled in such matters were not sure that it was really an imprint of a trilobite, which it seemed to me to be. The bit of stone had evidently come far and been carried along by the ice of the last glacial period. Taking the course of the ice flow from the averaged direction of many glacial scratches, I followed up the trail, searching the exposures of drift for other like bits. Spare time for ten years went to this task; days of searching often brought nothing but a sense that I was off the trail. Turning east and west it would again be found. At length, some thirty miles away from the first discovery, well hidden from view, the bed rock from which the bits came was found. The locality yielded a treasure in the remains of some twenty species of fossils, proving the existence of an ancient assemblage of marine life in a field where it had not been known to exist. I have felt a bit of the pleasure which comes from the feeling that one is the first to stand where man's foot has not trod before, and I know that successful trailing, such as has just been described, affords a far nobler delight.

The task of the student of organic fossils, unseen a generation ago for all that thousands of works had already been printed concerning it, now begins to be disclosed. He is to trace the steps, admirably well recorded in the rocks, though hard to find out, by which in its ascending series each of the groups of animals and plants advanced. He is also to trace the march of those great hosts of living beings, the combined faunas and floras of the past, in the seas and on the lands, in their endless journeys for fit dwelling-places, or for a chance of life in the course of geographical and climatal change. These are vast and far-ranging problems. Hosts of able men of the centuries to come are to be engaged in their solution, and from the good work of these explorers our successors will know amazingly more of what life is than we can hope to. Every step of these journeys, whether made on the earth or in the realms of the imagination, whereto the naturalist even as the poet has to take himself, will give the uplifting sense that is the explorer's reward.

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Besides the great and long-enduring work of far-ranging inquiry which relates to the surface and understructure of the earth, and so makes it necessary for the investigator to spend a large part of his days in its wildernesses, there is endlessly more to be done in the laboratory in ways where, though he has not the inspiration of the open nature, he still may have a full share of the joy that discovery brings to the seeker. The range and scope of these problems is practically infinite, for they go to the infinite field of natural action. In the sciences of physics, chemistry, and astronomy, even more than in geography and geology, each solution brings a revelation of new problems to be solved. Each step upwards in understanding even now is seen to lead to the limitless. How it grows may be seen by a glance at the recent development of our knowledge concerning those movements of matter which we call rays. A generation ago, physicists generally believed that they had in a way touched bottom in this field of inquiry. They thought they saw pretty certainly that all matter had a foundation in minute somethings termed atoms, each indivisible, endued with unchangeable properties. These bits, more or less aggregated, were supposed to swim in an ocean of organized nothingness, the ether. Through these masses of atoms and the all-enveloping ether certain kinds of movements, such as those we sense as light and heat, in variety rather limited perhaps, in all a dozen or so kinds, were known to run. This was conceived to be something like the story of matter in its more general aspects. Now began the recent path-breaking into this great wilderness; in succession one group of rays after another was discovered, so that it became evident that the realm of the invisible was the seat of, perhaps, innumerable kinds of these movements, each with its peculiar qualities and effects upon matter. A step further and the phenomena of radio-activity were found out, and it began to be seen that in a great variety of atoms, perhaps in all of them, there is a local indigenous production of rays, as in the so-called radium, by virtue of which these supposed obdurate units of matter are now seen to be in their nature like the sun, able in some way, as yet uncertain as to its nature, to pour forth energy in the form of light and heat even as does the sun.

It is too soon for certainties as to the ultimate meaning of the recent discoveries concerning the constitution of the atoms and the range of vibrations and pulsations which take place in it. For my purpose it is only necessary to see that they have opened a wider realm to the explorer than did the voyage of Columbus. As in his day, a host of hardy adventurers are forth to win what the first of the path-breakers showed the way to. They are sure of a nobler pleasure in their reward, for it is free from the greed of material conquest. They have the Columbian spirit, but it is purged of the ancient iniquities that made the results shameful. Theirs is the better winning, in their own eyes as in those of men to come.

Looking back over the history of the exploration motive, we see, even from this mere glance at the successions of its development, a beautiful series of events which well illustrates the way in which the impulses sent on to us from our ancestry among the brutes and fishes are developed in the brutal stages of man, and finally enlarged and purified in his higher estate. The foundation of the motive is clearly to be found in that curiosity concerning any unknown thing which attracts the attention of a mind even when it is lodged in a lowly form. This is intensified as the minds become abler, until in the apes it becomes characteristic and we see a passion for a primitive kind of inquiry. In the first stages of man it was evidently strong, for it impels these creatures, ill-provided with strength for journeys or with protection from evils of climate, to range over the earth as no brute has ever done.

When peoples originally migratory

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come to the soil-tilling state, or even before that stage is attained, the need of protection from the dangers of war leads to building strongholds and to the residence habit. In that state the hunger for the horizon is for a time stilled; it is further limited by the fear that develops of the unknown, peopled with demons that will assail the traveler. Finally we come to the modern stage, where men begin to see the world as a realm controlled by natural law; they learn that it is not infinitely large, but a sphere that can be compassed by the imagination and round which they can hope to sail. They go forth for conquests, for booty, for new kingdoms, for aggrandisement of faith or fatherland, or for trade; not at all at first for knowledge pure and simple. Gradually, as the earlier greeds are satisfied, or no longer can be for lack of further opportunity, the scientific exploring stage is attained; men now seek to break into mysteries for the sake of knowledge.

Now that the crude ransacking of the earth, to find how its remote parts look to uninformed eyes, is by, we are coming to the last stage of the developing motive of exploration, or at least what seems to us to be the last stage, and can fairly well discern what are hereafter to be the paths of the path-breakers as they go forward with their tasks. So far as the interpretation of the earth's shape and structure is concerned, the explorer of the eighteenth century type is as archaic and unserviceable in our contest with the unknown as the military engines and tactics of Roman times would be in modern war. Fortunately the change in the spirit of exploration has come with the change in conditions. We see that the mad desire for the pole as pole is as chimerical as de Soto's search, for we have come to set further and more rational goals for our quests than the men of his time. If our ideal be no higher than the pleasure to be had from striving and success, we know that the reward of a Newton or a Pasteur or any of the great host who explore the vast wildernesses of the realm, though it may be in their closets, is greater than awaits the man who discovered a continent. Men have come to see that the place and privilege of the higher explorers is, in the language of Virgil concerning the gods, to fare through all the realms of the seas and lands and the depths of the heavens, —

> . . . ire per omnes
> Terrasque tractusque maris cœlumque profundum.

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THE UNITED STATES SENATE

BY WILLIAM EVERETT

It should seem that most Americans who think of politics at all entertain an uneasy feeling about the United States Senate, — a feeling that all is not well with that branch of our government. Probably those in whom this feeling is strongest would find it hard to reduce it to any definite accusation; but perhaps it is a fair account of the uneasiness to say that we feel that the Senate has come to be what it was never intended to be by its founders, and that it misuses its powers despotically. Now these are very different charges. It is almost impossible for any political institution to maintain its original character unchanged, even for a shorter time than is the age of our Senate, — less than twelve decades. Changes there are always bound to be in all institutions; and, whatever strict constructionists may think, it is generally better that these changes should come about insensibly by usage, than be made by legislation. But if any person or body is either tyrannical or inefficient, we care very little if it can be shown that the original institution has been strictly carried out, and its law literally obeyed. If the people of the United States feel that the Senate is a source of inefficiency, obstruction, and mischief, it makes not the slightest difference that it can be shown that every power it exercises is the legitimate offspring of the organizing clauses in the Constitution. It raises a discussion somewhat analogous to that about "tainted money." If a rich man uses his wealth solely for greed, dissipation, or tyranny, the fact that he inherited every cent of it from his father, or made it all in honorable pursuits, cannot excuse his bad use of it. There may be a question if ill-got money should be used for a good purpose; but nothing can excuse a bad use of money, tainted or untainted.

There is in the Constitution of our own Commonwealth a stately sentence, due, I suppose, to John Adams, as follows: —

> "Art. XXX. In the government of this commonwealth, the legislative department shall never exercise the executive and judicial powers, or either of them: the executive shall never exercise the legislative and judicial powers, or either of them: the judicial shall never exercise the legislative and executive powers, or either of them; to the end it may be a government of laws and not of men."

But there never were laws yet which did not depend for their operation on the characters of the men who are to make, enforce, and interpret them. The best constitution fails in the hands of feeble men, or of those who mistake force for strength. It fails when men whose purposes are questionable succeed in entrenching themselves behind the law, as much as when they avowedly break the law. A tyrannical act need not involve usurpation by any department.

The act depositing the public money in the United States Bank, under the care of the Secretary of the Treasury, who was responsible to Congress, was as unmistakably drawn as any act could be. President Jackson ordered the secretary to remove the deposits, and on refusal removed two secretaries in succession. It would be hard to say that he had usurped the functions of either Congress or the judges. The former had done its work; the latter had no conceivable chance to pass upon the question; the deposits were ultimately removed by a secretary who had been attorney-general, and as such the President's legal adviser. That General Jackson was guilty of an outrageous encroachment I entirely believe; but it was the

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encroachment of one executive officer on the powers of another, not on those of the legislature or the judiciary.

The framers of the United States Constitution did not copy the proviso of our own. They carefully kept the executive and judicial servants out of the legislature; but they gave the upper house a direct share in executive power. In fact, in the earlier drafts before the convention a much larger share was proposed, — namely, that the Senate should make treaties, and should appoint to some of the highest and most important offices.

Our ancestors were in deadly fear of the legislature's being controlled by a monarch or his ministers; they dreaded the name *king* as much as the Romans did. After the convention broke up, and before its report was issued, a member, being asked about the plan, made this reply: "I cannot tell what we did; but I can tell you one thing we did not do; we never once thought of a king." Yet there are men to-day who will tell us that General Hamilton advocated the establishment of a monarchy, — of course a deliberate falsehood, like much else that is said about the greatest constructive intellect ever enlisted in the service of the United States.

Under this nameless fear of a monarchy the convention of 1787 clothed the upper house with such powers that less by usurpation than by natural growth it has come to hold the President and the House of Representatives by the throat, and almost dictate to them whatever appointments and measures it sees fit. Senator Lodge has recently published an elaborate essay discussing a single instance of this dictatorial use of power, — the treatment given by the Senate to the Hay-Pauncefote treaty. He maintains there that the Senate did nothing which it has not repeatedly done since 1789; and probably a like demonstration could be offered with reference to every so-called usurpation. But such proof does not affect the fact that the Senate in comparatively late years has done what I said above, — held the President and the House by the throat, and kept them strangled till they should accept its terms; and that was certainly not intended in 1787.

I have spoken of the fear that early American statesmen had of a king; or rather, to use the subtle distinction made by English publicists, the Crown. There was prevalent at the time, quite as much outside the United States as inside, a belief in "checks and balances." The government of England was admired as one of checks, — King, Lords, and Commons all checking one another, and preventing what the Greeks meant by tyranny, that is, the seizing upon unconstitutional power. It does not seem to have occurred to any of the eulogists of "a balanced constitution" that a power to check, if invariably used, is virtually a power to decree and enact. If all check, nothing is done, till some one stops checking, and acts. The House of Lords rejected the Reform Bill of 1832; that was their constitutional check on the Commons. The ministry proposed to the King to create peers enough to swamp the majority; it was admitted that, if he chose to use it, that was his constitutional check on the Lords. He shrank from its exercise, and the ministry resigned. He tried in vain to find some other ministers who could direct the House; that was the way the House of Commons checked the King. The old ministry came back, and got the King's written consent to make peers by wholesale. The House of Commons, by pressing its check, had, if I may be allowed a very bad pun, checkmated the King and stalemated the Lords; the system of checks had brought the country to the verge of civil war. What was done? The King's private secretary wrote in his name to various peers, advising that a sufficient number should stay away from the vote; — and the mere fear of the King's using his constitutional check made them submit to his utterly unconstitutional — recommendation!

The convention of 1787 decided by an

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overwhelming majority that there should be two chambers, — each a check on the other. They did this far more from custom and immemorial tradition — as old as Homer — than from conviction. Two states, Pennsylvania and Georgia, had organized their constitutions with only one house; but Georgia was not likely to be much of an authority; and when Pennsylvania had given what would now be called a complimentary vote, out of deference to Dr. Franklin, all thought of a single house was dropped. But in constituting the upper house a very serious deadlock ensued, the delegates from the larger states advocating a representation in both houses proportioned to population; the delegates from the smaller states steadily refusing such a plan. The whole machinery for forming a new constitution had very nearly broken down. To Oliver Ellsworth of Connecticut the credit is due of proposing the existing plan, of equal representation of states in the upper house; and then the settlement of its powers was tolerably easy.

To trace the history of the Senate of the United States from 1789, showing the successive elevations and depressions of its membership, and the higher or lower estimate in which it has been held in the country, would be an excellent subject for an historical monograph, but decidedly beyond the bounds of an *Atlantic* article. I have derived the impression from such notes as I have been able to make, that in the earlier decades the senators were generally men of great distinction, and that their proceedings were held in high respect. I conceive that the standard of membership gradually fell. The great discomforts of travelling at the beginning of the century, and still more of residence in Washington, far less attractive than any of the large cities, deterred many eligible senators from so disagreeable an exile. When the nation was entering upon its second quarter-century under the Constitution, Mr. Jeremiah Mason of New Hampshire, whose fitness for the post was equal to that of any other man in the country, be he who he might, positively declined a second term. The House of Representatives that met in 1813 was recruited by a large number of very brilliant young men, and maintained an exceptional standard of ability for several years, to the proportionate discredit of the Senate.

In 1827, Mr. Webster being a representative, and a vacancy in the Senate impending, it was seriously doubted by his friends whether he had better be transferred to a body where he was not likely to acquire influence; "but," wrote Mr. E. Everett, "it is a comfort that the Senate can never fall lower than it is now." In point of fact it was on the eve of attaining the highest repute it has ever held. No new states were admitted between 1821 and 1835; existing states were evenly divided between North and South, Slave and Free. After the cessation of party strife in 1820, new parties formed themselves on strictly national lines, and each was led by senators, from both sections, of supreme eloquence, energy, and patriotism; as Mr. Webster emphatically said, "men of individual honor and personal character, and of absolute independence." It is an oft-repeated phrase that the Senate is not what it was "in the days of Webster, Clay, and Calhoun." That may be true; it may be that the average worth of senators has degenerated: but as nearly as I can make out, those three men were as far above their contemporaries as it is supposed they would be above men of our time, if such ranking were possible. If one studies the names of the forty-eight senators of the year 1833, when Mr. Webster made his great reply to Mr. Calhoun, and will strike out those three names, there remain scarcely half a dozen which have passed into permanent history, unless we count a few astute party managers.

The Senate seems to have changed rapidly in the next few years; following the fourteen years when no new states were admitted, came a like period when six new ones came in, and very soon a

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seventh. The new senators had little respect for the old traditions, and little concert among themselves. Two of the new states sent a father and son, who generally voted on opposite sides. The debates became very furious. The Southern senators adopted a most arrogant tone, and many of their Northern opponents a rough one. There can be no species of excuse for the attack of Brooks on Senator Sumner; especially as the South Carolina Representative was cowardly enough to bring a body-guard with him to keep off any one who might choose to interfere in Mr. Sumner's behalf. But it must be a most uncompromising partisan who can deny that much of Senator Sumner's language was utterly unsenatorial, and merited resentment, though not in that form.

I do not know that the war had any special effect on the relative regard paid to the Senate and the other departments of government. Everything was in extremes then. The best senators were very good, and the worst were very bad. The secession had removed several able men on the Southern side, whose power was felt in the councils at Richmond. But the impeachment of President Johnson attracted great attention to the Upper House. It was exercising a power directly granted by the Constitution, of an entirely unique and exclusive nature, — of which one would say that, in plain opposition to the doctrine of the Massachusetts Bill of Rights, one house of the legislature exercises functions that should belong to a purely judicial body, and, in fact, under the presidency of the chief justice. Of course the trial of impeachments by the Senate is the direct offspring of the like power of the House of Lords; but the House of Lords, entirely outside the impeachment issue, is the supreme court of England, to which an appeal lies from the entire bench, common law and equity, civil and criminal. The Senate holds no such position.

The incidents of this trial too were in the highest degree dramatic, and have been admirably described in a monograph by Mr. Dewitt. The mingled absurdity and malignity of the accusers, some of them cross-roads politicians who fancied themselves constitutional lawyers; the annihilation their arguments underwent at the hands of such jurists as Curtis and Evarts; the passionate attempt to dragoon every senator of the dominant party into a vote of guilty; the heroic independence of the seven recalcitrants, — all these incidents combined to set the United States Senate on a conspicuous pinnacle, which it has occupied ever since. It has not always been honored; but no one has ventured to slight it.

Imperfect as this historical sketch is, it may serve to keep prominently forward this idea, which those who uphold the power of the Senate insist upon, and which its critics ought not to dispute, — that its history is that of a continuous body; that it has had its ups and its downs, now honored and now even despised; but after one of its periods of disfavor, it has always reasserted itself, and gained ground every time.

The Senate then has a share in all the departments of government, the executive, the legislative, and the judicial. It is true that this last rarely comes into operation, and only at the call of another body. But one reason why it is rarely put in operation is that experience has shown the Senate sitting to try impeachments to be a thoroughly unsatisfactory tribunal. Not originally constituted for judicial purposes, it has more than once displayed a total absence of the judicial temper, as any one may see for himself who studies the trial of Judge Pickering.

In respect to the executive and the legislature, the Senate's power is constantly, obviously, and imperiously exercised. The President is directed by the Constitution to nominate, and with the advice and consent of the Senate to appoint, to the various civil and military offices. I take these words, "with the advice and consent." to be of extreme

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antiquity, a recognition of the primitive theory of government which held that a king who did not ask or adopt the counsel of his elders was a tyrant, however good his title to the throne. It is a phrase which may be interpreted with very great latitude; "consent" may be stretched to include the acquiescence of sycophants, and "advice" to mean the resistance of tribunes. But we can hardly suppose that it was ever meant to authorize the Senate to reject nominations which to an impartial observer are faultless, on account of personal pique; or to withhold any action on nominations, giving neither advice nor consent, but simply delay, regardless of how necessary such appointments may be. We know that these things occur often. We know also that the Senate, construing the words "advice and consent" to apply before nomination, and to individuals instead of the body, does not hesitate, I will not say to suggest or recommend, but to dictate nominations to the President.

Here of course the House of Representatives is even more persistent, though having no earthly claim to advise the President. As a rule the senators throw the mass of the offices, and the drudgery of asking for them, to the representatives. But woe to the member of the Lower House who forgets that there are behind him two overshadowing pillars, the Jachin and Boaz of his state. If he, or if the whole state delegation, is too eager to appropriate what a colleague of mine used to call the "quoto" of the state, without finding out if the senators have views on any office, — they will be made to know their place. For here comes in the strange doctrine of senatorial courtesy; like so many strange things, an unexpected deduction from an earlier idea. The Senate was supposed in 1789 to represent the States; therefore now an appointment to office in any state shall not be taken up, much less confirmed, till the two senators from that state are graciously pleased to have it so. Nay, when a post-office is to be filled, if a senator happens to reside in that city, politics are thrown to the winds, and it is understood that the resident senator may extort from a hostile administration an acceptable appointment. When General Jackson was removing officers right and left, an attempt was made in a hostile Senate to limit his power of removal, and Mr. Webster took the ground, in opposition to Mr. Madison's opinion in 1789, that removals as well as nominations should be subject to control by the Senate. When the second Tennessee Andrew, Andrew the less, was President, the Senate tried to revive the doctrine that the President cannot of his own power remove; but it fell to the ground by President Johnson's appointing to the disputed office General Grant, whom the Senate did not dare to reject. In the height of animosity a "tenure of office" act was passed, taking the power of removal from the President's hands; but after not very many years it was repealed. It is appalling to think what would become of the country if the Senate had any farther control of the offices than it has. If the Constitution were amended to make its words conform to their accepted meaning, we should read for "advice and consent" of the Senate "dictation and sufferance."

The Senate's share in the treaty-making power, where it ceases to be a legislative body altogether, and becomes an executive one, was made the subject of fierce criticism when it amended to the point of rejection the treaty made by Lord Pauncefote and Secretary Hay. Senator Lodge has since published, as above mentioned, a very elaborate essay, in which he proposes to vindicate the Senate completely from any charge of encroaching on any province other than its own. He calls attention to the words of the Constitution, which associates the advice and consent of the Senate in the very making of treaties, not merely in the process of ratification; and seeks to show, by a variety of instances, that this authoritative advice of the Senate has been actively exercised even to the extent of volunteering it; that it has been sought

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by various Presidents, and that the Senate has controlled treaties in every conceivable way, amending, rejecting, or accepting. He is quite surprised that an English Secretary for Foreign Affairs should affect ignorance of this power of the Senate, and expresses his surprise in terms implying that he thinks the secretary was really ignorant of it. It is not best to say much of such ignorance on the part of English officials, when a very well known American secretary appeared never to have heard of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. But supposing it is proved to a certainty that the Senate has only exercised constitutional powers, — what have been the manner and the tone of its action? Has it acted as the counsellor of the President or as his master? as a body of whose share in our government foreign officials were bound to take cognizance, or one to which they were to look over the head of the President as the real treaty-making power? When the Spanish ministers in 1699 thought they might insult King William III, their ambassador addressed himself directly to the House of Commons, as the real power in the state. Our Constitution declares that the President shall "receive" ambassadors; apparently this is held to relate only to ceremonial receptions, while the real persons to whom envoys are to address themselves are senators. Mr. Lodge recalls how General Washington began by consulting the Senate in its own chamber; he recalls also how their treatment of him was such that he left it declaring — it amuses some people to say swearing — that he never would enter it again. The whole line of precedents he gives to show that Presidents accepted and even sought the Senate's advice on treaties, indicates to me only that they thought it was most expedient to humor their lordships, and conciliate their good will, in matters that the Senate ought to have left respectfully in their hands alone. The Senate may have been within its rights in the matter of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty; but it forgot its manners, — if it ever had any.

There is one particular form of discourtesy to the President and his Cabinet which the Senate has more than once indulged in, — letting a treaty lie on the table, and doing nothing with it, till the President recalls it in despair, years after its negotiation. Such was the fate of the copyright treaty of Mr. Fillmore's administration, a treaty which if ratified in 1853 would have saved years of hard work, not to say of bad blood. There was never any excuse for this inaction.

In its fundamental office of the higher chamber of the legislature, the Senate stands on surer, because more ancient, ground. As I have occasion in this address to pass some severe criticisms on the Senate, I am bound to say that it has some very just views of its duty as a revising body, and puts them into sensible operation. Indeed, the lower house knows this, and often makes use of the Senate's revising judgment with much more regard to the good of the nation than of its own dignity. Many a foolish measure is carried in the House, and many a needed vote omitted, to please demagogues; and the word is quietly passed round by the intelligent leaders, "That will come all right in the Senate." President Roosevelt, in an essay on the congressional attitude toward Civil Service Reform, is very bitter on its Democratic friends in the Fifty-third Congress for allowing their spoils-loving colleagues to make an open attack on it in an appropriation bill, which but for ignorance or cowardice its friends might have defeated; while the Senate, better informed and braver, thwarted it. President Roosevelt, never having been a member of either house, is hardly their best critic. The method which he insists should have been adopted by the reformers was of very doubtful practicability; they knew perfectly well that the Senate would restore the appropriation which the demagogues had struck out, and the right course was taken with neither ignorance nor cowardice at work.

It would seem hard for the most ra-

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pacious upper chamber to clothe itself with any legislative powers not its own, in the teeth of the Constitution, so free yet so explicit; but the Senate has managed to do this. The original instrument, copying what was understood to be the theory of the English government, declares that all bills for raising revenue shall originate in the House of Representatives; but it adds, the Senate may propose or concur with amendments as on other bills. The reason for this proviso was that the House of Lords is held incapable of amending a "money bill," as it is called; and as a consequence, about two hundred years ago, the House of Commons, which had become utterly wanton in the abuse of its enormous powers, fell into a practice which was called "tacking," — attaching to bills for raising revenue clauses of general or specific legislation, which they knew the Lords hated, but would not dare strike out, forcing them to pass the bills as they were, or lose a large amount of revenue when sorest needed. This practice went to such atrocious lengths that public opinion rose in revolt, and for a century and a half the privilege of the Commons was generally exercised with moderation; yet never allowed to be disputed. At length in 1860 Mr. Gladstone included in his budget the repeal of the newspaper duty. The Tories in the Lords, hating cheap newspapers, and seeing no reason for sacrificing a substantial income to a doubtful end, kept in the tax. A great contention arose, and the particular question was settled. But the practice was introduced of combining all the resolutions raising money into a single act, which the Lords must accept or reject as a whole.

It was to avoid such tyranny by the Representatives that the Constitution gave the Senate the amending power. This has resulted in a worse tyranny. The bills for raising revenue, more particularly bills affecting the tariff, are habitually amended by the Senate to an indefinite extent, even that of substituting a wholly different bill with a different preamble. This then goes to a Committee of Conference; the senators insist on their amendments; the House members refuse them. "Very well, gentlemen," say the senators, "the burden is on you, with whom alone rests the duty of originating bills for raising revenue, of refusing this bill, which we have simply amended, and so depriving the nation of revenue," when in fact the bill literally originated in the Senate. This was the course taken in 1872 and again in 1883. The House in the first case passed an indignant resolution against the unconstitutional action of the Senate by an overwhelming majority; but several lawyers refused to vote; and General Garfield, who was prominent in protest, encountered some questions as to the possibility of limiting the Senate's power of amendment which he scarcely succeeded in answering. Nothing came of the controversy. In the end each house passed a separate bill embodying its own views, which the other accepted, and the President signed.

A similar action took place in 1883. The Senate forced upon the House a bill of its own, which was declared at the time to be in no sense an amendment. But it was near the end of a Republican administration, when it was known that the Democrats were likely to come into power, and a tariff act had to be carried through, that the other party might be hampered. In 1889 a similar performance caused the subject to drop, rather than that the House should accept the overgrown pretensions of the Senate. In 1894 the Senate amendments to the Wilson Tariff Bill, though not so avowedly a substitution, were yet such an utter trampling on the wishes of the House and the President, that the latter would not ratify the action of the former by his signature, and the bill became law without it by the process of delay. At the close of a recent session of Congress the Senate had behaved with such arrogance to the Lower House that Speaker Cannon resented it most emphatically, with great

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applause from his fellow members and the newspaper press. My impression is that Mr. Carlisle did the same thing about fifteen years ago, which led to a unanimous rising vote of thanks moved by Mr. Reed. But the Senate's insolence thus far has proved incorrigible.

Thus we have seen that the Senate of the United States, if it has not actually usurped any ungranted powers, has so inflated those it has as almost to burst their constitutional limits; and it has done so with an assurance, an arrogance, an air of "what are you going to do about it?" that has had no precedent in Parliamentary history for centuries. Let us see for a moment how the Senate has been equipped, or has equipped itself, with the ability to do these things.

First, then, the senators hold their seats in regular course by a much longer tenure than any other officials in the public service except the judges in the United States courts and in some of the states. Some states still elect their officers annually; a larger number hold elections every two years, and such is the length of service of the national House of Representatives. In a few states three years is the term, and in a very few four, which is that of the President, Vice-President, and certain appointive officers in the national service, and even these last may be removed earlier. But senators are chosen for six years, far outlasting the legislatures which chose them, the governors who signed their credentials, the Representatives, Vice-President, and President whose terms began when theirs did. Now, in the public life of America six years is a long time to hold a position of great authority and distinction, and not meanly paid as offices go. A man in middle life who can look ahead with perfect certainty for six years to come, with great probability of reëlection, must feel himself superior to those who, in a like career, hold inferior positions for not more than a third of the time, and fully on an equality with the handful of persons whose posts may be more exalted and lucrative, but whose tenure of them is only two thirds as long as his own.

In the next place the Senate is a continuous body. Its membership never wholly changes. The extreme change that it could undergo by its constitution would be the retirement of one third of its members at the end of every two years; but owing to frequent reëlections such a fraction never does go out at once. Of course other vacancies occur; but it is fair to say that after a long course of years more than half the body will be unchanged.

Thirdly, the Senate to-day is a small body, and for many years was a much smaller one. It has been deliberately kept down in size; for the State of Texas is entitled by the terms of her admission to quadruple her senatorial representation, by breaking up into several states. The Senate has now ninety members when full, and every now and then some are lacking, as was the will of the State of Delaware, — that state which of all the old thirteen profited most by equality in the Senate, yet preferred for that most nonsensical of all reasons, party politics, to renounce its senatorial representation. It should be remembered that by virtue of a special and exceptional provision in the Constitution, the State of Nevada, with a population much smaller than the city of Lynn, has two senators, which she can keep as long as she chooses, while there are many cities whose population exceeds Delaware, Florida, and Vermont.

As a result of being a small and continuous body the Senate has become a luxurious club. Every member has a chance to know every other; the whole temper is that of good-fellowship, and if any senator fails to fall into this club temper and tone, he must be a queer stick. But pleasant as this tendency is for the members, it is hardly so good for the country as a less sociable temper would be. Many things are passed in the Senate, and more things are passed by, against all public interests, not by virtue of logrolling, or mutual jobbery, but from a habit-

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ual practice of obliging and not annoying one's colleagues. Perhaps the most pernicious result of this clubbiness, combined with the feeling of State independence, is the inefficiency of the Senate rules. It is hardly an exaggeration to say there are no rules; practically any senator may talk about anything he likes and as long as he likes. The Vice-President has no power of control; yet the Constitution makes him President of the Senate, with no hint of any limitation on the ordinary duties attached to such an office. I believe this strange state of things is due to Vice-President Calhoun, who, among his many hair-splitting interpretations of the Constitution, seemed to think he was in the chair to preserve decorum, but not parliamentary order. I have often speculated on what would have happened if the awful blow that put President Roosevelt in his present position had not fallen, and he had remained somewhat longer in the chair of the Senate. I think his indomitable longing for efficiency and dislike of humbug w uld have led him to assert his rights as presiding officer in some extremely emphatic way, — to the great benefit of business. There is now no way to hurry the Senate from within or without, except through the constitutional or rather accidental rule whereby the alternate sessions of Congress cease and determine; and that is a far more serious thing for the Representatives than for the Senators.

If the long tenure, the small numbers, the continuity and the sociality of the Senate increase its complacency and tempt it to defy the other departments of government, still more do they lead to its being extolled and courted in outside opinion. When an entire body consists of ninety and can always be controlled by less than fifty men, yet has its hand on the throttle valve of the machine of government, what wonder that its members are approached by every species of persuasion, personal, political, and social, and absolutely made to feel, if they did not feel so of themselves, that they are the nation's rulers. There was once an English governor of the Punjab whom the natives worshipped as a god. Disgusted by the blasphemy, and perhaps even more by the absurdity, Nicholson drove away his worshippers with whips; but they continued to adore him all the same. Such is the adulation offered to the Senate in Washington; though I never heard of any senator's rejecting it as either impious or absurd. The difference between the position of Senators and Representatives in the city of Washington is inversely proportional to their numbers, — five to one.

A great deal is said about the Senate's being composed of rich men; it is largely so; but at the same time there are always many members, and those not the least influential, who are anything but rich. And when I hear abuse of rich men, and invectives against the money power, I always think, "Whose fault is it?" It is the fault of the country which has for years set before the eyes of its young men money-making as a paramount duty, — which considers that success in making money is an excellent recommendation for political service, if only the money-maker can be induced to enter it. Senators will not be for sale, unless because the national temper believes in using any means to make money.

The senators being chosen by the state legislatures, and held in some states, notably Virginia, to represent the states as such, a system of instructions was proposed, whereby a senator might be ordered by his state legislature to vote according to its wishes, while a representative, as chosen by the people, could only be requested. In accordance with this theory, many strange things have occurred. The tariff act of 1846 was carried by the vote of Spencer Jarnagin, a senator from Kentucky, and a declared protectionist, who had spoken against the bill. The legislature of his commonwealth had instructed him to vote against his convictions, — and he did so. He was disinterested; for it was already settled that he would not be

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reëlected. One hears little now of instructions; but one hears a great deal of amending the Constitution so as to have senators chosen directly by the people.

I have no belief in any such scheme. It is in the power of the people of any state to let their legislatures know in half a dozen ways whom they want for senators, and to enforce their will, if they choose. A stream can rise no higher than its fountain. It is said the senators are chosen by corrupt legislatures; but by whom were the corrupt legislatures chosen? The fault is in the people of the states, and in them only.

Moreover, I believe the practice of amending the Constitution is pernicious in the extreme. Let us have something in the United States of America that does not change. What good has tinkering the Constitution done? The first ten amendments may be considered conditions subsequent to its adoption. The eleventh is an absurd sacrifice to state conceit, which may stand in the way of proper litigation. The twelfth was practically necessary; but when a really serious crisis in choosing a president occurred it gave no help. The thirteenth may bear a higher and more creditable renown; but it and the utterly nugatory fourteenth and fifteenth amendments are disfigured by an undignified proviso that Congress may enforce them by legislation.

No — keep the Constitution as it is, and administer it as its founders intended it should be administered. And if this seems vague advice, let me give it a more specific meaning by saying that I believe both the President and the House of Representatives have been wrong in not standing to their rights, as the Senate has to its. Let the President break away once for all from the stupidity, and as I believe the illegality of the congressional spoils system, and absolutely refuse to listen to senators' recommendations for office; let the House of Representatives risk the loss of revenue rather than let the Senate dictate its bills; I believe the people would come to the support of the President and Representatives as against a body which they have already learned to dislike, and are not far from utterly distrusting; but which in the end must rest for its authority on the advice and consent of them, the people of the United States.

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ISRAELS: A BIT OF BIOGRAPHY

BY MAARTEN MAARTENS

"If I were rich — a thing I never shall be — I should chuck up the whole thing to-morrow." The speaker was a man in middle life, — Dante's five and thirty, — pale-faced and nervous, the sort of man who lives by ploughing and harrowing his own brains. He was a fairly successful journalist and writer. At this moment he lay back, tired, in an easy chair at his club.

The other man, also in an easy chair, also tired, also a journalist, looked up lazily, watching the blue smoke of his cigar.

"Have you ever reflected," he asked, "what you would do instead?"

"A score of times."

"Do you know, I never have. It has never occurred to me that I could, by any possibility, become rich. In fact, I know I can't."

"Nor can I. It is quite as impossible for me. That constitutes the chief charm of thinking it out."

"I don't quite understand, but I suppose you have more imagination than I have."

"I have plenty of imagination of a kind. But I have to be the hero of my own imaginings. I don't run to a novel or a play."

"You could live a drama, but you could n't get one acted by other people." The voice indicated banter. "In other words, you are a strictly subjective genius."

The middle-aged man — he was a good deal the younger of the two — did not like banter. "I am not a genius at all," he answered shortly. "Would you pass me a light!"

"H'm; I'm not so sure," said the elder man, complying. "Well, tell me, Kortum, if you came into a fortune to-morrow, what would you do? Chuck up all the writing; get away from the treadmill, — naturally; — and then?"

"I should live absolutely and entirely for myself henceforth."

"In these altruistic days that sounds frankly refreshing. You mean you would spend all your money in having an unmitigated good time?"

"Yes."

"Like the once famous Jubilee Plunger!"

"No, not a bit like that. My enjoyments, as you can realize, Hackner, if you choose, would be largely intellectual. Not only so. They would also be sensuous."

"Invite me, please."

"You willfully misunderstand. My chief delight would be to escape at once, and forever, from this gray town, from this chill country, from the whole bleak, ugly North. I should never again, during this brief life, leave sunshine and orange groves, blue seas and oriental color. That, I admit, is merely sensuous — up to a point. For there is more artistic enjoyment in a month of Spain or Italy than in a cycle of — Cathay."

"You know the South?"

"Know it? — no. I have glimpsed at it, — twice, in a tourist's trip, — seen its possibilities, as a hungry boy at a pastry-cook's window. Seen just enough to keep a craving at my heart, forever. Oh, what 's the use of talking! I say, is n't this a beastly glum hole, this murky native city of ours? Would n't you be precious glad to escape from it?"

"Well, I don't know," replied the elder man, musingly watching his rings of smoke. "It is a beastly place, but I suppose I've got past wanting to leave it."

"Not I; every year makes it worse,

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and the horrible grind. However, this sort of talk is n't much good. I'm out of sorts to-night. Something's happened to upset me. A fellow had much better simply play the game."

The gray-haired man looked kindly at the black-haired one. "At your age," he said, "there's always a chance of something turning up."

"Oh, no. And it's a poor sort of chap who hopes for that! Besides, we once had an only chance and lost it. That's as much as would fall to the lot of any man." He shook himself together. "Please don't think, Hackner, that I'm the sort of fool who goes through life grumbling, and playing in a lottery, or helping old bodies over crossings in hopes of a legacy. You know me better than that."

"I know you better than that, dear boy. It was I that set you building your castles in the air. I assure you I built plenty in my day, if not on the impossible chance of a fortune; but my castles, like many an older one, are — ruins. I am sorry something has occurred to put you out."

"Oh, it's nothing; only, I suppose it was that set me talking about money. You know the rich paper-manufacturer, Ostlar?"

"By sight. I hear he is very ill."

"He is dying. I met his doctor this morning. He can't live through the night, the doctor said."

"Well, I suppose he is one of the richest men in the city. His mills and his money will go to some distant relatives, Heaven knows where."

"Or perhaps to charity?" said Kortum.

"Possibly. One never heard of his having any relations. And it is quite in accordance with the present craze for vast philanthropic bequests."

"I hate," said Kortum, "this parade of charity now-a-days. What a sickening thing is all our philanthropic notoriety, in the papers after death, and on the platforms before. I am burning to write a series of articles on it, showing the people up. Any villain nowadays can earn universal respect by large public donations; any fool can make himself interesting by talking about the poor. And the meanest of all are those who wait to disgorge some of their ill-gotten gains till they're dead."

"'T is easiest for those that have nothing to disgorge — or to leave behind them, to any one."

Kortum remembered that his companion was a married man with a family. He edged away from what might become delicate ground.

"The public like articles abusing the rich," he said. "That's the strange thing about our time; they like them, because they think they're deserved. Never, I suppose, not even in Juvenal's day, has money been so entirely the one thing desired, and desirable. In the Rome of the Decline, in the Byzantine corruption, there were always a great many superstitions, and a good many class distinctions, left; we have absolutely nothing but the greed, and the recognition, of gold. Yet, at the same time, even in my day, since I was a boy, there has come up an uncomfortable feeling that the new religion is a base religion, — that great wealth is a thing to be ashamed of; — the very wealthy themselves are ashamed of it and try to apologize, as it were, by making some sort of philanthropic stir. I mean the intellects among them; of course there are plenty of hereditary fools that just fool along."

"Yes, I suppose that is true," said the other thoughtfully, a little comforted about his own property, as Kortum perhaps had intended he should be.

"Now, if I were rich," continued Kortum, "I should resist all that modern affectation. It would n't touch me. I should use my money, as intended, rationally, for myself."

"That's why you don't get it."

"That, if correct, — which it is n't (look around you!), — would only prove what a blind idiot is Fortune. Spending money is a far better way of diffusing it than giving it, far more beneficial to the community. All this talk about charity,

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luxury, the simpler life, is rubbish, economically and socially unsound."

"Old Ostlar made all his money for himself, and kept it to himself, and now he is leaving it behind him," moralized the older man, the poorer man, the man with children.

"What we need," said Kortum, not heeding him, "is to get away from all this maudlin controlling of each others' actions. The whole world just now is conscience to its neighbor. We want to get back to 'Every man for himself, and the State to see fair play.'"

"Well, that's a generous attitude, at any rate, in a man as — un-wealthy as yourself. The social conscience of most of us have-nots is just wanting to get at the haves."

Kortum laughed. "I treat of these things theoretically," he said. "As a matter of fact, I am really quite happy as I am. The work's interesting enough, though one abuses it, and I've always a spare coin for a cigar or a drink, to a friend. Yes, I'm happy enough. I should be awfully bored, say, with a large business, or as a thieving lawyer, or in a dozen other positions that one sees men happy in. A thousand a year and Italy; that's my ideal. Old Ostlar set me thinking about rich and poor."

"But why should the thought of him put you out?"

Kortum reflected a moment. "Why should n't I tell you? It's really of little importance. You were saying he had no known relatives. But you've heard, I suppose, of his friend?"

"No. Who was he?"

"Dear me, I thought everybody knew about that business. How we exaggerate our own importance. Well, it's long ago. For the first quarter of a century of their lives, Ostlar and my father, living side by side in the same village, and then working together in the same foreign surroundings, were inseparable comrades. At the age of fifteen they ran away from home to the same ship. They slept together in the same berth, atop of each other; they used to lie under, alternate nights. As a grown man, Ostlar fell violently in love with a young woman; he worked long for her, got engaged to her; then my father stole her away from him. I'm afraid my father — did n't behave very well. But my mother was worth it. She told Ostlar she could n't love any one but my father. He never spoke to either of them again, or took any farther notice of them. They tried several times to make up, but he never answered."

"Probably he could n't trust himself. It was better so," said Hackner, with a sympathetic whiff of his pipe.

"I dare say. But you know, he grew into a dreadful old curmudgeon; his temper was awful. All his work-people hated him, I believe. When I was born, they — my parents — asked him to let bygones be bygones and come and stand godfather. That was the only time he ever took any notice, or made any reply."

"What did he do?" asked the other with interest.

"Sent them the will, torn across, which he had made, before his engagement, in his early days, by which he left the little he then possessed to my mother, or to my father, if she died without heirs."

Hackner, the worn man with the kindly eyes, looked straight in front of him, and, as the silence deepened, he remarked: "It was hardly judicious, perhaps, however well-meant — that asking him to be your godfather."

"I suppose not. But, you see, I seem to have missed, somehow, being, either by my mother or my father, old Ostlar's ultimate heir."

"In rather a topsy-turvy manner — don't you think?"

Kortum broke into a peal of merriment. "Well, yes. I did n't mean to be literal. Talking of money, do you know, the Chief told me the other day he was going to raise my salary?"

"He ought to have done it long ago. They have been underpaying you for years."

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"Do you think so? I'm so glad you think so! If it has to be one or the other — and I suppose it mostly has — I for one would much rather be under- than over-paid. At least" — and again he laughed — "I would much rather have my friends, my *colleagues*, take that view."

And then they talked on of "the shop," as they called it, the office of the great morning and evening daily, with its incessant worry, through most hours of the twenty-four. They talked on, as men do who have great part of their life in common; dozens of petty interests cropping up along the road, as they talked on.

"Please, sir, you're wanted at the telephone," said a noiseless waiter at Kortum's elbow.

"Nine o'clock!" cried Hackner, at the same time, rising. "Dear me, I must hurry home."

Kortum had taken up a review. "It's only my landlady," he said, "wanting to know whether she must still keep my dinner. I had told her I should dine at home to-night. Just speak to her, as you go down, will you? that's a good fellow! and tell her I shan't dine at all."

"For a man who is going to live in luxury some day, you are wonderfully abstemious at present," said Hackner.

"I should go to my dinner fast enough, if it were a particularly good one." He settled himself in his deep leather chair. "It is the thought that one will never be able to command a very much better meal which is so depressing; it keeps one from enjoying this."

"Fie, Kortum! And just now you were saying you were contented."

Kortum looked up from his *Quarterly*, with the shine in his dark eyes that every one who knew him liked. "Are you always consistent?" he said. "Besides, if I may say so, I should n't care about ordering the banquet unless I could get somebody to share it." He had not read many pages — of an article on "Labour Colonies in Rumania" — when Hackner once more stood between him and the light.

"It's not your landlady who wants you," he said, "but Rosberg, the lawyer."

"Well, what does he want? I don't know him. I suppose I must go." Kortum rose.

"He asked whether you could come round to see him. I said you would, unless I telephoned afresh."

"I don't know where he lives. Somewhere on the Heerengracht?"

"Yes. He gave the number — 87. Well, good-night. I must get home to my wife."

"Good-night. I suppose it is some tiresome charity business. But they won't get me on to any more of their committees. I had enough of the last."

Meditating on the follies and iniquities of charity bazaars, concerts, and balls, Hans Kortum started for the Heerengracht. It was a bitterly cold winter evening. The east wind whistled along the blackness of the gloomy streets. People hurried past, wrapped close, as if eager to get away from the weather. At a corner a child held out its hand. "Get away," said Hans, "it's very wrong to beg." The child ran beside him, whining. "Get away," he said, "it's very wrong to give to beggars." The child ran beside him, whining. He gave it a silver piece. He turned on to the Heerengracht, which is a sombre, a stately, a cold canal. He passed one of the biggest mansions upon it, and looked up at the dead stone front. "Old Ostlar's house," he said to himself. "I must be getting near the lawyer's number. He looked under the next street-lantern — 99. He retraced his steps. 87 was old Ostlar's.

He rang; the bell sounded away into the hollow stillness with a foolishly persistent clang. The whole front of the house was dark. After a wait there approached a feeble shuffling; bolts were drawn back and, by the light of a flickering candle, an old woman appeared, in a great, empty marble hall.

"This — this is not Mr. Rosberg's?" said Kortum lamely. "Could you direct me where he lives?"

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"It's all right, sir," replied the old crone, in a shrill voice. "Are you Mr. Kortum? Come in. He is waiting to speak to you." And she flung open a heavy oak door, and stood aside.

Hans Kortum entered a lofty dining-room, the walls of which were covered with Italian landscapes above oaken wainscoting in the Dutch manner of the eighteenth century. Unlike the hall, this handsome room was well lighted, by Japanese bronze oil lamps, and on one half of the broad table silver and glass had been laid out for a meal. A decanter of wine stood there, and the lawyer had helped himself to its contents.

"Yes," said Rosberg, a little old notary, with a brisk, impertinent manner. "I had to speak to you at once, and it is best we should meet here. Old Ostlar is dead. Did you know him?"

"No," replied Kortum.

"So much the simpler. Well, he has left you all his money."

"Good heavens!"

"You may well say so. So should I, if Providence had ever acted so well by me, but it has n't. He has made you not only his sole heir, but his executor. I have the will here," — he leaned with his hand on a long blue document. "There are one or two things you must do to-night, and do here. That's why I asked you to come round."

"Can I read the will?" asked Hans.

"By all means. Shall I read it to you?"

"I think, if you don't mind, I should like to read it by myself."

"By all means," replied the lawyer, offended. "Well, yes; he says a thing or two, — but I daresay you will understand. Would you like to do everything else by yourself too?"

"Is there anything very special?"

"Well, perhaps not to-night. There will be formalities to-morrow. But he wishes you to stay in the house to-night." The lawyer replenished his glass. "It is perhaps hardly a festive occasion. Still, you must allow me to drink to your good fortune, Mr. —"

"Oh, not to-night! Not here!" cried Hans.

The lawyer emptied his glass in silence. Then he said: "It's a very fair claret," wished Kortum a curt "good-night," and took his leave.

Hans sat down in the nearest chair, — a fine old bit of flowered Utrecht velvet, and stared round, like a man demented. In the deadly silence he gazed at the splendid room, and then at the bit of blue paper, which, the lawyer had said, gave all this to him. All this? A great deal more. He was one of the richest men in the town.

Then he thought of the dead man lying upstairs, with whom he had never exchanged a word in his life, whom he only knew by sight. He supposed he must go and see him now, for the last time — near at hand, for the first; — a curious thrill of unwillingness ran through him. The lawyer had said there were things he must do at once. He drew the document towards him.

It was simply worded. It said that Hans Kortum's mother had been the hope and the joy and the ruin of Ostlar's life. He could not forgive her, and he could not leave off loving her. He told this to her son. And after her death, her husband being dead also, — only a few years ago, — the old man had made this will, leaving all he possessed to her only child.

He asked Hans to come immediately upon the news of his death into the house no Kortum had ever entered, and not to leave it, till after the funeral. "I have lived alone; I shall die alone," he wrote. He was evidently anxious that his heir should protect the remains and see that they were treated decently. Moreover, he asked him to burn, unread, within twelve hours, a parcel of letters, and to place on the dead breast, before it was cold, a portrait and a lock of hair.

Kortum rang at once. The old woman conducted him to the death-chamber. It was a sombre room, with green hangings. He stood looking at the cold yellow face. In an escritoire he found the things, as

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described; he recognized the girl-portrait of his mother. At the moment when he took the keys from the dead man's table he felt that the change in his own life came true. By the light of his solitary candle he crept downstairs again. He remembered now that old Ostlar had taken over this whole house, with all the furniture, in a bankruptcy which he himself had brought about. He had lived in it with the old charwoman-housekeeper and a slavey.

In the dining-room he found the old woman placing several dishes, cold, all of them, — an aspic, a French *pâté*, a fruit jelly, — a luxurious, if somewhat peculiar repast. "*He* said I was to get them from the pastry-cook's for you," remarked the old woman. "He told me to spend twenty florins on them. He must have been wandering in his mind. But I done it. He never spent five on a meal for himself in his life."

Something rose up in Hans Kortum's throat and choked him for a moment. It was all the mourning old Ostlar had.

Hans ate some of the good things, and that cleared his mind wonderfully. He leaned back in his chair and surveyed the situation.

Well, he was rich now, suddenly rich beyond his wildest dreams. A little too rich, he was afraid, but he must not mind that. He could do all he had ever wanted to do. And he had written his last unwilling article. Oh, joy! he had written his last unwilling article.

Within a fortnight he would leave for Italy, would leave all his old murky world behind him, would leave, and begin a new life. At last he would enjoy, to the full, his long pent-up love for all that is beautiful. Here, in this Northern city, everything was ugly. Oh, yes, of course, there were a few beautiful pictures in the Museum, and you could occasionally hear very beautiful music. But that does not make life beautiful. The city itself was monstrous, the streets, the shops, the clothes, the factories, — everything he could think of, — the faces, the climate (winter and summer), the ideals, the conversations, the money-making, the vulgar newspapers. Especially the newspapers. All life was a persistent nightmare of ugliness and vulgarity. In a fortnight he would be away from it all.

His eyes rested on the temples and nymphs of the painted landscape around him. The walls of the room were a blaze of sunlight and a maze of revelry. In this way the old seventeenth century Dutchmen endeavored to escape from the gray platitude of their daily lives. Soon he would be amidst the real thing. Dear me, these Italian landscapes were very well done. So well, they really might be Moucherons. He took up a lamp to examine them. What a sensuous delight of color and movement! What happiness! What a joy of living, unknown in these latitudes! He wondered, — were they Moucherons? Admirably done.

And, suddenly, a desire seized him to discover what other treasures the house possessed, that had now become his. What was behind those two finely carved folding-doors? He flung them open, and stood, lamp in hand, on the threshold of a white and gold Louis XV saloon. The furniture and hangings were dark blue and silver silk. Against the walls hung a number of pictures in gilt frames. Modern art, as he saw at a glance. He advanced towards the nearest. An Israels! The great living Dutch painter of pathos in humble life. A poor woman by an empty cradle in the gray sorrow of the lonely room.

He went on quickly to the next. A fisherwoman by her open door, looking out to the stormy sea. An Israels. A very fine one. Full of subdued anguish, and stress in sea and sky. The next. Two old peasants, in the dull, drab cottage, at their all too scanty meal. Under this a title, "Their daily crust." He stood looking at it a long time; as he turned away his eyes were soft. He remembered now having heard that the man on whom Ostlar had foreclosed had been a great art connoisseur, and had wasted his money buying

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pictures. Why, every one of these paintings must now be worth many thousands of pounds!

Another large picture arrested him as he turned. A splendid thing. A sick child in the cupboard-bedstead at the side. In the middle father and mother, by the table, his pockets inside out, a few coppers on the board. And near to this another sadly simple, impressive scene. A young man, neat and poor, in front of a closed door, in the dark drizzle, turning away, looking straight at you with despair in his eyes; — under this also a name, though unnecessary: "No Work." The whole room seemed to be hung with Israels; the pinched poverty stared out too terribly, against the heavy gilding and brocade.

He went back to the dining-room and sat for a long time thoughtful, his head between his hands. He must spend the whole night in this house, by the dead man's will. He had no wish to go to bed; he knew he would not sleep. When he lifted his face his eyes were still full of the pictures in the dark room behind him. He did not see the Italian landscapes. "It is a beautiful emotion!" he said, and laughed at himself. And he went back to the pictures again, and spent another hour with them.

At midnight a knock came at the dining-room door, startling him. A man entered, evidently an artisan of the most superior class. "I beg your pardon, sir," said the man. "I understand you are the new master. I arranged with the housekeeper to watch here, while she lay down."

"Oh, yes, quite right. But, how do you mean — master? Are you —" Kortum looked dubious — "a servant of —"

The man smiled. "I've been foreman at the Paper Mills for thirty years," he said.

"Oh, of course! The Paper Mills!" exclaimed Kortum.

"Begging your pardon, sir; this is a very important event for all of us, sir. There's eight hundred hands at the Paper Mills."

"Eight hundred hands!" exclaimed Kortum.

"And, if I might be so bold as to say it, sir," — he paused; then, with an effort: "It's a very anxious moment for us." Kortum did not answer. "You'll forgive me, sir, if I can't keep silence. The — Mills will be kept on?"

"Doubtless. Of course. I shall sell them."

"God help us, if that be true!"

"What do you mean? You'll probably get as good a master as you've lost."

The old foreman shook his head. "May I speak, sir, to-night, while there's time?"

"Speak, if you like," answered Kortum. "Sit down!" With a respectful movement the old man declined this invitation.

"You can't sell the Mills, sir, and that's the truth. You can only close them. My old master was not an easy man to get on with; he was soured, somehow, but he had his soft side, sharp man of business as he was, and he was terribly just. I could get on with him, though I say it myself, and he'd often talk over matters with me, having been with him all his life, that even the gentlemen in the office did n't quite know the rights of. Well, sir; he'd made a power of money out of the Mills, but in the last years they did n't even pay their expenses. 'It's my own fault, Brest,' he would say to me; 'I can't put in the new improvements. I'm too old. We must rub on like this now; it is n't for long.' He knew he was breaking up."

"Well, the new man will put in the new improvements."

"No, he won't, sir. There's too much to do. It would n't be worth any man's while to buy the Mills."

"Then we must close them. I am going to live in Italy."

"There's eight hundred hands, sir. And master, he said to me, 'The new master must work the business up. There's plenty of ready money to keep it going and put it right.' He did n't say who the new master would be, sir, but, 'He's a young man,' he says, 'and ener-

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getic, and he's chosen an occupation that you have to be quick in, and sharp. And I see his name down in charity committees, so, you see, he cares about the people. He'll probably have all the new-fangled notions about libraries and pensions, Brest; so he'll be a better master than I. I hope and believe he will,' says master, with such a break in his voice, that I stood up to him. 'Why, you've kept the Mills going at a loss, for the people, all these years,' says I. 'And what business is that of yours?' says master, — he was like that. 'Ain't I one of the richest men in this city? Did n't I make all my money out of my Mills?' says he. There, sir, now I've told you all. God forgive me, if I was wrong."

"Did your master tell you to tell me?" demanded Kortum, shading his face.

"No, sir — but he did n't tell me not to tell you."

"There is no need of the Mills. Why, the pictures in the next room alone must be worth far more money than I shall ever want."

"The pictures of the poor people, sir?"

"But I could n't manage mills."

"There's very good men in the office, sir. Old master, he had a wonderful gift of selecting men, so I thought we must be all right in his selecting you as his heir. He only turned away one manager once. 'He's a genius,' says he to me, 'they're the only sort you can't use in a business.' Beg your pardon, are you a genius, sir?"

"No. There is n't a word of all this in the will. He expressly says what he wishes me to do."

"About the Mills, sir?"

"No, about other matters. Eight hundred hands at the Mills?"

"Yes, sir."

"It is a splendid vocation."

"I beg your pardon, sir?"

"Look here, you had better leave me alone now. I am going to Italy for a couple of months with a friend. After that, I suppose I shall come back here."

He motioned the man away. Then he went back to the white and gold saloon, and closed the door upon himself and the pictures, passing slowly from one to the other, and harking back.

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THE MOODS

(After reading certain of the Irish poets)

BY FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS

The Moods have laid their hands across my hair:
The Moods have drawn their fingers through my heart;
My hair shall nevermore lie smooth and bright,
But stir like tide-worn sea-weed, and my heart
Shall nevermore be glad of small, sweet things, —
A wild rose, or a crescent moon, — a book
Of little verses, or a dancing child.
My heart turns crying from the rose and book,
My heart turns crying from the thin bright moon,
And weeps with useless sorrow for the child.
The Moods have loosed a wind to vex my hair,
And made my heart too wise, that was a child.

Now I shall blow like smitten candle-flame;
I shall desire all things that may not be:
The years, the stars, the souls of ancient men,
All tears that must, and smiles that may not be, —
Yes, glimmering lights across a windy ford,
Yes, vagrant voices on a darkened plain,
And holy things, and outcast things, and things
Far too remote, frail-bodied, to be plain.

My pity and my joy are grown alike;
I cannot sweep the strangeness from my heart.
The Moods have laid swift hands across my hair:
The Moods have drawn swift fingers through my heart.

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THE STATESMANSHIP OF TURGOT[1]

I

BY ANDREW D. WHITE

When the flood which sweeps through modern society, and which still carries with it good and evil, shall have deposited its impurities, what names will float on the surface of the quiet waters? Who will then be considered the true precursors of the modern world? — those who gave the terrible signal call for revolution, or those who have wished to found the progressive reign of liberty and fraternity among men by peace, by the power of natural order, and by universal harmony? — LEONCE DE LAVERGNE.

I PRESENT to-day one of the three greatest statesmen who fought unreason in France between the close of the Middle Ages and the outbreak of the French Revolution, — Louis XI and Richelieu being the two others. And not only this: were you to count the greatest men of the modern world upon your fingers, he would be of the number: a great thinker, writer, administrator, philanthropist, statesman, and, above all, a great character and a great man. And yet, judged by ordinary standards, a failure. For he was thrown out of his culminating position, as Comptroller-General of France, after serving but twenty months, and then lived only long enough to see every leading measure to which he had devoted his life deliberately and malignantly undone; the flagrant abuses which he had abolished restored, apparently forever; the highways to national prosperity, peace, and influence, which he had opened, destroyed; and his country put under full headway toward the greatest catastrophe the modern world has seen.

Anne Robert Jacques Turgot, Baron de l'Aulne, was born in 1727, of a family not only noble but of characteristics which had become very rare among the old French nobility.

Several of his ancestors had been distinguished for public spirit and for boldness in resisting tyranny. His father had been Provost of the Merchants of Paris, or, as we might say, mayor of the city, for a longer term than had any of his predecessors, and had won fame not only by enterprise in works of public utility but by resisting the fury of mobs.

The son, at an early age, showed himself worthy of this lineage. As a boy at school he was studious, thoughtful, modest, dutiful, firm in resisting evil; and it throws light on personal tendencies which continued through his life to learn that his pocket money was quietly lavished upon those of his fellows who were meritorious and needy.

Yet his condition was not at first entirely happy. He was diffident, shy, and greatly lacking in the manners necessary to social success. In all lands and times, simple, easy, good manners have been of vast value to any young man, but in the first years of the reign of Louis XV, manners were everything. Reversing the usual rule in such cases, his father appreciated and admired him, but his mother misunderstood him and had, apparently, little hope for his future.

Being the youngest of three sons, and not having the suppleness necessary to success at court, it was thought best that he should become a priest; and, after a very successful course in two of the best lyceums of Paris, he was sent to the semi-

[1] The first of this series, a sketch of the life of Paolo Sarpi, was printed in the *Atlantic Monthly* for January and February, 1904; the second, on Hugo Grotius, in December, 1904, and January, 1905; the third, on Christian Thomasius, in April and May, 1905.

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nary of Saint-Sulpice. That divinity school included among its professors, then as ever since, many noble and earnest men, but it was, of course, mainly devoted, not to the unbiased search for truth, but to the buttressing of dogma.

With ninety-nine young men in a hundred, the régime then applied to Turgot produced the desired effect. The young man destined for an ecclesiastical career was placed within walls carefully designed to keep out all currents of new thought; his studies, his reading, his professors, his associates, — all were combined to keep from him any results of observation or reflection save those prescribed: probably, of all means for stifling healthy and helpful thought, a theological seminary, as then conducted, — whether Catholic or Protestant, Jewish or Mohammedan, — was the most perfect.

The greatness of Turgot now began to assert itself: while he performed all the duties of the seminary and studied thoroughly what was required, he gave himself to a wide range of other studies, and chiefly in two very different directions: to thought and work upon those problems in religion which transcend all theologies, and upon those problems in politics which are of vast importance in all countries, and which especially needed discussion in his own.

But the currents of thought which were then sweeping through Europe could not be entirely kept out of Saint-Sulpice. The French philosophy of the eighteenth century was in full strength. Those were the years in which Voltaire ruled European opinion, and Turgot could not but take account of his influence. Yet no one could apparently be more unlike those who were especially named as the French philosophers of the eighteenth century. He remained reverential; he was never blasphemous, never blatant; he was careful to avoid giving needless pain or arousing fruitless discussion; and while the tendency of his whole thinking was evidently removing him from the established orthodoxy of the Church, his was a broader and deeper philosophy than that which was then dominant.

As to the two main lines of his thinking, it is interesting to note that his first important literary and scholastic effort was a treatise *On the Existence of God.* Few fragments of it remain, but we are helped to understand him when we learn that he asserted, and to the end of his life maintained, his belief in an Almighty Creator and Upholder of the Universe. It did, indeed, at a later period, suit the purposes of his enemies, exasperated by his tolerant spirit and his reforming plans, to proclaim him an atheist; but that sort of charge has been the commonest of missiles against troublesome thinkers in all times.

Theology becoming less and less attractive to him, he turned more and more toward his other line of thought, — upon the amelioration of the general wretchedness in French administration; and he now, in 1749, at the age of twenty-two, wrote to one of his school friends a letter which has been an object of wonder among political thinkers ever since. Its subject was paper money. Discussing the ideas of John Law, and especially the essay of Terrasson which had supported them, he dissected them mercilessly, but in a way useful not only in those times, but in these.

Terrasson's arguments in behalf of unlimited issues of paper had been put forth in 1720. He revived the old idea which made the royal mint mark the essential test of value, and he declared that the material used for bearing the sign of value is indifferent, that it pertains to the ruling monarch to determine what the material object bearing this sign shall be, and that if there be placed in circulation a sufficiency of such objects thus authorized, the people thereby secure the capital necessary for commercial prosperity.[1]

[1] For a very early cropping out of this error, see Duruy, *Histoire des Romains*, tome iv, chapter upon Nero. For the latest appearances of it, see sundry American publications of recent years.

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Warming with his subject, Terrasson claimed that paper money is better than any other, and that if a sovereign issues enough of paper promises he will be able to loan or even to give money in unlimited amounts to his needy subjects.[1]

The French have generally, and most unfortunately, gone to the extreme length of their logic on all public questions, and Terrasson showed this national characteristic by arguing that, as business men constantly give notes for very much greater sums than the amount of money they have on hand, so the government, which possesses a virtually unlimited mass of property, can issue paper to any amount without danger of depreciation. One premise from which this theory was logically worked out was the claim asserted by Louis XIV, namely, that the king, being the incarnation of the State, is the owner of all property in the nation, including, to use Louis's own words, "the money we leave in the custody of our people."[2]

Terrasson also made the distinction between the note of a business man and notes issued by a government, that the former comes back and must be paid, but that the latter need not come back and can be kept afloat forever by simple governmental command, thus becoming that blessed thing, — worshiped widely, not many years since, in our own country, — "fiat money."

This whole theory, as dear to French financial schemers in the eighteenth century as to American "Greenbackers" in the nineteenth, had resulted, under the Orleans Regency and Louis XV, in ruin to France financially and morally, had culminated in the utter destruction of all prosperity, the rooting out of great numbers of the most important industries, and the grinding down of the working people even to starvation.

Never was there a more perfect demonstration of the truth asserted by Daniel Webster, that of all contrivances for defrauding the working people of a country, arbitrary issues of paper money are the most effective.

Turgot's attempt was to enforce this lesson. He showed how the results that had followed Law's issues of paper money must follow all such issues. As regards currency inflation, Turgot clearly saw that the issue of paper money beyond the point where it is convertible into coin is the beginning of disaster, — that a standard of value must have value, just as a standard of length must have length, or a standard of capacity, capacity, or a standard of weight, weight. He showed that if a larger amount of the circulating medium is issued than is called for by the business of the country, it will begin to be discredited, and that paper, if its issue be not controlled by its relation to some real standard of value, inevitably depreciates, no matter what stamp it bears.[3]

Out of this theory, simple as it now seems, Turgot developed his argument with a depth, strength, clearness, and breadth which have amazed every dispassionate reader from that day to this. It still remains one of the best presentations of this subject ever made; and what adds to our wonder is that it was not the result of a study of authorities, but was worked out wholly from his own observation and thought. Up to his time there were no authorities and no received doctrine on the subject; there were simply records of financial practice more or less vicious; it was reserved for this young

[1] For the arguments of Terrasson and other supporters of John Law's system, see the *Collection d'Économistes Français*, Paris, 1851, tome i, pp. 608 *et seq.* For his "fiat-money" idea, see Leonce de Lavergne, *Les Économistes Français du Dix-Huitième Siècle*, pp. 220, 221.

[2] For the theory of Louis XIV regarding his ownership of the property of his subjects, see his own full statement in *Les Œuvres de Louis XIV*, Paris, 1806, tome ii, pp. 93, 94. And for a full statement of his whole doctrine regarding his relations to the State, see Laurent, *Études sur l'Histoire de l'Humanité*, tome xi, pp. 9 *et seq.*

[3] See Turgot, *Œuvres*, in the *Collection d' Économistes*, Paris, 1844, tome iii, pp. 94 *et seq.*; also, Neymarck, *Turgot et ses Doctrines*, Paris, 1885, pp. 10, 11.

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student, in a letter not intended for publication, to lay down for the first time the great law in which the modern world, after all its puzzling and costly experiences, has found safety.

His was, indeed, a righteous judgment on the past and an inspired prophecy of the future. For refusing to heed his argument the French people had again to be punished more severely than in John Law's time: the over-issue of *assignats* and *mandats* during the Revolution came forty years after his warning; and paper money inflation was again paid for by widespread bankruptcy and ruin.[1]

For similar folly, our own country, in the transition from the colonial period, also paid a fearful price; and from a like catastrophe the United States has been twice saved in our time by the arguments formulated by Turgot.[2]

Having taken his bachelor's degree in theology at Saint-Sulpice, he continued his studies at the Sorbonne, the most eminent theological institution in Europe. The character of this institution was peculiar. It had come to be virtually a club of high ecclesiastics united with a divinity school. Around the quadrangle adjoining the sumptuous church which Richelieu had made his mausoleum, were chambers for a considerable number of eminent theologians, and for a smaller number of divinity students of high birth, great promise, or especial influence. Though fallen from its highest estate, its prestige was still great. Its modes of instruction, its discussions, its public exercises, futile though they often were, certainly strengthened many men intellectually, but generally in ways not especially helpful to their civic development. With Turgot it was otherwise. He soon won the respect and admiration of all in the establishment by his moral earnestness, by his intellectual vigor, by the thoroughness of his general studies, and by his devotion to leading lines of special study, theological and political.

So rapid was this recognition that within six months of his entrance at the Sorbonne his position as a scholar and thinker was recognized in a manner most significant: he was elected by his associates to be their prior; the highest distinction they could offer.

It thus became his duty to deliver two discourses, one on taking office, and one several months later.

The subject of the first of these was "The Services rendered to the World by Christianity." In this he laid stress upon the morality developed by the Christian religion, upon its ideals and its practices as compared with those of the pagan world, upon its nobler view of the relations of mankind to God and to one another, upon the beneficent impulses which had proceeded from it, upon the salutary restraints it had imposed, upon its incidental benefits to science, and upon the new fields it had given to literature and art. But to its theological garb, — its dogmas, forms, observances, and even to its miraculous sanctions, there was hardly a reference.

There were, indeed, a few perfunctory limitations and concessions due to his environment, but throughout the whole discourse he showed clearly that he cared nothing for proselytism, and abhorred intolerance. Noteworthy was it that his tributes were paid, not to churchmanship, but to Christianity. Curious, as showing the ideas of his time, is his reference to the architectural triumphs of the Roman Empire. Speaking especially of the circus and amphitheatre as monuments of Roman skill, power, greatness, and inhumanity, he bursts forth into an

[1] For a short account of the Assignats and Mandats of the French Revolution, see *Fiat Money Inflation in France, How it Came, What it Brought, and How it Ended.* By Andrew D. White. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1896. For a more extended treatment of the subject, see Levasseur, *Histoire des Classes Ouvrières avant 1789*, liv. i, chap. 6.

[2] The very remarkable speeches of Mr. Garfield, afterward President of the United States, which had so great an influence on the settlement of the inflation question throughout the Union, were on the main lines laid down in Turgot's letter.

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apostrophe: "How much more I love those Gothic edifices designed for the poor and the orphans! Monuments of the piety of Christian princes and of religion: even though your rude architecture repels us, you will always be dear to tender hearts." Here is manifest the spirit shown at that same period by the wife of John Adams, who, when she passed Canterbury Cathedral, had no thought of entering, but compared it in appearance to a prison; and the spirit of Thomas Jefferson, who, while he adored a ruined classic temple, — the *Maison Carrée* at Nimes, — drove for days through eastern France, so rich in cathedrals and churches, and never noticed them.

Many expressions give evidence of Turgot's keen vision. Of certain philosophers he speaks as "indifferent to the gross errors of the multitude, but misled by their own, which had only the frivolous advantage of subtlety."

This discourse, while causing misgivings among the older sort of theologians, increased his influence among the younger; even sundry bishops and archbishops expressed almost boundless admiration for him. But their tributes seem to have had no injurious effect upon him; they seem only to have increased his zeal in seeking truth and his power in proclaiming it.

Some months later came his second discourse, — its subject being "The Successive Advances of the Human Mind."

This was vastly superior to his earlier effort, especially in originality, breadth, and clearness. Its fundamental idea was that the human race, under the divine government, is steadily perfecting itself. In view of the discouragements and disenchantments the world has encountered since that day, it is difficult to appreciate the strength of this belief; but there can be no doubt that it inspired and sustained him throughout all his labors and disappointments, even to the end of his life. In combination with this was his fundamental idea on the philosophy of history, given in these words: "All the ages are linked together by a sequence of causes and effects which connects the existing state of the world with all that has preceded it."

No doubt that, as to its form, there was a hint from Bossuet's famous discourse on universal history; but in Turgot's work one finds a freedom and breadth of vision greater by far than had been shown in any other historical treatise up to his time. In every part of it were utterances which, though many of them have now become truisms, were then especially illuminative. One passage shows a striking foresight. Speaking of colonial systems, he develops an idea of Montesquieu, and says: "Colonies, like fruits, are only held fast to the trees up to the time of their maturity. Having become ripe, they do that which Carthage did, and which America will one day do."[1] Thus was the American Revolution prophesied by Turgot in 1750, nearly a quarter of a century before leading American patriots began to foresee it. Bear in mind that Franklin denied a tendency in America toward independence very nearly up to the time of the Declaration, and that, less than two years before the Declaration, Washington wrote that independence was desired by no thinking man in America.[2]

In close relations with this second discourse were Turgot's sketches in Universal History and Geography. Only fragments of these remain, but they give us the torso of a great philosophic and historic creation. As in all his writings in this field, the fundamental idea was that the development of the human race goes on, ever, by the methods and toward the goal fixed by the Almighty, and is proof of the divine forethought and wisdom.

[1] For the famous prophecy regarding America, see Turgot, *Œuvres*, tome ii, p. 602, in the *Collection d'Économistes*, tome iv.

[2] For an excellent statement regarding the reluctance of leading American thinkers — both Whigs and Tories — to foresee independence, and especially for the attitude of Franklin and Washington toward the question, see M. C. Tyler, *Literary History of the American Revolution*, vol. i, pp. 458 ff.

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While one does not find in it the confident theological statements of the first Sorbonne discourse, the theistic view is never lost. Regarding this work, the most sober and restrained among all the modern historians of France declares, "There is nothing greater in the eighteenth century than Turgot's plea against Rousseau, regarding the tendency and high destiny of universal humanity." [1]

In taking account of Turgot's writings, both at this period and during his after life, his early training may well be noted. It not only included a vast range of general reading, but the foundation of the whole was the best discipline and culture to be obtained from mathematical and classical studies, while not neglecting natural history. Like Lord Bacon, he seemed "to take all knowledge for his province." With leading philosophers of his time he corresponded on even terms. As to mathematics and astronomy, he occupied himself at various periods, even to the end of his life, with the works of such princes in that realm as Newton, Euler, and their disciples; as to natural science, he interested himself especially in geology and kindred studies, and corresponded with Buffon; as to the classics, the range of his reading was astonishing, and as to his faculty in Latin, it may be mentioned that the two great discourses at the Sorbonne, as well as other writings during his scholastic life, were first written and delivered in that language. In this field bloomed one of the flowers of modern Latin poetry: his tribute to Franklin, — "Eripuit caelo fulmen sceptrumque tyrannis." Of all tributes ever paid to the American philosopher, this line undoubtedly sped farthest and struck deepest.

As to modern languages other than his own, he made extended translations of leading English and German writers. Light is thrown upon his character by the fact that he wrote out, carefully, Pope's *Universal Prayer*.

On leaving the Sorbonne, at the age of twenty-three years, he was confronted by the question as to his future profession. This he solved at once, declaring that he could not enter the priesthood, and that he purposed devoting himself to the law and the civil service.

From this decision several of his companions sought to dissuade him. They had, apparently, no more belief in the dominant theology than had Turgot. Though they were under the influence of the eighteenth-century philosophy, they evidently held that the great mass of people can never rise above the current beliefs of their time, and that certain men are appointed to control them by means of these beliefs, and to be well rewarded for exercising this control. They held up to Turgot the prospect of wealth and power in the ecclesiastical career, showed him that the most lofty positions in the Church would be his, and, knowing his patriotic aspirations, they especially displayed his opportunities in these positions to be of use to his country.

To all this Turgot made a reply which has passed into history. Thanking his friends for their kind efforts, he said, "Take for yourselves, if you like, the counsels which you give me, since you feel able to do so. Although I love you, I cannot understand how you are able to do it. As to myself, it is impossible for me, during my whole life, to wear a mask." [2]

[1] See Henri Martin, *Histoire de France*, tome xvi, p. 186.

[2] Various efforts have been made to show that this reply by Turgot, in view of his Sorbonne discourse and other contemporary utterances, is probably legendary; but the testimony of Dupont de Nemours is explicit, and there is no better authority. The statement made by Condorcet in his *Vie de Turgot* seems to strengthen rather than to weaken Dupont's account. Strangest of all, on the side of those who prefer to think these words legendary is the argument by August Oncken, Professor at Berne, who urges that, as Turgot was not an atheist, and as some of the highest dignitaries in the Church at that time did not hesitate to avow atheism, there was no reason why Turgot should make such a remark. This argument would seem fully to refute itself. Nothing, in view of Turgot's moral character,

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Here these friends separated. Of those who became ecclesiastics, and sought to persuade Turgot to do likewise, were Véry, later Grand Vicar of Bourges; De Cicé, afterward a bishop; Boisgelin, who became an archbishop and a cardinal; and, above all, Loménie de Brienne, who secured the utmost of place and pelf which an ecclesiastic could obtain in France: two archbishoprics, a cardinal's hat, the post of Prime Minister, and, finally, retirement after merited political failure, with the plunder of several abbeys and the unbounded scorn of every right-thinking Frenchman from those days to these.

It may be remarked here that Brienne's effort to combine his "philosophic" views with the duties of a high ecclesiastic brought him to ruin. Rebuked by Pius VI, he flung back to the Pope his cardinal's hat; but not all his concessions to the Revolution could save him from its devotees; he died in 1793 in prison at Sens, the seat of his second archbishopric, after cruel insults from his revolutionary jailers, — the only doubt being whether he died as a result of their cruelty or by his own hand.[1]

On the announcement of Turgot's decision, he was, to all appearance, speedily left behind by his old associates; but, in this new field, his moral and intellectual force rapidly won him promotion. Modest and quiet though he was, he must have had from the first a consciousness of his great abilities. This was never shown offensively, indeed, it may be justly said that it was never shown at all; but one thing he could not but show, and this was his deep sense of responsibility for the use of his powers in every station to which they lifted him. Never at any time was he the prostitute attorney who from that day to this has burdened the world, never a venal defender of criminals, never a partner of marauders, never a hireling supporter of men and measures hostile to the welfare of his country or of mankind. Foremost in his heart and mind was devotion to the public good. Well did Malesherbes say that this devotion was in him "not merely a passion, but a *rage*."

Higher and higher positions were opened to him. In accepting them, there is ample evidence that his leading motives were constantly patriotic; but one such acceptance cost him dear. The Parliament of Paris, which had played so large and so noxious a part in French history, had become intolerable. Like the twelve other French parliaments, its real functions were judicial; yet in spite of this, it had long usurped legislative and, at times, something very like executive functions. With occasionally a good thing to its credit, it had long been a curse to the country. When the sovereign was strong it had usually groveled; when he was weak it had usually rebelled. It had finally endeavored to block a series of absolutely necessary reforms, had been banished from Paris, and a new court had been established in its place. Into this court Turgot had been called, and had accepted the position; but thereby he aroused the bitter hatred of various old members and parasites of the Parliament, and among these was no less a personage than Choiseul, — perhaps the most powerful intriguer since Cardinal Mazarin.

Engrossing as was his professional work, Turgot still devoted himself to the study of all questions whose solution was important for France, — whether within or without his official duties. We find him constantly engaged in thorough research and profound thought, not only on political and administrative problems,

could be more likely under these very circumstances than such an utterance. It ought, also, to be said that, valuable as Oncken's book may be, there is, in all its treatment of the physiocrats and Turgot, far too much of that *de haut en bas* style, so often to be observed in references to a Frenchman of genius by a German of talent. See Oncken, *Geschichte der Nationalökonomie*, Leipzig, 1902, p. 436.

[1] See *Biographie Universelle*, article "Loménie." Also Rae, *Life of Adam Smith*, pp. 177, 178.

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but on great questions in science, in philosophy, and in literature.

Of all he wrote at that early period, by far the most interesting to the general scholar were his discourses and his drafts of elaborate treatises upon universal history and political geography. These show an amazing breadth of knowledge, and a no less wonderful grasp of the significance of events, especially in their bearing on human progress. They impress themselves deeply on the reader, not only by their matter, but by their style. Out of the innumerable pungent expressions of weighty truths in them, one may be cited as containing food for reflection in America of the twentieth century, — "Greed is the ambition of barbarians."

He did not lose himself in these broader views of human destiny; he constantly studied the practical problems rising in his own country, — most of all, those which pertained to public administration; and in this latter field also he became more and more widely known throughout France, and, indeed, through Europe. The French *Encyclopédie*, so powerful in bringing in a new epoch, gives striking evidence of the vastness of his fields of thought and of his thoroughness in cultivating them. He wrote several of its most valuable articles, and while their subjects lay in widely differing provinces, all were recognized as authoritative, and each took high rank as combining the best results of wide observation, wise reflection, close criticism, illuminating thought, and thorough sympathy with the best currents of opinion flowing through his time.

But the most directly important in the series of writings thus begun were those upon Toleration.

About the year 1753 the ecclesiastical power in France was making every effort to restore the old persecution policy of Louis XIV. That policy had culminated in the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, involving enormous cruelty to the best part of the middle classes, the exile of the most thoughtful manufacturers and their adherents, with a transfer of various great industries to rival nations. Thus began an evil epoch in France, which is, indeed, not yet fully finished. The injury thereby done has been not only material, but, even to a greater degree, political and moral. When one considers the history of Germany, England, and the United States, it seems certain that had that vast body of Huguenots who were driven by the bigotry of Louis XIV into those countries been allowed to remain in their own, the Jacobin phase of the French Revolution and all the ruin and misery which that and the various despotisms following it inflicted upon France would have been impossible.[1]

After that monstrous intolerance there had, indeed, come a milder policy, but in Turgot's time there had set in a reaction against this, and a large body of courtiers were, by clerical influence and ecclesiastical pressure, brought over to the idea of restoring the old system of persecution, and were doing their best to bring Louis XV into it. Against all this Turgot wrote his *Letters on Toleration*, and his *Conciliateur*. As a motto for the latter he took the noble words of Fénelon: "No human power can destroy the liberty of the affections. When kings interfere in matters of religion they do not protect it, — they enslave it." He then showed cogently the reasons why toleration was true statesmanship: that in matters of belief neither right nor expediency sanctions state interference, and that toleration should be carried to the farthest point possible.

Especially characteristic are the first words of his first letter. They embody the doctrines which in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries have taken or are taking possession of all the really great powers of the world. These words are as follows: "You demand 'what is the pro-

[1] For a most careful and thorough statement of the injury done to French interests by the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, see Levasseur, *Histoire des Classes Ouvrières et de l'Industrie en France, avant 1789*, Deuxième Édition, vol. ii, pp. 344 *et seq.*

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tection which the state ought to give to the dominant religion?' I answer, speaking exactly to the point, 'No religion has the right to demand any other protection than liberty, and it loses its rights to this liberty when its doctrines or worship are contrary to the interest of the state.'" [1]

He then goes on to argue that the only cases in which the State has a right to take cognizance of dogmas are those where clear, direct results upon the public safety are concerned. Hence, he argues the right to exclude polygamy. But he constantly takes pains to show that a government should be slow in concluding that the practical results of any dogma are injurious. While constantly respectful to the religion in which he had been nurtured, he urges the establishment of a system of education which shall make moral men and good citizens, leaving to the Church the teaching of religion.

Of course, all this led to resistance. In spite of his efforts to make every possible concession to the clergy consistent with the welfare of his country, their leaders now began to treat him as an enemy. Despite his deeply religious nature, which always kept him from the aggressive excesses of Voltaire and the French philosophers generally, he was none the less marked as an object of ecclesiastical hatred; and from that day to this he has been maligned by the representatives of those he thus angered. Even in recent years, a venomous biography of him in pamphlet form has been spread throughout France. The men who accomplished this piece of work thought, doubtless, that they were doing a service to the Church. Possibly they were; for this libel upon Turgot, revered as he finally is by every thinking French patriot, is undoubtedly one of the causes which have in our own time produced the most effective of all French revolts against clerical sway, — the abolition of the teaching congregations and the divorce of the French Church from the State.

In all these writings Turgot was at his best, — clear, strong, and effective. His plea for toleration became at once a main agency in ending all plans and intrigues to entangle Louis XV in the persecuting policy of Louis XIV. In this, as in his other arguments, there was a remarkable depth and breadth of thought, with quiet force in expression. Here and there they take an epigrammatic form, but never at the cost of truth. There are pithy statements, cogent phrases, illuminating summaries, but all permeated by an earnestness which forces conviction, — as no utterances of a venal advocate could ever do. Their ability and honesty carried them far. Through Frederick the Great they made a triumphant entrance into Germany; through Franklin and Jefferson they entered America; through Cavour they took possession of Italy; and through Waldeck-Rousseau and Combes they have won France.

Mention should be made here of Turgot's ideas on education. His presentation of this subject, like that of his views on many other subjects, had begun in private letters to honored friends; his earlier thoughts upon it being given in his correspondence with a gifted writer, Mademoiselle Graffigny. The roots of many of them are to be found in Locke, but their best development is his own. Very striking is his treatment of the Rousseau ideas which became such an affliction to the world a few years later. With his usual clearness of vision, Turgot forewarned France against that hotbed of folly, the "State of Nature" theory, in which were to sprout the sentimentalism and ferocity of the Reign of Terror, with Robespierre as its most gaudy flower.

During this period, also, Turgot was deepening and extending his study of political economy. Up to his time hardly a germ had appeared of the modern science of economics, and little if any practical recognition of those truths in political economy which are considered in this century as fundamental. These problems had now become crucial. The fate of the monarchy was hanging upon them. Col-

[1] See Turgot, *Œuvres*, tome ii, p. 675.

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bert, the greatest of the ministers of Louis XIV, and the most devoted to French interests, had, indeed, carried on what was called the "mercantile system," but that was simply the building up of favored industries, — a makeshift system which considered all competing nations as enemies to be bullied, cajoled, or crushed.

Colbert, as Comptroller-General, had stood at the head of French industry as a great manufacturer stands at the head of his mill; grasping, conceding, using cunning or force as the case might seem to need. His was a system carried out by innumerable edicts, decrees, regulations, often conflicting, always leading to much trouble within France, planting the seeds of terrible war between France and her neighbors. This system it was which had most to do with bringing on the exhausting war with the Netherlands, which finally entangled and embarrassed every leading European power, and brought France to the verge of bankruptcy.[1]

Bad as this system was, its evils were mitigated as long as a really great man like Colbert stood at its centre; but after him its results speedily showed themselves to all men; and finally, under the Regency and Louis XV, his successors, without either his genius or his honesty, brought France to wretchedness. Of these, the Abbé Terray was an example. Terray's only effort had been to squeeze out of the nation the largest sums possible for the king and court, without regard to the public interest. Some industries were protected into debility, others were taxed out of existence. Loans were raised without regard to the danger of bankruptcy; more and more, under him, was developed utter carelessness regarding national financial honor.

One of the consequences of this system is especially instructive. Certainly no system is so costly as one which tampers in the slightest degree with national credit. So it proved in this case. State loans could be obtained only at rates of interest which would make up to the lender not only the proper usance, but the risks rising from the caprices of ministers, the trickery of courtiers, and the general want of financial probity.

Even while this system held full sway, various thinkers had stirred new thought on economic doctrines as applied to national administration. Early among these was Locke, but the first man who began effectively to lay a basis for the modern science of political economy in France was Quesnay. He had contributed articles to the *Encyclopédie*, especially upon agriculture and the regulation of the grain trade; and these articles attracted attention and formed a school of thinkers. Gradually there was brought together a body of patriotic and thoughtful men who cared little for the prizes held out by court favor, but much for the substantial prosperity of their country; these were known as the "Economists," or, more widely and permanently, as the "Physiocrats."

In the thinking of these men lay some fallacies. A natural reaction from the mercantile policy of Colbert led them to lay stress almost entirely upon the agricultural interest. They believed the soil the only source of real wealth, agriculture the only productive labor, and all other forms of labor essentially different from agriculture, as not adding to real values.

Mistaken as their theory was, and injurious as it at times became in the legislation of the years following, its defects were far more than atoned for by the real contributions which they made to economic science. In their whole history we see a striking evidence of the truth that exact statements of fact do far more good than mistaken theories can do harm. Indeed, their mistaken doctrine was vastly outweighed for good by another on which they laid especial stress: this was that

[1] For a brief but fair judgment of Colbert and his policy, see Adam Smith, *Wealth of Nations*, chap. 9; and for a not less impartial but far more thorough judgment, see Levasseur, *Histoire des Classes Ouvrières*, as above, tome ii, chap. 3.

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the main trust of nations should be, as far as possible, in individual initiative, — in the general good sense and ability of men to look better after their own interests than any government or any functionary can do.

This idea, that governments should govern as little as possible, was a force sure to produce good effects in that chaos of general and local powers, general and provincial tariffs, monopolies, special privileges, interferences of functionaries, and governmental meddling of every sort. The economists first planted in the modern world the idea of commercial and industrial liberty as both right and expedient; more than any other thinkers they enforced the statement that "every man should be allowed to buy or sell when he pleases, where he pleases, as he pleases, and as much or as little as he pleases." They first gave to the world that formula which has since exercised such power in the political economy of France and of the world: "Laissez faire, laissez passer."

With Colbert, carefully planned regulation from the centre of government had been everything; with Quesnay and his followers toward the end of Louis XV's reign, liberty for manufactures and trade was everything; with men of the former school, that government was best which governed most; with men of this new school, that government was best which governed least.

The Economists naturally won Turgot's sympathy. In that seething mass of courtiers, ecclesiastics, sham statesmen, tax contractors, venal lawyers and mistresses, — all pushing for place and pelf without regard to the future of their country, it was inevitable that he should turn to the only body of true men and strong thinkers who really had at heart the interests of France. One of these, Gournay, had an especially happy influence upon him. Gournay had been made Intendant of Commerce, and his duties obliged him to travel through various provinces of France in order to study commercial interests, and the condition of the people. During two years Turgot accompanied him on these journeys and devoted himself to the practical questions constantly arising, thus becoming familiar with the needs of all classes and the best ways of meeting them. Although Gournay died a few years later, his influence over Turgot remained. Well has one of Turgot's recent biographers said: "Almost every social and every economic improvement in Europe and America for the last hundred years or more has had its germ in the teachings of men who belonged to that early school of French Economists.[1]

And here let me commend the example of Turgot and Gournay to American students who may be ambitious to take part in public life. To such I would say: having developed your powers by the best means accessible, bring yourselves early into touch with men as they are, with facts as they are, with problems to be actually solved, and with the practical solutions of them. As early in your career as possible get yourselves placed on town boards, county boards, grand and petit juries. De Tocqueville was right when he pointed out jury duty as a great political education in this republic. Study men and things in town meetings, in county sessions, in public institutions created to deal with evil and develop good. But while thus keeping in relations with everyday practice, do something by reading and reflection to keep yourselves abreast of the higher thinking on political and social questions. Mingle with your practical observations study and reading in history, political economy, and social science, under the best guides you can find. In these days our leading universities, seeking to send out into public service men who shall unite practical knowledge with the higher thinking, seem our best agencies for sane progress and our best barriers against insane whimsies. James Bryce, the most competent foreign observer of American affairs since De

[1] See Stephens, *Life of Turgot*, p. 65.

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Tocqueville, has cogently supported this view.

But while Turgot sympathized with the Physiocrats, even in some of their errors, he never surrendered to them or to any sect, religious, philosophical, or economic, his full liberty of thought. One of the most striking passages in all his writings is his discussion of the sect spirit, and it can be read with quite as much profit in the twentieth century as in the eighteenth. He says: "It is the sect spirit which arouses 'against useful truths' enemies and persecutions. When an isolated person modestly proposes what he believes to be the truth, he is listened to if he is right, and forgotten if he is wrong. But when even learned men have once formed themselves into a body, and say '*we*,' and think they can impose laws upon public opinion, then public opinion revolts against them, and with justice, for it ought to receive laws from truth alone, and not from any authority. Every such society sees its badge worn by the stupid, the crack-brained, and the ignorant, proud in joining themselves to it to give themselves airs." [1]

In 1761 came one of the main turning points in Turgot's career. His merits had so generally aroused attention that the ministry now determined to avail themselves of them, and he was made Intendant of Limoges.

The "intendancies," or "generalities," were among the most effective organizations developed by the absolute monarchy in France in its effort to make head against the manifold and monstrous confusions which finally brought on the Revolution.

To all appearance, the old provinces — dating from the Middle Ages, and earlier — were the important divisions of France, and the men placed over them as governors were the most showy figures in local administration; but, in fact, these governors were, as a rule, courtiers sent to the various provincial capitals, sometimes as a reward, sometimes as a riddance. The really important divisions had become the "generalities" or "intendancies," which had been carved out of the old provinces. To take charge of these it was thought best to have men who knew something and could do something. Turgot, though hampered badly by the central authority at Paris and Versailles, thus became, in a sense, viceroy of an important part of central France. Though the work set before him in this capacity might well seem thankless, he gladly embraced it. With his ability and knowledge he might have shone in the salons of the capital as a man of science or letters, — but there was a chance here to render a service to his country by showing what could be done in carrying out better ideas of administration, and this determined his choice.

The district to which he now gave thirteen of the best years of his life was one of the poorest and most neglected in France. Authentic pictures of it during the period before Turgot's intendancy are distressing: the worst abuses of absolutism and feudalism had enjoyed full and free course, — with poverty, ignorance, and famine as their constant results. The Marquis de Mirabeau declared that the food of the peasantry, as a rule, was buckwheat, chestnuts, and radishes; that there was no wheat bread, no butcher's meat; that at best the farmer killed one pig a year; that the dwellings of the peasantry were built of raw clay roofed with thatch, — without windows, with the beaten ground as a floor, — and that their clothes were rags. Taine tells us that there were no ploughs of iron, that in many cases the plough of Virgil's time was still in use.[2] Boudet declares: "Everything in these God-forsaken countries reflected the image of ignorance and barbarism, in the middle of the eighteenth century." One expression in a letter from Turgot to a rural functionary throws

[1] See quotation in Higgs, *History of the Physiocrats*, p. 4.

[2] This may well be; for the present writer saw, in 1856, the plough of Virgil's time in various parts of Italy.

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light upon the intellectual condition of the people: he says, "I have seen with pain that in some parishes the curate alone has signed, because no one else could write." And Turgot follows this with exhortations to spread the rudiments of an ordinary education.[1]

His first care in this new position was to secure thorough and trustworthy information. To this end he set at work every agent under his control or influence, and sought not only accurate knowledge of conditions, but the widest possible acquaintance with men. Especially striking were his friendly letters to the parish priests; though differing from them in religious theories, he besought their aid in behalf of a better system among the people at large. Nothing could exceed his kindly sympathy with them and the shrewdness and tact of his questions; and to the credit of the French rural priesthood it must be said that they were won by Turgot's evident devotion to their poverty-stricken parishioners, and that they effectively aided him in his efforts to know the exact condition of every part of the intendancy and to secure acquaintance with vast numbers of men, even among the humblest, who had ability or real character.

He infused his spirit also into his official agents. Addressing the officers of police of Limoges, he said, "The way to succeed is to reply with suavity and in detail to the popular complaints you every day hear,—to speak more in the language of reason than in that of authority."

Turgot's first grapple was with the *taille*, or land tax. No tax could have been more unjustly laid: the nobility and clergy virtually escaped it, and it therefore fell with crushing force upon the middle and lower classes.

He was powerless to abolish it, but, in every way possible, he mitigated it. It had become absurd, both in its character and administration. Local men of influence used every sort of intrigue to escape it; inequalities and injustice made it especially obnoxious to the poorer and weaker classes. Turgot wrought steadily to mitigate the exactions of the central government, and though his representations were never wholly yielded to, they at least lightened the burden. He also sought to secure real information as to the exact ability of every community, and, indeed, of every unit in each community throughout his intendancy, to bear taxation; but efforts to abolish the *taille* he was obliged to reserve for a later period. Not only were these great taxes imposed with injustice; they were collected with inhumanity. The duty of collecting this and other taxes known as "direct" was forced upon unpaid peasants and other men of small means in a way which often brought them to ruin. Fundamental in the practice of the time was the personal responsibility of collectors for the whole tax of their districts, and the added responsibility of selected taxpayers for the total amount required: all being responsible for the taxation of each, and each for the taxation of all. For this state of things Turgot substituted within his jurisdiction a system of collectors carefully selected and suitably paid, and in various other ways greatly mitigated the hardships of the older practice.[2]

Still another of his efforts, which proved to be far more successful, and which set an example to France and, indeed, to the world, was his dealing with the royal *corvée* for public works. It had been devised first under feudalism; it had then been carried still further by the central monarchical government as an easy means of financial oppression. Against feudal *corvées*, Turgot could do little or nothing, but his main attack was upon the royal

[1] See citations in Stephens, *Life of Turgot*, pp. 26–32.

[2] For a very full and lucid statement of the classification and imposition of the taxes before the Revolution in France, see Esmein, *Histoire du Droit Français*, Paris, 1901, pp. 573 *et seq.* For a brief but especially clear summary, see Rambaud, *Histoire de la Civilisation Française*, Paris, 1897, chap. 9.

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corvée. This consisted mainly of two parts: first, the making and repairing of the public roads, and, secondly, the transportation of military stores, by the forced labor of the peasantry. The immediate result of this system as regards the public works had been that they were wretched, — the roads almost impassable in bad weather, — and their cost enormous. This outcome of that old French system we can understand by looking at a similar method in various parts of our own country. Probably in few other parts of the civilized world have roads been so bad as in the state of New York, and the main cause of this is a survival of this same old system by which the rural population were required to construct the highways, and allowed to make them as badly as the most narrow-minded of them pleased.

But this was the least of evils under the French system. Bad as was the condition of the public roads, it was better than the condition of the peasants themselves: they were liable to be withdrawn from their work at any moment in order to repair the roads for the passage of this magnate or that body of soldiers. To make matters worse, there came the transportation of military stores and munitions, — an even more disheartening burden: no matter how occupied their farm animals might be, army material of every sort must be transported at a moment's warning, nominally at about one fourth of what would have been a fair compensation, — really, in most cases, without compensation at all. The loss of effective labor and the disabling of their beasts of burden became fearfully oppressive: cases are authentically mentioned where the farmers of large districts were left after such *corvées* virtually without draught animals.

Against this whole system Turgot won a victory. For the *corvées* he substituted a moderate tax, and instead of building roads after the old shiftless plan, he had them made in accordance with the specifications of good engineers, under carefully drawn contracts; with the result that throughout his intendancy a network of highways was developed better than any others then known in France, and at a cost far below the sums which had previously been wasted upon them.

Closely connected with these measures was the breaking down of barriers to internal commerce. One can hardly believe in these days the perfectly trustworthy accounts of the French internal "protective" system in those. Typical is the fact that on the Loire between Orleans and Nantes, a distance of about two hundred miles, there were twenty-eight custom-houses; and that between Gray and Arles, on the rivers Saone and Rhone, a distance of about three hundred miles, the custom-houses numbered over thirty, causing long delays, and taking from twenty-five to thirty per cent in value of all the products transported.

Pathetic and farcical is the story of M. Blanchet's wine, — a true story. M. Blanchet bought a quantity of wine in the extreme south of France, intending to bring it to Paris. At the chief village of each little district duties were levied upon it, not only for the municipality, but for various individuals. At Nevers five separate and distinct tariffs were levied, — one for the Duc de Nevers, one for the mayor and town council, one each for two privileged nobles, and one for the bishop. At Poids de Fer four different tariffs were imposed, at Cosne two, and so on, at place after place, single, double, triple, or even more numerous duties by towns, lords spiritual, lords temporal, monasteries, nunneries, and the like, along the whole distance.[1]

To break down such barriers as these, Turgot exerted himself to the utmost;

[1] For the customs duties on the Loire and elsewhere, see Levasseur, *Histoire des Classes Ouvrières*, etc., as above, tome ii, p. 83. For a multitude of instructive details, see Taine, *The Ancient Régime*, Durand's translation, book v, chap. 2. For Blanchet's wine, see the detailed account given in Stourm, *Les Finances de l'Ancien Régime et de la Révolution*, tome i, pp. 473–474.

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and, in logical connection with these efforts, he obtained in 1763 a declaration from the king permitting free trade in grain, followed during the next year by another edict to the same purpose. In thus declaring against an internal protective system, especially as regards agriculture, he braved a deep-seated public opinion. Every province insisted that, when Heaven had given it a good crop, it should have the main enjoyment of that crop, and that, whether crops were good or bad, the only safety from famine was in the existing system of "protection."

To educate public opinion, Turgot wrote, in 1764, his *Letters on Free Trade in Grain*. They were mainly prepared during various official journeys, and dashed off at country inns, wherever he found himself. It was a hard struggle. Of all things done by him during the Limoges period these letters and the effort to put their ideas into practice brought upon him the most bitter opposition. From the Abbé Terray down to the people who suffered most by the old order of things, all attacked him. There came mobs and forcible suppression of them. But Turgot, braving the bitter opposition both of theorists and of mobs, insisted that the consecrated system of interfering with the free circulation of grain throughout the kingdom was one of the greatest causes of popular suffering; and while this argument of his had but a temporary effect at that period, it afterward did more than anything else to prepare the French mind for the final breaking up of that whole system of internal protection, — with the result that famines disappeared forever.

In close relation to this was his direct grapple with famine, in 1771 and 1772. Famines in various parts of continental Europe were frequent throughout the Middle Ages and, indeed, down to the French Revolution; and they were produced by the same causes which underlie the frequent and terrible famines in Russia to-day: ignorance, superstition, want of public spirit, want of that knowledge in agriculture and political economy necessary to maintain a suitable supply, want of discernment between harassing regulations which increase the evil and the liberty which prevents it.

The measures which Turgot took in his house-to-house and hand-to-hand struggle against peasant starvation are given in detail by various biographers, and they present a wonderful combination of sound theory with common-sense practice. These measures proved to be more successful than those of any other intendant in France; and it is worthy of note that, in the midst of all the severe labors which this effort imposed upon him, he was steadily on his guard to prevent the people from becoming beggars. The ingenuity of his devices to avoid this evil makes them worthy of study even in our day. Nor should his private efforts to aid the starving be forgotten: in these he not only exhausted his own immediate resources, but incurred personal debts to the amount of twenty thousand livres.

Of especial value also were his exertions to improve the wretched agriculture of the country. In various ways he stimulated agricultural studies; he introduced new food plants and grasses, and, with these, the potato. Here came curious opposition, not only in France, but in other countries. It was claimed that potatoes ought not to be eaten, because they produced leprosy, and also because no mention of them was made in Scripture. By a world of pains, and especially by inducing the upper classes to adopt potatoes as a part of their diet, he at last wore away these prejudices; but to aid in overcoming them finally, no less a personage than the king himself was induced to order the new vegetable served at his own table.

An evil with which he then grappled — in some respects the most serious of all — was the prevailing militia system. It greatly injured not only the industry, but the personal character, of the people. Its whole administration by the nobility

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who commanded in the various regiments was barbarously cruel, and among all the evils which beset the peasantry of France, this service was the most detested. Exemptions from it were, indeed, many, but they were entirely in favor of the upper classes. So dreaded did the drawing of militiamen become that young men, in great numbers, deserted the villages, and large country districts were at times thus crippled for want of laborers. Those who had been so fortunate as not to be chosen then joined in the chase of those who had drawn unlucky numbers, and innumerable petty civil wars were thus promoted.

Turgot dealt with this subject after his usual fashion: he studied it carefully, appealed to the peasantry judiciously, secured volunteers by bounties, and made the whole system not only less obnoxious, but appreciated as never before by those whose temperaments best fitted them for army life. Closely connected with the other evils of the militia system was the custom of billeting troops upon the inhabitants, — resulting in endless conflicts and immoralities. Turgot constructed barracks, kept the troops in them, and thus relieved his people materially and morally.[1]

Hardly less fruitful were his efforts to stimulate and extend manufactures. To him, in large measure, is due the creation of that vast porcelain industry at Limoges, which, in our own time, largely in the hands of Americans, has produced works of ceramic art hardly equaled in beauty or value by those of any nation outside of France.

But his efforts had a wider scope. While struggling thus to save and improve the people of his intendancy, he was constantly writing reports, most carefully thought out, to clear the vision and improve the methods of the ministry at Paris, and these have remained of great value ever since. Noteworthy is the fact that when Napoleon took in hand the administration of France his main studies, in preference to all else that he had received from the old French monarchy, were the reports and discussions of Turgot.[2]

So great was Turgot's success in making his government an oasis in the desert of French rural misery that it finally became a matter of interest, not only in France, but throughout Europe. This led his friends to urge upon him other and more lucrative positions, among these the intendancy of Lyons. But all such attempts he discouraged. He felt that it was more important to show France what could be done by carrying out a better system in some one province, no matter how poor; and all personal considerations yielded to this feeling.

While thus abolishing throughout his intendancy some of the worst oppressions of the absolute monarchy, he was steadily mitigating feudal evils. Worthy of special note is it that down to this period, hardly twenty years before the Revolution, the nobility not only persisted in all the monstrous exactions which had been developed during the Middle Ages, but took advantage of famine to sell agricultural produce to their peasants at starvation prices, to break the agreements which they had made with them, and to evade contributing to save them from starvation. Against this Turgot exerted himself to the utmost, straining his authority even beyond its legal limits, until he had forced the great landed proprietors to treat their peasantry with more humanity. To do this, of course, endangered his position. The nobility naturally had friends at court, and through these they made the corridors and salons of Versailles resound with their complaints against his interference.

It would seem that in all this heavy work he would have found full scope for his ability. Not so. During this period he

[1] For striking revelations of the militia horrors, see Taine, *Ancient Régime*, book v, chap. 4.

[2] See Daire, Introduction to the *Œuvres de Turgot*, p. lviii, and for Turgot's Reports on Mines and Quarries, etc., etc., see the *Œuvres*, tome ii, pp. 130 *et seq.*

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found full time to write essays and treatises, which have exerted a happy influence upon France and upon Europe from that day to this.

As the first and greatest of these should be mentioned his treatise, "On the Formation and Distribution of Wealth." It was written in 1766 and published about three years later. Though he accepted the fundamental fallacy of his fellow economists in making agriculture the sole source of real production, this work was fruitful in good. Even his errors, resulting, as they did, from honest thinking, led men to the discovery of new truths.

Perhaps its greatest result was the stimulus it gave to Adam Smith, who shortly after it was written visited France, made acquaintance with leading Physiocrats, including Turgot, and about ten years later, in 1776, published that work which Buckle declares "probably the most important book ever written," the *Wealth of Nations*.[1]

Regarding the relations of Turgot to Adam Smith growths of partisanship have sprung up, many of them, on either side, more rank than just. Of this there is not the slightest need. While we may recognize the fact that Buckle, in his panegyric of Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, forgot Grotius's *De Jure Belli ac Pacis*, and while one of the latest and most competent editors of the *Wealth of Nations* acknowledges that its author "was greatly indebted to the Economists," and that "in the first book, important passages will be found which are almost transcripts from Turgot's divisions and arguments," we must agree that Smith's place is secure among the foremost benefactors of the modern world, and that Turgot, though his arguments were presented in a different form and manner, stands closely beside him.[2] But while a place in the highest rank must be assigned to Adam Smith, and while it must be conceded that he cleared political economy of Physiocratic error regarding the relation of agriculture to the production of wealth, it is only just to keep in mind that, ten years before Adam Smith's book appeared, Turgot, as one of the most fair and competent of American economists has shown, made the first analysis of distribution into wages, profits, and rent, discussed the distribution of labor, the nature and employment of capital and the doctrine of wages, gave the main arguments for free trade and free labor, laid down some of the fundamental principles of taxation, and asserted very many other doctrines precious to the modern world, — and that he did this with a force and lucidity to which Smith never attained.

In forming an opinion of the characteristics and claims of these two great men, it may well be taken into account that while Smith's work was the result of inductions from facts observed during his whole life and passed upon during twenty years of steady labor on these and similar subjects, the work with which Turgot preceded him was struck out in the thick of all his vast labors as Intendant of Limoges and as adviser to the central government of France on a multitude of theoretical and practical questions, and that it was written, not as an elaborate treatise, but simply as a letter to two gifted Chinese students who, having studied for a period in France, were returning to their native land. Each of the two works has vast merits, but as an exhibition of amazing original power, that of Turgot unquestionably stands first.[3]

[1] Buckle makes this assertion twice, and to his first declaration adds that the work "is certainly the most valuable contribution ever made by a single man towards establishing the principles on which government should be based." *History of Civilization in England*, American Edition, vol. i, chap. 4; vol. ii, chap. 6. For interesting particulars of the intercourse between Adam Smith and the Physiocrats, including his opinion of Turgot, see Rae, *Life of Adam Smith*, London, 1895, chap. 14.

[2] See Thorold Rogers, *Introduction to Smith's Wealth of Nations*, Oxford, 1880, chap. 23.

[3] For the statement above referred to, see Seligman, Review of Léon Say's "Turgot," *Political Science Quarterly*, vol. iv, p. 180, cited by R. P. Shepherd in his *Turgot and the Six*

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Still another treatise in this same field of Turgot's activity was his *Loans at Interest*, published in 1769. An attempt made within his district to defraud sundry bankers by accusing them of charging too high a rate of interest caused him to take up the whole subject of usance. For ages, France, like the rest of Europe, had suffered from the theological theory opposed to the taking of interest for money. From sundry texts of Scripture, from Aristotle, from such fathers of the Eastern Church as St. Basil, St. Chrysostom, and St. Gregory of Nyssa, from such fathers of the Western Church as St. Ambrose, St. Augustine, and St. Jerome, from St. Thomas Aquinas, the foremost of mediæval thinkers, from Bossuet, the most eminent of all French theologians, from Pope Leo the Great and a long series of Popes and Councils, and from a series almost as long of eminent Protestant divines, had come a theory against the taking of interest for money, and this had been enforced by multitudes of sovereigns in all parts of Christendom.

The results had been wretched. The whole policy of the Church having favored the expending of capital, there was far less theological opposition to waste and extravagance than to that investment of capital at interest without which no great progress of industry is possible.

Turgot's method of dealing with this question took high rank at once, and despite the authoritative treatises of Bentham and of Jean Baptiste Say, which appeared more than twenty years afterward, his may be counted as, on the whole, the most original and cogent work in the whole series of arguments which have obliged every branch of the Christian Church to change its teachings, and all civilized governments to change their practice, regarding the taking of interest for money.[1]

The last of Turgot's important writings during the Limoges period was his letter to Terray on protection to the French iron industry. In the course of this, not foreseeing the use of mineral coal in the manufacture of iron, he fell into a curious error. His theory was that only nations in an early stage of development, with great forests at their disposal for conversion into charcoal, can make iron. Strange as this idea seems to those who have observed the growth of the great iron industry in the leading modern nations, it must be confessed that his conclusion was better than some of his premises. His arguments favoring more freedom to the admission of iron may be read to good purpose even now, and one sentence, regarding protective duties between nations, may well be carefully pondered. It is as follows: "The truth is that in aiming to injure others we injure ourselves."

As time went on, Turgot's work at Limoges became more and more known and admired. Arthur Young, whose personal observations give us the best delineations of French agriculture before the Revolution, visiting the Limousin shortly after Turgot left it, dwelt upon the results of his administration as the best ever known in France up to that time; and Young's picture of the transformation of the whole region under Turgot's control

Edicts, p. 32, which also contains a short but able discussion of the arguments between the partisans of Smith and of Turgot. Also John Morley, *Crit. Misc.*, vol. ii, p. 149. For perhaps the most magnanimous, concise, and weighty of all tributes to Adam Smith, see E. Levasseur, *L'Économie Politique au Collège de France*, in *La Revue des Cours Littéraires*, for December 20, 1879. For details regarding the two Chinese students, see Neymarck, *Turgot et ses Doctrines*, tome ii, pp. 345, 346.

[1] See Léon Say, *Turgot*, Anderson's translation, p. 88; also Morley and Stephens.

For the passages from which the theological doctrine regarding interest was developed, see Leviticus, xxv: 36, 37; Deuteronomy, xxiii; Psalms, xv: 5; Ezekiel, xviii: 7, 17; St. Luke, vi: 35. For a detailed account of the long struggle against this form of unreason, and citations from a long line of authorities, see *A History of the Warfare of Science with Theology in Christendom*, by the present writer, vol. ii, chap. 19, on "The Origin and Progress of Hostility to Loans at Interest."

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produced a marked effect on public opinion, not only in France, but throughout Great Britain and in Continental Europe.

During the last years of Louis XV, recognition had come to Turgot as never before. To men of public spirit, and especially to the philosophers who had long dreamed of realizing their ideals of a better government and a more prosperous people, he had become an idol. Even many who had mobbed him for his interference with agricultural protection in the provinces now became his strong supporters. Though he was intensely hated by a vast body of reactionaries, self-seekers, and graspers of place and pelf, the great majority of thinking Frenchmen loved him all the more for the enemies he had made.

He had wrought and fought thirteen years in the intendancy when, in 1774, occurred the death of Louis XV. The accession of Louis XVI was hailed as the approach of a new and better epoch, and of all men who were thought capable of aiding to bring it in, Turgot was named most widely.

(To be continued.)

PIANISTS NOW AND THEN

BY W. J. HENDERSON

In these infant days of the twentieth century the pianist stands next to the singer among the princes of the musical world. But it was not always so. The singer was the first to mount the public throne and reign with the sceptre of sweetened sound. Next came the violinist, and after him the virtuosi of wind instruments. Early concert programmes show the names of singers, and flute, horn, and oboe players, but not of manipulators of the keyboard. The concert pianist of to-day, sweeping the keyboard of his grand and the heart-strings of his hearers with sinewy hands, emerged slowly from the humble state of a poor dependent, creeping with anxious offerings to the door of his princely patron.. It was not till almost the middle of the eighteenth century that the performance of solo feats on the harpsichord began to attract public attention and to form the substance of concerts.

The pianist is a child of the organ, for in the beginning the clavichord, one of the forerunners of the piano, was used for the home practice of organists. From that state the instrument advanced to the dignity of becoming a home companion in the houses of the social elect. In 1529, for instance, Elena Bembo, daughter of the famous poet, Pietro Bembo, wrote to her father from the convent in which she was a pupil, asking that she might learn to play the monochord, the clavichord of that period. Bembo's answer, preserved in Caffi's *Storia della Musica*, and translated in Weitzmann's *History of Piano Forte Music*, runs thus:—

"Touching thy request for leave to play the monochord, I answer that by reason of thy tender years thou canst not know that this playing is an art for vain and frivolous women. And I would that thou shouldst be the most amiable, and the most chaste and modest maiden alive. Besides if thou wert to play badly, thy playing would cause thee little pleasure and no little shame. But in order to play well, thou must needs give up ten or twelve years to this exercise, without even thinking of aught else. And how far this would befit thee, thou canst see for thyself, without my telling it. Should thy

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schoolmates desire thee to learn to play for their pleasure, tell them that thou dost not care to have them laugh at thy mortification. And content thyself with the pursuit of the sciences and the practice of needlework."

The teacher at Elena's convent was Adrian Willaert, the father of the great Venetian school of organists. He died laden with honors in 1562, and left behind him a splendid progeny of pupils who spread his doctrines through Italy and into other lands. But Willaert was not in any sense a piano virtuoso. The instrument of the time was nothing more than a small oblong box containing a few stretched wires, which were struck by brass uprights on the inner ends of the levers, the outer ends of which were depressed by the blows of the fingers. Not much could be done with this instrument, and yet from it developed the modern piano.

A lineal descendant of Willaert was the great Girolamo Frescobaldi, father of the Roman school of organ-playing. Frescobaldi was born in 1577 or 1578, and the days of his glory were from 1614 to 1640. He played in St. Peter's in 1614 to an audience as large as that now drawn by a Yale-Harvard football game. He was the greatest organist and clavierist of the first half of the seventeenth century; but to us as we look back, he stands forth wholly a church performer. He was not a pianist in even the early sense of the term.

Nevertheless he was a sire of virtuosi, for the famous Johann Jakob Froberger, of Halle, was his pupil. Froberger was a protégé of the Kaiser Ferdinand III, who sent him to Rome to study. In 1662, having become the greatest organist and clavier player in Europe, Froberger obtained permission to go to England. Westward the star of keyboard virtuosity took its way. Froberger went as an organist, but he was the *avant courier* of those pianists who have swarmed across the channel from the Continent for the London season, and those who now come three thousand miles across the western ocean to gather the dollars of the sons of freedom.

England had not been without clavier [1] performers before Froberger's time. There is a pretty fable that the virginal, one of the early forms of the harpsichord, was so named in honor of the Virgin Queen, and there is a volume long called *Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book*, containing pieces by a coterie of English composers, including the good Dr. John Bull, who invented the theme stolen by Henry Cary for his *God Save the King*. But these men were all chapel-masters and private performers. Even Froberger made his sensation, not as a pianist, but as an organist.

On the way to England he was robbed and almost lost at sea. He went into Westminster Abbey to give thanks for his safety, and the organist offered him work as blower. When he blew, however, he neglected his duty and was discharged. He seized the opportunity a moment later to fill the organ with wind, and sound a few chords. A lady in the church had been his pupil. She said to herself, "It is Froberger's style." True enough, and so the organist was brought to the attention of the king, whom he much amazed with his feats upon the keyboard. Froberger must also have astonished some persons by his compositions. Mattheson, the German historian of musicians, says: "I possess an allemande by the formerly celebrated Froberger, intended to depict his perilous voyage on the Rhine. Therein is represented how one person hands the boatman his sword, and falls thereby into the water; there are twenty-six special notes, among them being a *casus* where the boatman gives the sufferer a shocking blow with his long pole." Verily this was the Richard Strauss of his day.

Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch, the English musical antiquarian, and his wife, must be thanked for giving contemporary music lovers some idea of the music played by these old-time virtuosi and of the instru-

[1] "Clavier" is German for piano, and also means the clavichord.

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ments on which it was performed. One needs to hear a clavichord only once to realize that it could not have been used as a concert instrument. Its faint metallic tones are audible through a large room only when the resonance of the chamber is high and the auditors most attentive. The harpsichord, the instrument of a later period, was a little better suited to concert purposes. Its strings, plucked by the quills set in the uprights at the ends of the levers, gave forth a clear and penetrating twang. Under the fingers of such a virtuoso as Mrs. Dolmetsch the harpsichord becomes fascinating. But it was not the representative instrument of the period of Frescobaldi and his great pupil.

Those men, as we have seen, were organists. They played organ, wrote organ, thought organ. They made little discrimination between the technic of the organ and that of the clavier, and none at all in the character of the music written for the two. Their compositions were all cast in the churchly mould. The old ecclesiastical scales, with their solemn and even mournful characteristics, dominated the harmonic scheme, while the tonal architecture was that of the fugue, the great base of all the songs of the sanctuary in those days.

Only in their suites did these early masters succeed in escaping the thralldom of the Church, whose hand-maiden artistic music had been since the fourth century. In the suites the musicians found pleasure in alternating different kinds of dance movements. The gavotte, the galliard, the sarabande, the pavane, and others, contributed contrast and variety to these compositions. A still wider range was found by building one movement after the recitative of the opera, another after the fugued flights of the cathedral, and another after a dance. Thus were prefigured those larger and more elastic forms which led toward the splendid sonatas and symphonies of Beethoven.

But the suites of Froberger's day were primitive, and even the resources of to-day's piano cannot give them the semblance of anything more than experiments. It was after Froberger, in the period of the first of the world-renowned piano virtuosi, that the suite began to be firm in design and captivating in detail. This was in the days of the three giants of the keyboard, Domenico Scarlatti, George Frederick Handel, and Johann Sebastian Bach. These were indeed extraordinary figures in musical history. They were not only amazing performers, but also master composers, pathfinders, and creators.

To-day critics and music lovers with one accord concede to Bach the leadership of the trio; but in their own time Scarlatti, by reason of his brilliant performances on the harpsichord, had the widest celebrity. And indeed, in so far as the technical resources of the harpsichord went, Scarlatti was as great an inventor as either of the others. Born in 1683, Scarlatti entered the world but two years before Bach and Handel. He was for a time a pupil of Handel, yet in the fullness of his maturity he introduced into his compositions wonderful running passages in double notes, wide leaps for one hand, and other figures not employed by other masters till long after his day.

In Rome Cardinal Ottoboni arranged a contest between Handel and Scarlatti. In harpsichord playing they were found evenly matched, but at the organ Handel was easily the victor. The nature of the contest well illustrates the conditions of the time. Pianists were under the patronage of some dignitary, and their performances were in salons, surrounded by perukes, swords, and voluminous skirts. The public concert with admission by ticket had not yet welcomed the piano virtuoso into its fold.

Bach never shared the glories which shone upon Scarlatti and Handel. He was a solitary laborer in the cloistered field of church music, and it was many years before his wonderful clavier works, *The Well Tempered Clavichord* and *The Art of Fugue*, became known outside of a few

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German towns. Yet he revolutionized piano-playing. He introduced a new system of tuning which made it possible to play in all the keys. By the old system composers for keyboard instruments were limited to a narrow range, and the enormous tonal flexibility of modern music was out of the question. Bach, too, systematically used the thumb in playing, and in doing so adopted a new position of the hand, more natural and powerful. The earlier players had not used the thumb. Bach refingered the scales and laid the foundation of the modern method of brilliant runs. Yet Bach was distinctively a composer of choral, orchestral, chamber music, and organ works, and his clavier playing was not a public performance.

It was after the deaths of Bach and Handel in the middle of the eighteenth century that the concert pianist, or harpsichordist, as he was then, came into existence. Concerts to which admission was charged were given as early as 1682 in London, and some Continental cities, but the clavier player was not a star at these entertainments. The famous *Concerts Spirituels* were established in Paris in 1725, but up to 1735 at least, the soloists seem to have been singers, violinists, and wind instrument virtuosi. Bach's distinguished son, Karl Philipp Emmanuel, who revolutionized the method of harpsichord playing, and whose treatise on the art was authoritative, was not known as a concert virtuoso. He was soundly berated by contemporary critics, but for his compositions, not his playing. Dr. Burney, who met him in Hamburg in 1773, declared that if those critics could have heard Emmanuel Bach play his own works, "with a tenderness and vivacity peculiar to himself," they would have formed a very different opinion of the music. But they had no such opportunities; the day of the piano virtuoso on the public platform had not come.

That is, it had not come for Emmanuel Bach. Yet it had dawned, and some of those who proclaimed their gratitude to him as their master received public plaudits for their playing. Both Haydn and Mozart declared that in clavier-playing they were children sitting at the feet of Emmanuel Bach. Even Beethoven, who was eighteen when this Bach died at seventy-four, was not insensible to his influence. Mozart, who lived from 1756 to 1791, was beyond doubt the first of the modern piano virtuosi. He reigned royally as a wonder-child. He played through Europe when still little more than a baby. He performed almost incredible feats on the keyboard. And he did these things over and over again, in public concerts to which admission was charged, and from which the returns were too often small.

Mozart's father, who was not only his teacher, but also his manager and press agent, invented one method of advertising well known to the pianist of to-day. He made a "society idol" of his boy. We find him writing home about the large sums spent in traveling, for he had to keep up appearances, and he and his two children moved only in the company of nobility. They hobnobbed with emperors. Little princes and princesses threw aside etiquette and kissed and played with little Mozart, who frankly offered to marry Marie Antoinette because she sympathized with him after a fall. The boy was voted a darling by all the titled women. His fame went forth from palaces. Then father Mozart gave public concerts, and the receipts amazed him. People came in chariots and afoot. Swords switched among laces and furbelows. Perukes wagged with wonder, and snuff-boxes snapped delight.

"I saw him as a boy seven years old," said Goethe to Eckermann, "when he gave a concert on one of his tours. I was myself fourteen, and I remember the little fellow distinctly, with his powdered wig and his sword."

The advertising was not confined to the chatter of the great. A newspaper announcement of one concert in which Mozart's sister was to appear with him reads thus: —

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"The little girl, who is in her twelfth year, will play the most difficult compositions of the greatest masters; the boy, who is not yet seven, will play on the clavecin or harpsichord; he will also play a concerto for the violin, and will accompany symphonies on the clavier, the manual or keyboard being covered with a cloth, with as much facility as if he could see the keys; he will instantly name all notes played at a distance, whether singly or in chords played on the clavier, or on any other instrument, bell, glass, or clock. He will, finally, both on the harpsichord and the organ, improvise as long as may be desired in any key, thus proving that he is as thoroughly acquainted with the one instrument as with the other, great as is the difference between them."

Mozart did not play the harpsichord throughout his career. While yet a juvenile prodigy he became acquainted with the piano, then a new instrument, and adopted it for concert use. The harpsichord, in which the strings were twanged by quills, was at best a thin-toned and inelastic medium for the utterance of such flowing melodies as those of Mozart, and the piano infinitely delighted him by reason of its ability to give loud or soft tones as desired, and by its sustaining power. The piano of his day, however, was feeble as compared with that of ours, and the brilliant, bold, even majestic effects of contemporaneous music are not to be found in the compositions with which he soothed his audiences.

Mozart's playing was distinguished for its smoothness, fluent elegance, and perfect taste. He was opposed to all extravagant movements; he advocated a quiet position of the hand and a perfect equality of finger. He held that passages should flow like oil. The crystalline sparkle of the scale was the brightest radiance that flamed in the Mozart piano-playing. The time for the bigger effects had not yet come. Mozart himself never forgot his hearers. He was not of the metal to carve a path through opposition. He wooed and won the public by composing in a style which it could understand, yet he contrived to make good music.

The vocal style of the opera pervaded all his instrumental writings. The profound learning of the fugue lay behind it all, but it was concealed. Music now aimed to sing with a single voice, accompanied by a cheerful support of lucid harmonies. The intellectual exercise of listening to polyphonic composition, such as that of Bach, would have failed to attract the sunny populace of Vienna in the late years of the eighteenth century. Rubinstein describes good old Papa Haydn as bringing every day to the court his musical bonbon. Mozart never failed to manufacture sweetmeats for the people, but he made them the finest sweetmeats ever known. Mozart defined for his children the form of the piano concerto and thus paved the way for the most dazzling exhibitions of modern virtuosity. He himself was the first of the great virtuosi to perform concert sonatas with orchestral accompaniment. What had gone before was uncertain and largely experimental.

The ground was now prepared for the fruitful harvest of the great classic period of piano-playing, of which Beethoven was the ripest product. But before Beethoven came Clementi, an explorer in the realms of piano technic and a performer of the greatest repute in his own day. Clementi lived much of his life in England, where pianos were built with heavier strings and more powerful hammers than those made in Vienna. Consequently he took advantage of the resources of the instrument and composed accordingly. His music is filled with crashing, sonorous chords, rapid successions of heavy groups of notes, and all the other devices which make for splendor of tone and brilliancy of style. In these matters he went as far as the imperfect piano of his time would let him. The instrument was a great advance over the Viennese piano, but it was infantile compared with the piano of today.

In 1781 Clementi had a meeting with

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Mozart in Vienna, and was deeply impressed by Mozart's singing touch. After that time he endeavored to combine this style with the sonority of his own playing. Beethoven had a high admiration for Clementi as a composer for the piano, and indeed it must be said that this Italian was the first clearly to define the difference between the manners of playing the harpsichord and the piano. His concert tours were crowned with success, for the public concert of a virtuoso was now an established thing. Clementi's concert career was long. It lasted from 1770 (the year of Beethoven's birth) till 1810. He died in 1832, after spending the last years of his life in teaching and composing. When he was born, Handel was yet alive. When he died, Beethoven, Weber, and Schubert had passed before him.

Beethoven studied the technical ideas of Clementi thoroughly, and his compositions contain nothing that goes beyond them. It was by the adaptation of the technics of the piano to the utterance of noble and eloquent musical thought that Beethoven ushered in the dramatic era of piano-playing. Of the nature of Beethoven's music no study need be made here. It is familiar to all music lovers. But Beethoven the virtuoso, the founder of a school of virtuosi, is less known. Yet he played often. Beethoven was without question a giant at the keyboard, but he was lacking in finish. Some of his contemporaries called him a rough performer, but all agreed that he had power. It is not astonishing that the fullness of his grandeur was not speedily appreciated at a time when John Baptist Cramer was regarded as the most elegant player in Europe. Cramer was a pupil of Clementi and was unsurpassed in delicacy of touch, in grace and fluency of style, in perfection of technic. Beethoven preferred him to all other pianists. So in general did Europe. But Cramer himself said in later years that all in all "Beethoven was, if not the greatest, certainly one of the greatest and most admirable pianists that he ever heard, both as regards expression and dexterity."

It was the dawn of a new day which blinded Beethoven's contemporaries. Mozart had shone like a beautiful Apollo across the continent, and now followed Jupiter Tonans, blasting with lightnings and searing with thunderbolts. No wonder it seemed rough. How must Rubinstein have sounded after Tausig? A marvelous feature of Beethoven's public performances, and still more of his private playing, was his improvisation. He could improvise a sonata movement on given themes, or a set of variations, as admirable as if they had been worked out with infinite care in months of thought. Improvisation was common among the piano virtuosi of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. It began with Mozart's public exhibitions. It ended perhaps with those of Josef Hoffman at the age of eleven. There is no public taste now for such feats.

Beethoven's Titanic outbursts of power and passion were little suited to the gentle-toned pianos of his day. In an adagio or a largo he could touch all hearts, and in this style of playing he was conceded to be the master of all; but in flowing runs and ornamental passages the public preferred Johann Nepomuk Hummel, a pupil of both Mozart and Clementi, and a player of pearly limpidity and airy delicacy.

Beethoven's career as a virtuoso began in Vienna in much the same manner as Mozart's had begun. He played many times in the salons of the nobility, and his early compositions are dedicated to an imposing list of princes, princesses, and countesses. Public curiosity having been aroused, he appeared at a concert, playing his C major concerto. Salieri, the conductor of the opera, and Beethoven's instructor in the art of writing for the voice, conducted, and the young virtuoso had a brilliant success. Two days before the concert the composition was uncompleted, and Beethoven wrote at top speed, with four copyists following him with the

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orchestral parts. At the rehearsal it was found that the piano was half a tone flat, whereupon Beethoven overcame the difficulty by playing his part throughout in C sharp. He was unconquerable at the keyboard.

Before Beethoven went to his final rest the modern breed of piano virtuoso had sprung into existence. Beethoven's virtuosity was chiefly creative. His playing was only the fiery utterance of flaming thoughts. But now came a series of pianists, all of whom were composers, and most of whom were almost wholly brilliant wizards of the keyboard. The greatest master of the school, the founder of the line, indeed, was a true genius, and to this day his piano compositions chain the attention by their individuality. Even their purely ornamental parts are original in manner. This pianist was Karl Maria von Weber, whose fame rests especially upon his operas. Weber played successfully in concerts, but his achievements as a writer of lyric dramas quite overshadowed his piano-playing.

Contemporary with him, and immediately following him, there existed a line of virtuosi pure and simple, the first of the long series of modern magicians of the piano who have filled Europe and America with amazement at their feats of technic and expression. Karl Czerny (1791–1857), was the first of these prestidigitateurs, and his performances impressed even Beethoven. Theodor Kullak, Sigismund Thalberg, Fumagalli (the wizard of the left hand), Alexander Dreyschock, his rival in this particular, Ignatz Moscheles, and Henry Litolff, were among the chief exponents of this style of playing. Their concerts brought together all the elements noticeable in the modern piano virtuoso's entertainment, except that it did not occur to any of them to perform those feats of endurance which pianists of to-day regard as essential to their public appearances. It was Paderewski who introduced the extraordinary custom of playing two or three concertos and several solo pieces in one concert.

But these pianists were engaged in developing the resources of piano technic. Thalberg in his compositions introduced the use of widely extended arpeggios as the accompaniment to clearly marked melodies, and thus brought into vogue that rippling, running style of playing which has in recent years been relegated to the boarding school exhibition and the domain of the "piano-tuner's run."

Contemporary also with Beethoven was one pianist who deserves special mention because he was a pathfinder. This was John Field, a pupil of Clementi, born in 1782, died in 1837. Field was a master of the art of singing on the keyboard, and he invented the nocturne and other forms which cleared the way for Mendelssohn with his "Songs without Words," and Chopin with his nocturnes, ballades, and valses, Schumann with his novelettes, and Liszt with his rhapsodies. Before Field every piano composition had to be a sonata, a rondo, or something else in one of the old classic forms. After Field, composers, like Weber, broke away from the old forms, and wrote as they fancied. Liszt wrote poetically of Field's nocturnes, which he edited, and even now they are sometimes played in recital programmes. But they sound thin and infantile after those of Chopin.

Pianists from this period crowded the theatre of action. It was no longer a rarity to hear the compositions of the masters played dazzlingly. Europe teemed with virtuosi. The modern period of the concert pianist was at hand. Little, then, is left to say, but three men must be mentioned, because it was left for them to complete the exploration of the capacity of the piano as a musical medium of expression. These three men were Chopin, Schumann, and Liszt.

Not only did these three masters enrich the domain of pianoforte literature by composing in the new forms already mentioned, but they introduced new styles and new methods of playing. They broadened and deepened the diction of the instrument. In the use of the pedals

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alone they almost transformed the piano. Real piano pedals — not the tentative attachments of the harpsichord — were invented by Broadwood in 1783, and some of the sonatas of Beethoven contain directions for their employment. But it was Chopin who systematically studied their capacities and showed how both could be used singly or in combination in the production of beautiful effects of tone color. Chopin also revolutionized fingering and showed pianists how to play passages in double thirds and arpeggios interspersed with passing notes, which would otherwise have appeared to be impossible.

Schumann wrote music so filled with strange and difficult rhythms and interlocking passages requiring the use of both hands in enunciating melodies, that a special technic was required for their performance. Then came Liszt, who set out to make the piano the rival of the orchestra in richness of tone, brilliancy, and sonority. He carried forward Chopin's exploration of the powers of the pedals, and showed how to combine pedaling with all the different varieties of touch in producing varied tone color. He disclosed the full value of the loose wrist and the independent finger. In short, he brought piano technic to its present state of development. Nothing has been learned in that respect since the death of Liszt.

Of these three Chopin and Liszt belonged to the great army of public virtuosi. Schumann lamed his hand in trying to acquire independence of the third finger, and so was excluded from the field of the concert performer. Liszt and Chopin both approached closely to the estate of the piano virtuoso of to-day. In the heyday of their youth they were worshiped of woman, and envied of men. In their manhood they enacted shadowy tragedies of love, and burst the bonds of convention with as little scruple as a Byron or a Keats. Liszt's career was the more brilliant of the two. To rise to such heights of celebrity that even a London cabman cried, "Three cheers for the Habby Liszt," was something more than the contemporaneous piano virtuoso can accomplish. It would be impossible to conceive of a New York cabman viewing Paderewski with any feeling except disrespect for his hair.

But the great piano virtuoso of to-day is in many ways far in advance of Chopin and even of Liszt. Those masters never penetrated the fastnesses of the New World, nor carried the gospel of Beethoven to the antipodes. The modern piano virtuoso travels all over the world and sings the songs of Beethoven, Chopin, Schumann, and Liszt to all the peoples. He travels *en prince*. He has his private car, his chef, his valet, his secretary, and his personal manager, who relieves him of all responsibilities. He is garbed in purple and fine linen, unless he be D'Albert, in which case he wears Jaeger flannel from head to foot. He drinks the wines of Europe and feeds on the fat of the land.

He trains for his enormous tours as an athlete trains for a race. He plays eighty concerts in four months, and at each he performs a programme which would have driven Chopin or Mozart into a swoon. He memorizes the entire literature of the pianoforte. He plays two or three concertos with orchestra at each orchestral concert. He selects for his encore numbers Liszt rhapsodies which are Herculean feats in themselves. And he gathers coin at a pace that would have surpassed the maddest dreams of Mozart. When the youthful prodigies, Wolfgang and Nannerl, drew a hundred guineas at one concert, old Leopold Mozart went breathless. Paderewski plays in Carnegie Hall, New York, to five thousand dollars. The hall will not hold more.

The pianist of to-day performs on a marvelous instrument, splendid in its nobility of tone, majestic in its sonority. He plays the music which all those other men spent their lives in creating. He rests securely on the broad foundation reared by the line of laborers from Scarlatti,

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Handel, and Bach down to Liszt and Chopin. He is the heir of all the schools, the descendant of all the masters. He may possibly leave no such mark upon the page of musical history as Weber or Schumann did, but he plays better than they could. He has in him more of the pure virtuoso blood of Czerny and Thalberg than of Mozart and Chopin, and he flames across Europe and America, the comet of every season, the star of every firmament.

THE BLUE GIRDLE

BY LATTA GRISWOLD

Mrs. Winton was fond of saying to herself, and to others if the way were made sufficiently easy, that she was a woman without illusions. She had experienced romance, — tragedy it sometimes seemed in moods wherein she was particularly tender of herself; henceforth life stretched before her a straight, even road, not altogether dull, but certainly never again likely to lead through especially diverting territory. She was addicted to retrospection; to reviewing, with a pleasure at once simple and sincere, the bright days of her girlhood in Kingsbridge and of her married life away from her native town. That this latter was ended suddenly, by the tragic death of her husband, gave a certain accent to her widowhood, which, when she had recovered from the shock, was not without its advantages. But emotionalism, the sentiments, — except platonic and philanthropic ones, — were behind her; life had nothing to offer her but the mild diversions of Kingsbridge society and an opportunity for devotion in the local church.

Mrs. Winton found even a greater pleasure in making confidences of these things, with sufficiently delicate variations, to her dear friend Wilhelmina Paine. Miss Paine was not so old as to have acquired for herself a more robust philosophy, nor so young as to be incapable of understanding the meaning of disillusion. She had grown up and passed her life in Kingsbridge, except for the brief period of Mrs. Winton's matrimonial career, under her friend's eye. She, too, had enjoyed her little romances, but they had not been tragic and they had not taken definite enough form to be discussed in the light of so rich a confidence as was that of Mrs. Winton. Yet Wilhelmina, as her friend often told her, had "a certain something," a look, perhaps it was, in her clear gray eye and in the sweetness of her face, which was still fresh, still youthful, still softly beautiful, at seven-and-twenty, that made it really "wonderful" that there had been for her no great passion, nothing complete and perfect to look back upon, as there was for her friend.

Mrs. Winton was not beautiful, nor had she ever been; but she had a manner, — a manner, as Wilhelmina recalled their girlhood together, that had always been successful, particularly so in that sphere of life to which in these later days her memories were so frequently turned. Laura Wainright had had a dozen affairs, each one more thrilling than the last, before she married Herbert Winton; while Wilhelmina, despite her beauty, her sweetness, her cleverness, had drifted unromantically, was still drifting unromantically.

"If I had been a man," Mrs. Winton said one day, to wind up a conversation, "there would have been a grand romance, I can tell you. Happy, though, is the woman without a history."

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"Happiness is not the only thing in the world," Wilhelmina answered softly.

"There is nothing in the world, my dear," the older woman assured her, "nothing whatever. Be thankful if your life is spared disillusion. It all comes to that, you know, — everything."

Wilhelmina smiled. "I am not so sure that I have been spared that." She spoke a little more gravely than was her wont, and rose to go.

"If you are not sure, you have been spared, depend upon that." Mrs. Winton spoke with an air of conviction. "Disillusion is what one can't escape; it sits beside one, walks beside one, sleeps beside one. It is a lifelong process."

"I am not sure, then, that it has not its compensations, nor that you have not found them, Laura," Miss Paine answered.

Mrs. Winton looked up with just a suspicion of annoyance in her expression, but this was quickly exchanged for a hint there that she was just a little hurt. "I try to be brave," she said simply, as she laid down her knitting and looked at Wilhelmina sadly.

Miss Paine smiled, kissed her lightly, and fled with a playful precipitancy, as though she would not stay to be scolded as she deserved. It was some time before Mrs. Winton took up her work again; and when she did so there was still in her eyes a fine abstraction that betokened a certain preoccupation of the mind with a problem for which it was not quite prepared. Wilhelmina had struck a new note to-day that puzzled her old friend, who was accustomed to a more complete abnegation on the girl's part, one that refused even to be conscious of itself. That there was in Wilhelmina a touch of the sentiment Mrs. Winton had appropriated in such bulk had the effect of disconcerting her sense of their relationship. "Just what," she asked herself, "have I missed in her? She has not, I do believe, been wholly frank." Frankness, another of Mrs. Winton's conscious virtues, was even a greater desideratum, she thought, in her friends than in herself. "Poor Wilhelmina! she does n't know what love is, except at second hand." Mrs. Winton knew what opportunities Wilhelmina had had for that; she had been generous of herself and her emotions. "Poor Wilhelmina!" she sighed afresh; "but at least she has been spared some things." Just what, the lady did not at this moment state to herself, for at the sound of a distant bell, she arose, smoothed her hair before a mirror, donned her little black bonnet with its long black veil, and betook herself to her devotions at the parish church. It was an afternoon early in Lent.

St. Luke's, the only Episcopal church in the village, enjoyed the services of a rector and a curate. The rector was an old white-haired gentleman, a saint in appearance and character, an evangelical of the school which flourished fifty years ago. The curate, on the other hand, was young, good-looking, enthusiastic, and as "high" as he dared to be. He was new to the work, fresh from the seminary, and thought Kingsbridge "a splendid field," because of the students who attended Kingsbridge College, which was located in the town. This young man, who had an extremely frank blue eye, a mass of fair hair, strong, clear-cut features, and an heroic build, — he had played football at another college in his day, — never meant to marry, and he usually wore, tied around his waist, over his cassock, a blue girdle, which the initiated understood was the badge of a society the members of which were vowed to celibacy. Tracey Carr had gone far in the seminary. There was a certain enthusiasm in him that carried him to the limit in everything, — he never stopped halfway. He had been popular in the congregation, more or less successful with his students, despite his mild little ritualisms, and satisfactory to the rector.

Mrs. Winton, as she rose from her knees in her pew, which was situated well forward in the church, received a very favorable impression of Carr's profile out-

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lined against the walnut stalls. His fair hair was brushed back a little carelessly; his white surplice gave him something of the appearance of a Greek statue, she thought; and his voice, deep but very clear, had a grateful, soothing effect. From under the surplice peeped two blue tassels which were attached to the ends of his girdle. Mrs. Winton sighed as her eyes rested on these. Here was a man who had the courage to renounce in advance all the beautiful vain things that made life so sweet and so sad.

Wilhelmina played the organ at the south end of the transept. There was a little mirror over the key-board arranged so that the organist could see the minister on the north side of the chancel, and receive a signal from him in case of necessity. As Mrs. Winton glanced that way she observed that Miss Paine's clear gray eyes were bent very earnestly on this mirror, and that in them there was an expression — very subtle, very delicate, it is true — which she had never seen in them before; one that remained in her mind strangely enough, and that vaguely troubled her as again she bent her head in prayer. She waited, after the service, until Mr. Carr came out of the vestry, when she stopped him and asked him if he would not come home to supper with her.

"Why, I am awfully busy," he explained, a trifle brusquely, flushing needlessly, in a boyish way.

"And I am awfully lonely and blue," she murmured, holding him with her eyes.

"Why, yes, — certainly, I will be delighted," he said, after just another moment's hesitation. "But if you will go on, I shall follow you in about half an hour. I have some music to run over with Miss Paine; she is waiting in the transept."

Yes, Mrs. Winton could see that she was waiting. Yet this was no reason for the annoyance she felt at Mr. Carr's remark. In fact she told herself distinctly that this emotion had no connection with Miss Paine, whatever. Poor Wilhelmina! her playing seemed to get worse and worse. Mrs. Winton had always been an advocate for a man-organist, but she had never said so because she knew how badly Wilhelmina needed the salary, small as it was.

An hour later, just as the early spring darkness had closed in, she was settled very comfortably at table with Tracey Carr, under the soft light of rose-shaded candles falling on the white of linen and china and gleaming on the silver. There was the pleasant perfume of spring flowers which were massed in a cut-glass bowl in the centre of the table. It was easy for Carr to see over them, and Mrs. Winton, on the other side of the table, looked almost pretty in her simple black gown, with a narrow band of white ruche about her neck. If not pretty, she certainly looked attractive; she had the air of inviting confidence, of being sympathetic, of being obviously interested. Carr felt comfortable; the food was delicious; he was tired, and ate heartily.

"It was awfully jolly and thoughtful of you to ask me," he said, as though it had suddenly occurred to him.

Mrs. Winton smiled as though it was awfully nice of him to come, but she did not say so. She added, after a moment, as though it were an after-thought. "I am always here, you know. I rarely dine out. I should like it if sometimes you asked me if you might n't come, or even if you came without being asked."

"Oh, I should like that," he said, ingenuously enough. "I get bored eating alone, as I am doing. Only I have to be careful not to go to any one place too much for fear the stupid people will get to talking."

"Not about me," Mrs. Winton assured him, with a note of inspiration.

"Oh, well, I have been advised not — not to be intimate."

"By whom? — may I ask?" She made no point that she was not curious in this.

"Well — the rector," he admitted, after a little hesitation.

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"Oh, — the rector. But you will discover that I have no intimates, when you know me."

"Why, I thought Miss Paine —"

"Oh, Wilhelmina!" she exclaimed, in quite another tone; "she tells me all her little secrets. I have none to tell."

"Intimate friendships do not necessarily imply telling all one's secrets, do they?" he asked, passing his cup for tea.

Mrs. Winton nodded as though his question needed no answer, but she paused to qualify her gesture with a word. "There is something very sweet in confidence. I have known how sweet — and learned to do without it." Her eyes dropped softly to her hands. Then she busied these among the tea things.

Carr's heart stirred sympathetically. "Poor little woman!" he murmured to himself, "I fancy she has learned to do without a good many things."

"Tell me, won't you," she resumed presently, "since we are speaking of confidence, how you came to join that society, — the one you wear the blue girdle for? You take vows, don't you, to be poor —"

"Oh, no, simply to remain unmarried," he explained. "They are not for life, but are renewed each Easter. They are designed to test one's vocation."

"What a noble sacrifice!" she exclaimed, with a little wonder in her eyes.

"It is n't really a sacrifice. It seems just to secure for one a freer hand, a larger scope, — a kind of safeguard against letting one's self slip into distracting things."

"But there is a pleasure, you know, *in* letting one's self slip into distracting things," she suggested, with a cautious smile.

"Oh, don't I?" he laughed. "I was distracted enough in college, I assure you. It's done me."

"Done you? I don't think I quite understand."

"Well, used me up too much. I moped, wasted time, fooled, you know; pottered and trifled."

"Dear me! but there was something beside that?"

"Was there? I don't know. There was one girl, I admit, a sweet fluffy thing, — I used to think I was frightfully in love with her, and that she was with me."

"I dare say she was," commented Mrs. Winton, with an air of conviction.

"Well, not too deeply, anyway. When I saw the need of concentration I pulled out."

"Good heavens, and what became of the girl?"

"Oh, bless you, she had pulled out already; married for money, and all that sort of thing. I felt awfully broken up; went into settlement work for three or four years, and then to the seminary."

"I see! it was a genuine romance then? And it is because of her that you wear the blue girdle?"

"Not at all; it is because I want to keep clear of any like her. It may be selfish —"

"No, it is fine," said Mrs. Winton.

They rose from the table at this and went into the drawing-room. Mrs. Winton sat down at the piano and asked Mr. Carr to light a cigar.

"This is jolly," he said, and settled back in a comfortable chair to listen to her playing. His hostess had a light and graceful touch, and played with a certain amount of feeling, — quaint, plaintive German songs for the most part, — and without asking him if he liked them. After a while she stopped, and began to talk to him about his work with the college boys. Mrs. Winton took a great interest in them, she always had — they had so much of promise — life all before them — they were a symbol to her of hope, of the future, of the possibilities of love, service, devotion — they were, in fact, just youth, beautiful, beautiful youth. To explain what she meant she got down one of Tourgéneff's novels — *First Love*, I think it was — and read him a long passage. It touched him, and he borrowed the book.

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"Yes, you must read Tourgéneff," she told him, "he has the elegiac note."

At ten o'clock he looked at his watch, and sprang to his feet, suddenly realizing that there was a text and an empty sermon-pad on his study table.

"You must come again, you know," she said, without trying to detain him.

"Oh, I can't waste many evenings this way," he exclaimed, without meaning to be rude, and without impressing his hostess, it seemed, that he had been; "but I have enjoyed this one immensely."

In truth he had; though as he walked home in the clear windy night he was thinking more of his sermon than his supper.

It was not long before Mrs. Winton sent him a little note saying she was in need of his advice. She wanted to give a prize for excellence in Bible study to the students in his Wednesday evening class. That took him to the little house in High Street before he had paid his supper call. There were a good many preliminaries to arrange, and it chanced that he got in the way of going there almost every week, sometimes oftener; occasionally to a meal. It was so simple, so easy, so pleasant.

As the Lenten season drew towards a close Carr saw much of Miss Paine also. He had some taste and judgment in music, and he enjoyed Wilhelmina's playing; he took quite a good deal of trouble in helping her with the Easter music. Often after the daily evensong she would stay on in the church and play for him, sometimes music that was not sacred. He was apt, on these occasions, if there were no pressing engagement, to walk home with her. She was a bit hard to talk with at first; but there was something very attractive to him in her gentle, direct way of getting at the heart of things. She had a quick wit, which was never unkind; and a certain amount of intuition, of which, however, she did not make very much. She did much good in the parish in a quiet way; turning her salary into the missionary fund was an instance of it.

After Easter, when there were no more afternoon services, Carr found that these little walks with Wilhelmina had become a very bright spot in his day. They had got in the way of having such good talk. There deepened in him the consciousness of something tremendously helpful in this comradeship; it was giving a tone, a meaning to his Kingsbridge life.

As the spring advanced it happened that Mrs. Winton complained to the curate that Wilhelmina was neglecting her. Without thinking very much about it, he repeated this one day to Miss Paine; he had thought, he told her, they were such good friends.

"We have always known each other," she remarked, with an unconscious air of explanation; not, however, betraying much interest in the subject.

"Well," persisted Carr, "she misses you tremendously; she really grieves about it."

"I should think if disillusion so thoroughly had hold of one," Wilhelmina replied, "one would not grieve about anything; one would have learned not to."

"You are a bit — changeable?" There was an interrogation in this, but he meant it more for a statement of fact than a question.

"Perhaps I am," she admitted; "one is apt to change."

It was the first note Carr had not liked about her; and he stupidly repeated his criticism to Mrs. Winton, without, however, relating the incident.

That good lady sighed, and looked sweetly sad and resigned.

"Oh, it does not matter, you know. Just one more little illusion knocked on the head. I have had a good many served that way. I have learned how to bear such things."

The curate pressed her hand at parting, and assured her that he knew how hard some things were. She affected not quite to believe this, but she was glad that he did feel for her. "Only," she protested, "I don't even count on that, you know."

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Warm spring days were come then, and Kingsbridge began to take on its fresh, bright, summer air. There was a something of quiet gayety in the shaded box-hedged streets of the pretty old town, and in the campus, ivy-towered, elm-studded, with wide stretches of lawn sweeping away toward the picturesque valley. There was a pleasing lassitude in the air, and the students loafed in comfortable attitudes under the trees, or straggled to lectures, through which they were blissfully to doze. Carr, not so far away from them in feeling as they were apt to think him, envied them their ability to take duty with such light hearts. Certainly such mild interest as they had given to his work in the winter had evaporated. He had an uncomfortable feeling that his own interest had evaporated somewhat, too. All the sap in him seemed to be oozing out in vague day-dreaming.

Since he had talked with Wilhelmina about Mrs. Winton he had seen little of her; he was conscious of a feeling of constraint when they met. But he did not know how large a rôle this was playing in the restlessness that seemed to have got such hold of him. He wanted to go off in the woods with a pal, and hunt and fish, he thought; but the rector was going off instead. He fell to reading old books that had been guide-posts in his intellectual and spiritual life; but soon put them down in disgust. It was as though he had relighted a half-smoked cigar. He went once or twice and asked Wilhelmina to go out into the woods with him. She consented, and they found a rock, whence there was a fine view of Kingsbridge towers, with trees and flowers and moss all about them, and read poetry.

She was quite the same, it appeared, had suggestive criticism to offer, illuminative comment to make. He tried to talk about himself; but this drew from her only the most impersonal conventional comment. She made no profession of finding his moods interesting. Carr gave up these afternoon expeditions and grew more restless.

Often of an evening he would stop at the little house in High Street, where he was apt to find Mrs. Winton sitting on her veranda, placidly enjoying, as she phrased it, the poetry of the night and the stars.

"'If we would be as they are, we must live as they,'" she quoted, so often that Carr took it for her creed.

"Oh, I've tried it," he laughed, with a certain grimness in his tone, "and I can't. I am like a star that is not susceptible to gravity. I keep wandering around in a dazed kind of way, hunting for a place that does n't seem to exist."

Mrs. Winton sighed from the security of the place she had found. Once she too had wandered, she told him, — but not now. Now *she* was quite a dead, dead star, held, as it were, in her little place, by all the forces in the universe. All she could do was to shine in reflected light, — to cast little rays of comfort, — just like a poor little star that was tucked away off in the heavens, and that only a few persons, who really loved the stars, knew anything about. It had been a long, long time since she had wanted to be anything else. Carr would sigh, too; but he wanted something tremendously, he knew that.

But these evening talks contributed as little toward his getting it as the afternoon ones with Wilhelmina. At last vacation came; the college was closed; the rector went away, and many of the townspeople. The Paines always stayed. Mrs. Winton had a little box of a house on the coast; she was presently going to it, she told him, and hinted that a "tiny" visit from him would please her. Carr, in his brusque way, did not think he would please her. Mrs. Winton's little plans for him sometimes seemed to him rather a bore. Easter had passed and he had not renewed his vows. A letter came from the head of his society asking for information, and Carr, without thinking much about it, wrote out a resignation. He stuffed the blue girdle away in a drawer. He was not up to standing for anything, he felt; he was a poor sort of clergyman.

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"I shall resign Kingsbridge," he said to himself, "and go to China in the fall."

The rector heard eventually that he was out of the society, and wrote to congratulate him. "There is nothing in the way now of your succeeding me, my boy; and I want you to do it very soon. That blue girdle of yours used to scare the vestry."

Carr tore this letter into little bits and then burned them. When he wrote to the rector he said nothing about it. The rector, however, wrote on the subject to his wardens, and the wives of these gentlemen immediately consulted the other ladies in the parish. In this way it was not long in coming to the ears of the little widow in High Street.

One warm August evening a message came to the curate from this lady, begging his immediate presence at her home; she was in great trouble. Carr hastily pulled himself together,—he had been off rowing that afternoon on the river, and was still in his flannels, which he did not stop to change —and made his way to Mrs. Winton's cottage. He found the widow sitting on a sofa by an open window in the moonlight, dissolved in tears. She dried her eyes a little, as he came in, and motioned him to a chair drawn up near. She gave a final sob or two, after he was seated, and tried to murmur her thanks for his coming so promptly.

"I will stop now," she began, in a weak voice. "I know how men hate to see women cry. But I just could not help it."

Carr bent forward sympathetically. "Don't worry; don't worry. Tell me what I can do. I want to help you."

"Oh, I know you do," she murmured, applying the handkerchief once more; this time it seemed with success, for she raised her head and looked out upon the moonlit street. "I will try to tell you, hard as it is going to be for me," she said, clasping the arms of her chair a little tighter. "Oh, dear, oh, dear! now that you are here, I don't know how I ever can tell you. It is too awful! Oh, what will you think, what will you think?"

And again at the awfulness of this possibility the handkerchief was raised, but Carr caught the hand that held it, gently but firmly, and the tears did not fall.

"Now," he said, with the air of a physician, laying her hand on the arm of her chair, as he might have stretched out her handkerchief there, "now, tell me just what is troubling you."

"I can't," she whispered, with a little gasp, "I can't,— my heart is too full. It is broken—again," she added, after a momentary interval.

"You have had bad news?" he asked, trying to help her out.

"It is not exactly news, but it is bad, —oh, so bad! It came to me,— it is as though some one had taken my heart and wrung it. I am too crushed to talk about it."

"But, my dear Mrs. Winton, you must have wanted to talk."

"Oh, I did, I do," she protested. "I should die if I did not get some help, some sympathy."

"Well, you know you must —"

"Yes, I know I must,— I am trying to, just as hard as I can. But you will never forgive me; I ought to have sent for the rector, only he is n't here. I don't dare to tell you."

Carr's patience began to struggle with his sympathy. He remembered how once in a hospital he had seen an hysterical patient carried in, and speedily restored to her senses by the cupping process. It occurred to him that a clergyman might with advantage carry about paraphernalia for such treatment in cases of emergency. For the moment in this animadversion he had lost track of Mrs. Winton's ejaculations.

"Come, come," he said at last, a little sternly, "if I can be of any assistance to you I must know what the trouble is, and at once."

"Oh, it 's you, it 's you," she exclaimed, turning her gaze into the street again to hide her agitation.

"I!" Carr gave a little jump. "Pray —" he began.

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"It is very hard," Mrs. Winton continued, "but I shall be quite, quite calm, and tell you very simply." She smiled now, a sweet, pathetic, tired smile, and ventured to lay her hand upon his arm.

"Yes, my dear friend, it is you. I am speaking calmly, perfectly calmly, am I not? I have asked for the grace to do so, though it is from a bursting heart. It is just this, my poor, dear friend, — we have been horribly, horribly misjudged, and it has been by one whom I have loved and trusted; whom you have loved, in your sweet impersonal way, I am sure, and trusted, too. Oh, I shall name no names. I shall keep her name locked securely in my breast." (Mrs. Winton touched a little bunch of honeysuckle, fastened in her corsage.) "I shall even give my cheek to the lips that have betrayed me. I shall know how to suffer in silence. Heaven has taught me *that*."

"Yes, but my dear lady, what has this to do with me?"

"Everything, everything. I am trying to be calm, I am trying even more to be clear. I have tried very hard to-night to look at the stars, and have said over and over to myself, 'Live as they,' 'Live as they.' Shall I tell him? I asked myself. No, he must be spared. Spared? I cried, — for what? to rush blindly on, to I know not what catastrophe? To submit himself to criticism, to calumny, how vile I dare not even imagine? No, no, my friend, a still, small voice bade me spare you that bitterness, bade me warn you to be careful, anywhere, everywhere, with any one, with every one. Our relations, sweet and simple and spiritual as they have been, have been impugned — and by my dearest friend, one whom I have loved and trusted and guided and shielded and helped ever since she was a little girl."

"I suppose you mean Miss Paine, — what has she done?"

"There! Oh, you clever man, you have shocked me into betraying myself. I shan't say it was Miss Paine. The name shall never cross my lips. Remember, at least *I* have been true."

"Yes, yes, but what was said? what has she done?"

"Oh, what has n't been said?" moaned Mrs. Winton, as she covered her face again with her hands. "That would be easier to tell you. The whole parish is talking — making cruel fun — of you, of me, — of your little blue girdle and of my sacred, sacred mourning. It crushes me to think of it."

Poor Carr leaned back and began to whistle softly to himself. Decidedly it was time for him to resign Kingsbridge, — a nice work he had been doing among the college students! To be a morsel of gossip for a parcel of women, to have it supposed that he must needs be in love with any woman he chanced to be a little decent to. So they thought him a fool and a kind of soft hypocrite and went about saying so, eh? Nice work, nice parish, nice people! There was humor in it, though.

"Was any of this gossip delivered to you directly?" he asked presently.

Mrs. Winton removed her hands from her face. "Oh, not directly; only unpleasant questions, innuendos, and the like. But it came straight enough — a dear friend warned me. The person who is mainly responsible has been talking all over the town."

"Hm — it is not like Miss Paine to do that."

"I did not say it was Miss Paine," protested Mrs. Winton weakly.

"Well, you have not said it was n't."

"Have n't I?" she asked, a little blankly. "Well, it has been cruel, cruel. It is breaking my heart."

"Oh, no, it is not," said Carr decisively. "That would be absurd. So long as we know there is no truth in the gossip, what real difference need it make to you or me?"

Mrs. Winton sought retreat again behind her handkerchief, that she might resolve the meaning of this remark. It shocked her a little. Carr could be so rude without meaning it. She lowered the screen presently and put one hand out with impulsive kindness.

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"It need not make any difference between us, dear friend. I so wanted that it should not. You take it so nobly. It is an example to me."

He received her pressure a little dryly. "I am glad that you have told me, Mrs. Winton," he said, rising; "it will help me shape my course in the future."

"I hoped it might, — I was quite willing to sacrifice myself."

"But there is n't need, you see; and it would be out of the question if there were. But why should you worry? It is not a crime that a man should be thought to be in love with a woman. Whether he is or not is a matter it seems to me, quite between themselves."

"Quite," she admitted. "You cheer me wonderfully. I was so afraid it might reach you through some other source, and that you would shrink from seeing me. Then I did want to warn you to be careful — you will be careful, won't you? — not to give color for such gossip in other quarters. I so want you to keep your ideals fresh and pure. Your blue girdle was quite a symbol for me."

"It will not be any longer," he said. "I am out of the society; did n't you know it?"

"Did n't I know it? How should I know it? You don't tell *me* your secrets. Ah, then there is all the more need to be strong, to be careful, is n't there?"

"Quite so. What you have told me tonight will be a help."

"I so hoped it might be," she repeated, as she put her hand in his. She met his frank look with eyes full of unshed tears, which glistened with an odd effect in the moonlight.

As Carr turned out of High Street the evening was still young; the moon was sailing serenely in mid heaven, amidst some long slim clouds; there was a tender little breeze abroad which whispered in the elm-trees, and made the pines to murmur pleasantly in the old churchyard. A few moments' rapid walking brought him to a house that set well back from the road that led out of Kingsbridge on quite the other side of the town. As he strolled up the little inclined avenue toward the old-fashioned house with its broad veranda and big pillars, he saw some one in a white dress sitting on the steps. Fortunately enough a closer inspection revealed that it was Wilhelmina Paine, and that she was sitting there alone. He thought there was a glimmer of pleasure in her eyes, as she greeted him, and explained that her family were gone to bed.

"It was so pleasant out here that I have been sitting on alone. I am glad to see you. If you sit there on the steps you can get a bit of the view through the trees. I like that tower in silhouette."

"A symbol, eh?" asked Carr.

"Oh, I don't go in for the symbolic. It is just good and Gothic and pleasing to the eye, and the perspective is fine; there seem to be vast reaches beyond, and the vista makes it a kind of picture. A symbol of good taste, if you will. All Kingsbridge is not good taste, more's the pity."

"That is true enough," he admitted. "It seems odd that when they had that admirable little bit of Gothic to set the pace, they did n't keep it up."

"Oh, we mortals don't follow a pace, even when it is a good one. I should think you clergymen would have cause to bemoan that rather frequently."

"We bemoan it enough," he responded; "but rather more the fact that the one we set is not often quite what it purports to be. I have just been told that the parish is raking me over the coals at a tremendous rate."

"What for?" asked Wilhelmina.

"Don't *you* know?" he questioned.

Her frank look was quite disingenuous, as she answered, with a little smile, "I think your blue girdle has worried some good people, — they think it is dreadfully Roman and dangerous."

"Well, it won't worry them any more. I have given it up."

"And your vows with it?" She looked incredulous.

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"My vows with it."

"So you do not stand any more for celibacy and extreme devotion?"

"I seem to have stood for a kind of milksop, with the parish."

Wilhelmina smiled. "Who opened your eyes?" she asked, her lips twitching a trifle.

"Mrs. Winton."

"Mrs. Winton?" Wilhelmina repeated the name with an accent of unbelief. "How do you mean? I don't want to pry, — but I confess I am curious."

"Well, in more ways than one."

"Knowing her, one would say she was capable of that."

"She is capable of a great deal," asserted Carr. "Mrs. Winton is a genius, in her way."

"Mrs. Winton is a fool," said Miss Paine, with a conviction that startled Carr into laughter.

"It depends on how you take her," he conditioned.

"Oh, there are ways and ways of doing that. I think I have ceased taking her altogether."

"That is what she complains of you, as I tried to tell you before. She gave me a long talking-to to-night. She says the town is talking about her."

"It is," assented Wilhelmina.

"And about me," he added.

"Oh, it has always done that," she said with a laugh.

"And I put two and two together."

"Did she not help a bit?"

"Well — a little perhaps. I seem to have been a kind of ass."

"Oh, don't say that," protested Wilhelmina. "You are young; and youth, you know, is so sweet and pathetic and foolish and sad and glad and vain!"

Carr began to laugh. "Why, you do go in for the symbolic."

"The symbolic? Does that seem symbolic? I think it is very obvious. There is not a great deal of nuance in a string of adjectives. Oh, no, dear friend, I don't go in for nuance; I don't go in for anything. What is the use? It all means so little. There is nothing in the world, nothing whatever. Except to be disillusioned, — that's there, oh, yes, that's quite, quite there. It is with us every day, every hour, every minute. We can't escape it, we can't get away from it, we can't get beyond it. It sticks to us closer than a brother, closer than our clothes. It is in the air we breathe, in the water we drink, in the food we eat. There is nothing to do but to strive to be resigned. To bear our trials bravely, to live — ah, how we should — as the stars live."

"Oh, don't, don't!" he protested. "I can't stand it; I ought not to stand it. I feel like a traitor. How on earth — oh, it's she, it's she! but you have kept yourself mightily hidden —"

"Oh, no," went on Wilhelmina, "what would be the use? It is not even worth while to keep one's self hidden, it is not worth while to try to reveal one's self. It is just what one is — what the day shows one to be — in one's little place. Oh, it is sweet to have a friend who understands."

"By Jove," he cried, and a queer dizzy feeling of hilarity and joy crept over him, "I understand one thing, and that is that I have been head over ears in love with you for the last six months."

The girl looked at him in sudden alarm; the gayety for a moment went out of her eyes; a momentary joy shone there; then the old shyness crept back; then the mockery; and she looked up at him frankly.

"Is this the way the little scenes in High Street come to an end?" she asked.

"Oh, bother High Street! I am sick and tired of being made a fool of by a parcel of women, of passing for a kind of sanctified bachelor. I have been in love with you since we began that music together at St. Luke's. That was the real reason I threw up the society, and put away the girdle. I honestly thought I wanted to be a celibate. But I could not keep away from you, you saw that. And when I heard that the parish thought I was in love, I realized that the parish was right. I saw a good many things in that

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quarter of an hour by the light of Mrs. Winton's illuminating conversation. One thing as plain as day, and I rushed off here to tell you of it. I am to have the parish, if I want it; the rector is going to resign; but if I stay you have got to share it with me. I won't stay in this town unprotected another month. Otherwise, I am off for China. It is for you to say, Wilhelmina. Which shall it be?"

He took her hands and looked into her eyes, where he saw a good many different expressions in the space of half a minute.

"Oh, the poor heathen!" she said, withdrawing her hands, "you ought to go."

"It is the Chinese you are thinking of, eh?"

"No, stupid, it is myself. If you do go —"

"Well, I don't."

This time Wilhelmina did not draw her hand away.

A fortnight later Mrs. Winton went for her annual outing to her little cottage on the coast. From "Resthaven" she wrote Carr a sweet little note, in a slender hand, on soft gray note paper, to which there was attached the suspicion of a violet scent. It was penned "in the murmur of the sea, under the light of the stars." She told him it would be a long time before she would be back at Kingsbridge; he would be rector then and there would be a Mrs. Carr.

"It is sweet to me to feel that when I do go back, when I gather strength to take up my work again, there will be in the dear old rectory two good, good friends who understand me, who know a little of my sufferings, and how little there is left in life for me. I have so few joys that perhaps you can hardly understand what a pleasure it is to me to see joy in the hearts of my friends. You will never know the comfort it is to me to feel that now you are in a position where horrid calumny can never fix upon you as its victim again, nor the voice of slander wound you as once it did. It was fine of you to understand me so beautifully, to see so clearly my subtle meaning under my poor, agitated, stumbling words. But we must never speak of these things more. My prayer for you both is that you may never know disillusion, — that sweet, gracious Maya may ever be yours."

Then she added in a postscript: "There is just one little favor I should like to ask of you. Will you not send me the blue girdle you used to wear? No one shall ever know of it. I will put it away among my poor little treasures, among the mementos of my far-away bright past. It is a symbol to me, and it will be a help to have it."

Wilhelmina wrapped up the girdle, and Carr sent it on to "Resthaven." A few days later came back another little gray note, on which was inscribed, very simply, in Mrs. Winton's fine, clear hand, the single word, "Thanks."

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THE CHARM OF "IK MARVEL"

BY ANNIE RUSSELL MARBLE

"MIDDLE age does not look on life like youth; we cannot make it. And why mix the years and the thoughts? Let the young carry their own burdens and banner; and we — ours. For me those young years are gone. I cannot go back to that tide. I hear the rush of it in quiet hours like the murmur of lost music." Such was Mr. Mitchell's answer forty years ago when he was asked to revise, for a new edition, those *Reveries* which had early won for him the fellowship of thousands of readers. Twenty years later came the same request from the publishers, met by a similar protest. He added a word of grateful surprise at the steady demand for the little book which, "in spite of its youngness and fervent rhetoric," appealed yearly to so many new readers and old friends. Thirty years ago these essays of reverie and dream-life were familiar to college students throughout our country; they were read, not as "college requirements in English," but because they appealed to the emotions and ambitions of young manhood. In those days the literary rather than the athletic spirit pervaded our universities. The books were also household favorites in that same past, before the reign of Women's Clubs and classes, and before the surplus of light periodicals had intruded upon cultural reading by the fireside.

In these later days, younger students may not be sure of "Ik Marvel's" work in letters, but they have found in the rural and literary studies of Donald G. Mitchell the same happy fancy and form which charmed the older generation. To name the essential quality of his writings we must turn to the primal meaning of sentimental, without any taint of excess or artifice. His theme may be idyllic or realistic, but it is always treated with wholesome, frank sentiment. To-day, as in the past, his fancies and musings, his gleanings in rural and literary fields, give mental pleasure and more gracious temper. Past fourscore, in touch with the highest life in ideal and actuality, Mr. Mitchell deserves the tribute which he once gave to Irving, — "Fashions of books may change — do change; a studious realism may put in disorder the quaint dressing of his thought. . . . But the fashion of his heart and of his abiding good-will towards men will last — will last while the hills last."

In his books are common traits of other favorites, — the geniality of Lamb and Irving, the domestic tenderness of Longfellow and Curtis, the subtle wit of Lowell and Holmes, the outdoor delight of Walton, Thoreau, and Miss Mitford, the romantic fancy of such modern reveries as *My Lady Nicotine* and *Dream Days*. There is also a strong individuality which emphasizes, if it does not explain, the charm of both his earlier and later books. The reader knows his author's personality, a man of rare kindliness, well-trained mind, wise ideals, and a winsome modesty shown by the greeting, given with a hearty hand-clasp of welcome, to a recent "interviewer" who called at Edgewood, — "Well, I am sorry to say I dread your call as much as I would that of a kindly disposed dentist."

The roots of this personality may be traced in two sturdy, college-bred New England families, the Mitchells and the Woodbridges. The masterful Scotch ancestor, Donald Grant, has had his name twice honored. Alfred Mitchell, father of our author, was a fine scholar, with plenty of courage in matters of duty, but "diffident to a fault." On the hillside

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burial-ground in Norwich, Connecticut, overlooking the church where he preached for seventeen years, is the record of his character, "sound in doctrine, plain and faithful in his preaching, conscientious and upright, amiable and affectionate in every relation of life." At the Otis Library of the same city may be read three or four of his printed sermons, undoubtedly "sound in doctrine," but no less kindly in their appeal to his "dear, perishing hearers." His rural tastes heralded the joys of his son at Edgewood. Up a little path behind the parsonage, at the entrance to dense woods still standing, he constructed a "retreat." Mrs. Sigourney, neighbor and friend of the family, said that within this arbor one would always find a single book, the Bible.

Though Norwich was not long the home of Donald Mitchell after his boyhood and his father's death, yet he never lost his vivid impressions of his birthplace. For Miss Perkins's book, *Old Houses of ye Antient Town of Norwich*, he made a map from his memories of the town about 1830, when he was eight years old. It is most interesting, this colored drawing, — "A Boyish Remembrance." Incidentally, he marked the Court House, the Brick Tavern, and an occasional church, school, or residence; but with conspicuous skill he located the Skating-Pond, the Peat-Pond, the Rope-Walk, the Watering-Trough, the Red Barn, the cranberry meadow, the clump of mulberry trees, and the long avenue of white sycamores.

Behind the New Haven homestead of Donald Mitchell rise the Woodbridge hills, commemorating the name of his maternal family. On his last public appearance four years ago at the Yale bicentennial, he gave the address of dedication for Woodbridge Hall. Recalling the family traits, he expressed, in one of his unique metaphors, the true meaning of the occasion: "And so this great belt of Woodbridge influences which I have sketched in bald outline, cropping out in churches, in teeming villages, in mills that fire the October nights, — this whole Woodbridge belt, I say, is to-day buckled by this jewel of a building about the loins of this stalwart University of Yale!"

In Ellington, in old Winsor, at Dr. John Hall's famous school for boys, Donald Mitchell passed a brief season and later used some impressions of this strict, nature-loving master and other village types in his story of *Dr. Johns*. Some pages of *Dream Life* are autobiographical in feeling, if not in fact, especially the chapter on "Cloister Life." Far more than to the average student of his day or of ours, his college years gave mental equipment and focus towards the future. Here he began literary work on the college journal; as class orator, he made a personal plea for "The Dignity of Learning" as a vital part of life's purpose. With the first steps towards literature, there was mingled that love for country life which gave impetus to much of his writing. He came in direct contact with the soil by hard work, during vacations and after college, at the ancestral farm in Salem, near Norwich. The grapes and the nuts, the clover, the pastures, and the barn-rafters were photographed upon his heart. In the book of mature life, *Rural Studies*, he devoted a chapter to this large farm, "wild, unkempt, slatternly," with elements of drudgery and ugliness, but with many compensations for senses and soul. "Nothing to see? Lo, the play of light and shade over the distant hills, or the wind, making tossed and streaming wavelets on the rye. Nothing to hear? Wait a moment and you shall listen to the bursting, melodious roundelay of the merriest singer upon earth, — the black and white-coated Bobo-Lincoln, as he rises on easy wing, floats in sunshine, and overflows with song, then sinks, as if exhausted by his brilliant solo, to some swaying twig of the alder bushes. Nothing to hope? The maize leaves through all their close, serried ranks are rustling with the promise of golden corn. Nothing to conquer? There are the brambles, the roughnesses, the inequali-

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ties, the chill, damp earth, the whole teeming swamp-land."

Like many another lover of nature he had been urged to outdoor life by ill-health. At twenty-four he was suddenly called to decide his immediate future, whether he should remain upon the old farm or travel across the sea. He chose the latter, and in three journeys, within a few years, toured Europe, seeking health as well as culture. After eight years he confided to the college friend, to whom he dedicated *The Battle Summer*, his feeling of unrest, "still drifting with memories for friends and the world — a home." These foreign travels, tinged with yearnings for a more stable life, gave the first themes for his literary work. Forgotten as are the books to-day amid the more timely records of travel, they have a pleasing, romantic flavor. He leisurely guides his readers on wayside excursions, among unfrequented villages, within tiny cottages on the Isle of Jersey, among the vintagers of Belgium, and frankly asks if they do not like thus to amble along, "seeing common things commonly." Not alone in his spirit of approach, but also in his titles and imagery, he fosters the rural and the domestic. Throughout *Fresh Gleanings* the bucolic scene is in evidence; it is the word of a traveler who "has plucked a grain-head here and a grain-head there," with never-waning memories of the old farm and of boyhood dreams. Within his brain was a medley of new impressions, but he was ever loyal to the past; — "sweet memories make up the pleasure of our life, for they nurse our hopes of sweet memories to come."

In contrast with the simple life of farm and fireside, he found in New York, during a period of legal and literary venture, social standards which he observed with amusement, but upon which he meditated with regret, often with disgust. Satire and irony crept into his literary form. The modern problem-novel, with ridicule and photography blended, was not then in fashion. English and American writers had chosen the satiric essay and sketch for their social pictures and rebukes. *The Spectator* and *The Tatler* had imitations in the early *Echo* by the Hartford wits, *The Lay Preacher* by Joseph Dennie, and Irving's *Salmagundi*. Such were Mr. Mitchell's models. Following the custom of anonymity, he issued, in 1850, in serial sheets, *The Lorgnette, or Studies of the Town by an Opera-Goer*. A passing feeling of surprise flits over the reader of to-day, who sees "the eleventh edition" on the title-page, "set off with Mr. Darley's Designs." To us nearly all of the allusions are trite, many of the descriptions are tiresome, there is little of the poignancy of Addison or Holmes; yet within these papers once so popular, and in their successors, *Fudge Doings*, there are passages of value as well as entertainment to the student of American customs. They were exceptionally true to their time, while the comments on household trappings and crude decorative art, on "Ways of Getting into Society," are not irrelevant to these later days.

From these earlier sketches, and two later books of fiction, one carries the impression that Mr. Mitchell just escaped becoming a novelist, — and for the escape and his own appreciation of its wisdom we may be thankful. At best, he would have been only an indifferent writer of fiction. He lacked constructive skill in plot and in expanded characterization. Fortunately, he chose a distinctive form, more elastic and less familiar, — that of romantic reverie. A bachelor and wayfarer in city life, with longings for the country, he turned for literary material to his untainted memories and hopes. Taking the public into his confidence, with dignified reserve, he wrote *A Book of the Heart*. The eighteen editions within two years and the multiform reprints of both *Reveries of a Bachelor* and *Dream Life* proclaim the wholesome charm and good company which these books have supplied to readers for more than fifty years. They are contemporaneous in atmosphere and in literary dress. They

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belong as truly to the past generation as do "the dressing-gown and slippers" in which the reader is urged to apparel himself as preparation for an evening of enjoyment. These accessories of time and manner are gone; such frank confession of sentiment is out of fashion; some of the phrases would not please our nice rhetoricians; yet there are salient and incidental qualities that linger. The wood fire upon the hearth has recovered its place in the home; there are many new brands of nicotine since the days of that long-lived companion of the dreamer; but they still promote quiet reverie, as well as symbolize good fellowship. There are still Aunt Tabithas, with modern gowns, skilled in the latest fads of embroidery and lace-making, but with the same half-skeptical, half-tender interest in youthful dreams and aspirings. In truth, the imagination and the heart, vibrating from hope to melancholy, are the same, yesterday, to-day, and forever.

The condition of mind known as reverie, where there is neither conscious effort nor responsibility, only a medley of hazy memories, realities, and fancies, is one of the happiest of psychologic states. The literary reverie, founded on personal experience and perfected by imagination, has a fitting, but too much neglected, place in literature. It furnishes, in a way, the natural sequel to the taste for fairy tales and myths. The youth, realizing his powers, in imagination substituting personal fears and aims for tales of gods and heroes, finds delight in drifting away from actual duties and prescribed mental tasks into the holiday-land of reverie, day-dream, and castle-building. The parts of Mr. Mitchell's romance which treat of adolescence and young manhood are superior to the later chapters on old age. The latter seem often too close to the borders of weak sentimentalism. Had the books been written in later life, the judgment might have been reversed. As they stand, revelations of youthful feelings and aspirations which maturity could not revise without loss of identity, the first three Reveries are almost perfect in spontaneity and grace. So the first chapters of *Dream Life* surpass the scenes of marital joys and griefs: one misses here the tender pathos of Lamb's *Dream-Children* or the vital thrill of Irving's *The Wife*. The best reveries by Ik Marvel are gentle visions of mild happiness and sorrow; the threads of his emotion are seldom tangled, seldom strained; they have a definite, sane purpose which keeps out vagaries. There is day-dream for the youth, aspiration for the man, retrospect for the aged. In sympathy more or less complete with each period of life, Mr. Mitchell has poetically expressed the elusive yet lasting charm of these musings: "What is Reverie, and what are these Day-dreams, but fleecy cloud-drifts that float eternally, and eternally change shapes, upon the great overarching sky of thought. You may seize the strong outlines that the passion breezes of to-day shall throw into their figures; but to-morrow may breed a whirlwind that will chase swift gigantic shadows over the heaven of your thought, and change the whole landscape of your life. Dream-land will never be exhausted until we enter the land of dreams, and until, in 'shuffling off this mortal coil,' thought will become a fact, and all facts will be only thought."

It has been well said that one of the best equipments for an author is a bundle of varied, happy memories of his boyhood. To a romanticist there is a sequel as important, — the ability to understand and to interpret the feelings, standards, and ambitions of the *genus* boy. The adolescent period is revealed with justice and delicacy in the chapters on "Boy Sentiment" and "Boy Religion," in *Dream Life*. We are told that a Glasgow publisher, in reprinting the book, omitted the chapter on "Boy Religion" lest by its implied censure of long prayers and abstruse sermons it might "onsettle" some orthodox readers. In this day of child-study and analysis of religious emotions the portrayal seems truthful

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and helpful. We find here a real boy forming his notions of Heaven and religion, fixing his criteria for faith, for clergymen, and for sinners.

Speaking through these reveries of domestic life was an undertone of delight in nature. The Fourth Reverie is a bucolic of detached beauty, — a spring day under the oaks at the old farm, with the flitting of swallows, the lowing of cattle, and glimpses of a minnow in the brook. *Dream Life* is in its very essence and title "A Fable of the Seasons." Over the traits of the satirist prevailed the spirit of gentle Walton, lover of streams and woods, of men and children. Mr. Mitchell found city life debilitating; he sought the tonic of the open. Law, editorship, a brief diplomatic service drolly told in *The Account of a Consulate*, failed to bring healthful impulse or contentment. With a new joy in that companionship which is the first element in a home, he cast about, as he tells his readers with genuine wit, to establish a family life on some accessible farm, with requisites of woodland, arable and pasture lands, and, if possible, a bit of sea view. For ten years after Edgewood had been found in the suburbs of New Haven, he devoted his energies to a little editorial work and more cultivation of gardens and orchards. After a season of agricultural experiment, in this interest which had rounded out his life, he was again ready to take readers into his confidence and tell them, with his wonted intimacy and dignity, the vexations and joys of this Sabine farm. It was a homely theme, the story of acquiring and improving a large farm. By adapting style to subject he produced two sequential books, — such was his favorite mode in publishing, — that are still pungent and instructive. These rural essays should have revival in this day of joy in country life as well as scientific nature-study. The first volume, *My Farm of Edgewood*, appeared in 1863, and was well summarized as "practical enough for an agriculturalist, yet romantic enough for a poet." The author designed, and carried out to perfection, the blending of the practical and the fanciful. In fine analogy he expanded the thought: "It is — if I may use a professional expression, — the fruit from a graft of the fanciful set upon the practical, and this is a style of grafting which is of more general adoption in the world than we are apt to imagine. . . . Commercial life is not wholly free from this easy union, — nor yet the clerical. All speculative forays, whether in the southern seas or in the sea of metaphysics, are to be credited to the graft Fancy; and all routine, whether of ledger or of litany, goes to the stock-account of the Practical. Nor is this last necessarily always profit, and the other always loss. There are, I am sure, a great many Practical failures in the world, and the number of Fanciful successes is unbounded."

Advice, — "What to do with the Farm," — hints to harmonize economy with simple grace, are interspersed among many droll, personal confessions. There is less sprightly merriment than in Mr. Warner's *My Summer in a Garden*, but there are amusing situations at Edgewood: counsel for treating frisky cows and obstinate poultry, or Pat's report of sowing delicate seeds, — "Byried 'em an inch if I byried 'em at all," — with his master's comment, — "An inch of earth will do for some seeds but for others it is an Irish burial — without the wake." There are also romantic and literary fancies, — memories of Kit Marlowe's milkmaids, delight in the ivy slip from Kenilworth, and the winsome picture of his own children ferreting out wild flowers, and suggesting the symbolism, — "Flowers and children are of near kin, and too much of restraint or too much of forcing or too much of display ruins their chiefest charms." Mr. Mitchell is both a ruralist and a book-lover. When his readers were familiar with his environment he invited them to come within his library and share with him the solaces of *Wet Days at Edgewood*, introducing them to many forgotten and new acquaintances

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among pastoral poets and essayists. In none of his books will one find such deftness of touch and phrase as in these tributes to classic farmers and English poets, from Piers Plowman to Burns and Cowper. He adroitly uses a well-known story rather than a trite comment on English weather: "Raleigh, indeed, threw his velvet cloak into the mud for the Virgin queen to tread upon, — from which we infer a recent shower; but it is not often that an historical incident is so suggestive of the true state of the atmosphere."

With the passing of the years, Edgewood has changed from a large farm with a small cottage to a noble estate, a part leased to expert agriculturalists. Of late its master's activities have been within his library more than in his gardens. Edgewood has achieved its purpose in his life, and the earlier zeal has settled into quiet enjoyment. His latest — with sad truth, one must say, his last — literary expression has been as photographer of English and American Lands and Letters. Two or three lesser known writings mark the transition from the rural to the distinctly literary. *Dr. Johns*, appearing the year after the second Edgewood book, resembles Judd's *Margaret* and Mrs. Stowe's stories of New England villages. The minor characters are labored, and the minister too severe in outline, but Reuben, with hot blood and orthodox conscience, yearning for sympathy, is to-day an interesting character; he embodies his author's thoughts on the sentiments and needs of boyhood in the earlier *Dream Life*. This novel is inferior to the short stories of three years later, culled from note-books of foreign travel, with the whimsical title, *Seven Stories, with Basement and Attic*. Two of these tales are admirable: "The Petit Soulier" suggesting the subtle pathos and charm of *Les Sabots du petit Wolff*, by that master of modern *conteurs*, François Coppée, and "The Bride of the Ice-King," graphic and haunting, not inferior to some of Hawthorne's legends of warning and doom.

On the reference shelves of many of our colleges and libraries are found a half dozen volumes by Mr. Mitchell on English and American Letters, treated historically and illustratively. Adapted, says the author, to youth, they are no less alluring to the friends of Ik Marvel of the past. As literary studies, with due adjustment of values, the books display many gaps and extravagances. They do not pretend to be exhaustive; they do not even claim to be unprejudiced and discreet. With blithe independence he selects his favorites, turns down certain long-respected writers with a few phrases of cold summary, and challenges you to approve or to dissent. He fulfills his aim, "to make an own book, and not an echo of the distinguished likes and dislikes of this or that expositor." Half a century ago, when it was thought to be a compliment to call an American author an imitator of some popular Englishman, Mr. Mitchell was often known as "the American Elia." The common and distinctive traits of the two authors are recognized by current readers. To Mr. Mitchell Charles Lamb has been a neighbor in spirit since boyhood days. In him he found not alone a fireside companion but a literary artist of surpassing influence, as he has testified in many a passage. There is great skill in condensation of research in these literary studies. Volumes are summarized in pages, paragraphs are reduced to effective phrases. Witness his advocacy of a simple style in description, "Nature is better than millinery." To express the differences in tastes of the two early colonies he cites a striking antithesis: "But if poems, and stone chapels, — which were veritable daughters of the English mother church, — and ambitious country houses with fat dinners, and hunting chaplains to say grace, came first to Virginia shores, school-houses and a printing-press and long, inexorable sermons came earliest to New England."

In conclusion, as in beginning, the same thought prevails, — gratitude for the winsomeness and cheer of "Ik Marvel," youthful dreamer, for the racy es-

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says of the Farmer of Edgewood, and for the mellowed, yet keen, literary studies of Mr. Mitchell's harvest years. In these diverse forms one element is ever present, — the companionableness of the author. None of the books excel in aim or workmanship, but they all have a sure place in the goodly company of

> The pleasant books, that silently among
> Our household treasures take familiar places,
> And are to us as if the living tongue
> Spake from the printed leaves or pictured faces.

They appeal to the mood of relaxing enjoyment, if we confess to such a mood at present. They are so leisurely that they sometimes seem slow in movement, with easy digressions from sad to serenely happy; they remind us that there are more sunbeams than shadows on life's panorama. Pathos is tearful in *What is Gone*, but sanity and hope reassert themselves in appreciation of *What is Left*. Mr. Mitchell has a delightful unconsciousness of his gifts and their services. Long ago, almost in apology for the simplicity of his printed page, he wrote, "My thoughts start pleasant pictures to my mind." No words could better express the source of his charm. His books have rank in our memories because they are sincere, gracious effusions from the heart of this venerable lover of nature, lover of men, and lover of the best in literature.

THE YEAR IN MEXICO

BY FREDERIC R. GUERNSEY

THE annals of Mexico in this modern era of progressive and prudent administration resemble, more than anything else, the record of a great hacienda, or landed estate, under the management of an alert and achieving superintendent. A quarter of a century ago, Mexico was a congeries of jealous and isolated provinces, each clinging tenaciously to its traditions of home-rule. That was the era of the local leaders, the *caudillos*, men of power and leadership in their respective states; often men of primitive force, frequently of large wealth in lands or mines, always accustomed to command and to be obeyed, and hard to bring under any real control by the national government.

In some of the more distant states, the governors and their associates formed cliques who, on slight provocation, defied the central authority in the city of Mexico. The feudal lords of the soil in Mexico constituted a real power. Revolutions were easily fomented in provincial capitals, and successive federal executives had to placate, as far as they could, the great local chieftains.

To-day, under the rule of President Porfirio Diaz, all this is changed. Railways and telegraphs have penetrated every section of the republic, and what was, a quarter of a century ago, a loosely-linked federation has become one of the strongest and most highly centralized governments in the world. Power has been placed in the hands of this remarkable ruler, and he has used it wisely, and in a paternal spirit, for the good of all classes of Mexican citizens. Rapid transit, popular education, and a strict vigilance exercised over the states, have transformed Mexico. One brain and one will have swayed the destinies of the country, and the effects of a well understood and steady purpose are manifest in the marvelous and substantial progress of the nation.

The elimination of the professional politician and the demagogue has been accomplished, and the services of every

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man of energy and intelligence have been enlisted for coöperation with the President in his work of modernizing Mexico. No man of genuine ability escapes being drafted into that great army of Mexicans who are guided by the modernizer of his country. Lawyers of eminence, bankers, educators, engineers, all men of creative or executive force, have been sought out and utilized. The work of Porfirio Diaz has been the creation of a strong, solvent, and efficient nation within the space of life remaining to a man who attained supreme power at the age of forty-seven years. He has had no time to waste in useless debate. This much should be known, if the record of even one year of Mexican accomplishment is to be understood.

The first event of interest during the year 1905 was the visit of President Diaz to the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, for the purpose of inspecting the railway which spans that region of southern Mexico from ocean to ocean, and which, in the expectation of Mexican statesmen, is destined, when the improvements at its terminal ports of Coatzacoalcos and Salina Cruz are completed, to be an important factor in facilitating the world's carrying trade, even when the Panama canal shall have been dug. Already it is planned to utilize this Mexican railway for sending supplies to Panama from the United States.

The President made the trip to Tehuantepec at the invitation of Sir Weetman D. Pearson, head of the English contracting firm of S. Pearson and Son, Limited, which has reconstructed the railway, is executing the improvements at the terminal ports, and is the Mexican government's partner for the operation of the road and the ports for a term of fifty-one years, counting from July, 1902.

The presidential party made stops at Rincon Antonio, the most salubrious and agreeable spot on the Isthmus, where the general offices and shops of the railway are situated; at Salina Cruz, the terminal on the Pacific, the scene of some of General Diaz's earlier military exploits; at the city of Tehuantepec, where he was military commandant in 1858; and at Coatzacoalcos, the Gulf terminal. Incidentally, the President made a brief trip over a portion of the Pan-American railway, which, starting from San Gerónimo on the Tehuantepec railway, is to reach the frontier of Guatemala, and is to be the last link in Mexico's contribution to the larger Pan-American or Intercontinental road; for, when it is completed, Mexico will have a continuous system of railways from its northern to its southern border.

At all points touched by the President he was received with enthusiasm, and he himself enjoyed the opportunity of revisiting, after the lapse of many years, a region where he won his first military laurels and became known as an uncompromising champion of liberal principles and republican institutions.

About two years will be needed for the completion of the works now under way at Salina Cruz and Coatzacoalcos, for the affording of ample accommodations for shipping. When the improvements in question are completed, the Tehuantepec Route is expected to compete, under advantageous conditions, for all traffic at present moving between the Orient and United States Atlantic ports, between the Orient and European ports, between San Francisco and New York, and so forth.

Aside from the traffic mentioned, which is largely competitive, and is subject always to competitive conditions, the opening of the Tehuantepec Route, with its ports in full operation, must bring about a large increase in the exchange of products between Mexican and Central American Pacific ports and all Atlantic ports. The cost of transportation will be greatly reduced *via* the Tehuantepec Route, as compared with the long hauls *via* railway lines at present. This great trans-isthmian railway is Mexico's addition to inter-ocean routes.

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Like all Latin countries, Mexico has a church question. The vast majority of Mexicans are Catholics, the Protestant missionary campaign having, in thirty-four years, made but small impression on the masses, although undoubtedly doing not a little in the way of arousing the historic and dominant Church of the country to greater activity.[1] There is, at the present time, what may be fairly termed a Catholic revival going on in the country. Churches are undergoing restoration, missions are frequently held in remote regions, and the number of religious communities is increasing, although the existence of these communities, bound by vow and living under monastic rule, is illegal in the republic. The number of religious congregated together in one house is rarely very considerable. And such congregations are liable to domiciliary visits and dispersal by the authorities, in addition to fines and other penalties. The passage of time has softened the old antagonisms of Liberals and Conservatives; the Liberal group, which carries on the government, has no longer any dread of the clerical power, and it has come about that a *modus vivendi* has been reached whereby the Church, while pursuing spiritual ends, and not actively taking part in politics, is not subject to attack. Some of the female orders now in Mexico devote themselves to educating young girls and women; others nurse the sick, or care for the aged and helpless.

It is quite true that the Catholic Church is subject to a number of restrictions which are consequences of the laws of reform championed by President Juarez. That feature of the reform laws which most frequently leads to collisions between the adherents of the Church and the authorities is the prohibition of external or public acts of worship. Religious processions were so common in Mexico during the old days of the ascendency of the Church that the devout cannot easily reconcile themselves to their total prohibition.

Infractions of the law are most frequent in the small towns of the interior, where the people are particularly stanch in their devotion to the ancient faith and its practices. As a rule, these contraventions are not serious; but in the month of February last there occurred at Lagos, in the state of Jalisco, a case which attracted considerable attention, owing to the circumstances surrounding it.

Some of the humbler class of people marched through the streets in procession, holding aloft an image of the Virgin. The matter did not reach the ear of the authorities until the procession had entered the parish church. The parish priest, Rev. Gregorio Retolaza, was requested by the chief local authority, or *Jefe Politico*, as he is called, to call and explain the occurrence. The priest repaired to the office of this functionary and informed him that the procession had been held without his knowledge or consent.

In the meantime, a report spread abroad to the effect that the clergyman had been arrested, which caused a large crowd to assemble outside the office of the *Jefe Politico*, demanding the release of their pastor. The populace were ordered by the authorities to disperse, but instead

[1] The ten Protestant denominations having missions in Mexico had, at latest accounts, 187 missionaries, 207 native preachers, 276 teachers and native helpers, and 22,369 members. Some of the missionaries assert that these communicants really stand for a total Protestant population of 111,000, allowing for each communicant four persons in religious sympathy with him or her. Other missionaries do not estimate the number of native Protestants in the country at more than 60,000 in a total population of some 14,000,000. The value of the Protestant church and mission property, including church and school edifices, is $1,668,000. It is frequently found that the mission schools are models of their kind, and some of the State governors have taken pattern of them in reforming their own schools. Medical missions do much good, and often command the good will of Catholic priests. There appears to be slowly developing among broad-minded Catholic clergymen a kindlier feeling for the Protestant workers in the mission field. And in some cases this feeling is returned by missionaries.

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of obeying, the peasants proceeded to stone the police and the office of the *Jefe*. To restore order, the police made use of their firearms, and a small riot ensued, in which sticks, stones, and pistols were used on both sides, with the result that one member of the mob was killed, and some, both of the rioters and the guards, were injured. The priest Retolaza was prosecuted and held for some months in prison at Guadalajara, the capital of the state of Jalisco.

In general, public opinion in Mexico sustains the authorities in the strict enforcement of the law prohibiting open-air worship. This law is interpreted with absolute impartiality. Protestants are not allowed, any more than Catholics, to organize or hold out-of-door religious demonstrations, and it is for this reason that Mexico is one of the few countries in the world which the Salvation Army has not entered.

It is very seldom that serious trouble attends the enforcement of the law in this respect, and that is the reason why the Lagos affair strongly arrested public attention, and was made the theme of many newspaper articles in which the firmness of the authorities in vindicating the law was commended.

Internally the Church in Mexico is not without its personal divisions and factions. Early in the year, Monsignor Domenico Serafini, the apostolic delegate in Mexico, departed for Rome to report to the Pope on the result of his ecclesiastical mission in this country. Hardly had he turned his back, when a bitter attack upon his predecessor, Monsignor Averardi, appeared in the columns of the Catholic daily, *El Tiempo*. The most remarkable feature of this article was that the severest strictures in it were quoted as having been already made in print by Monsignor Montes de Oca, Bishop of San Luis Potosi.

Bishop Montes de Oca was then absent from the country, leading a Mexican pilgrimage to Rome and the Holy Land, and it was reported that the publicity given to his attacks on a former representative of the Holy See in Mexico would lead to his being called to account by Pope Pius in person, and perhaps forced to resign his diocese, as, for different, but hardly less grave causes, the Bishops of Dijon and Laval in France had been compelled to do. Certain it is that Montes de Oca's offense against discipline created considerable scandal in ecclesiastical circles in Mexico.

In the meantime, a new apostolical delegate, in the person of Monsignor Giuseppe Ridolfi, Bishop of Todi, has arrived in Mexico, and it is believed that Rome intends to have such an official permanently located in the country in order to exercise a direct and vigorous control over church affairs.

There have been rumors from time to time of the creation of a Mexican cardinal, but the improbability of these reports is evident. In distributing distinctions of this kind, the Vatican naturally gives the preference to those Catholic countries which maintain official relations with it, and Mexico not only declines to hold those relations, but also studiously abstains from according any diplomatic status to the representative of the Pope in Mexico, whose mission in consequence is purely ecclesiastical.

For many years past the relations between the United States and Mexico have been excellent, in contrast to the acrimonious disputes which strained international harmony some twenty years ago, during the first presidency of Mr. Cleveland.

During the period when Mr. Thomas F. Bayard was Secretary of State and General Henry R. Jackson was American Minister at the city of Mexico, — though it would not be fair to fasten the blame on them, — questions arose between the two neighboring nations which, as those know who were on the inside of the diplomatic exchanges of that day, might easily have become extremely serious, and even have resulted in war.

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All this has been changed, and while the better state of international relations may in part be due to accident, it is unquestionably to be ascribed chiefly to the better spirit and temper in which such questions as arise from time to time are approached by the two governments.

Mexico was one of the countries with which the United States government negotiated an arbitration treaty early in the year, a treaty which was dropped, like its fellows, by the Washington administration, because of the Senate amendments. President Diaz, in his semi-annual message to Congress, delivered on the first of April, 1905, while not referring specifically to this tentative compact, remarked that the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo of 1848 contains provisions for the settlement of all future controversies, so far as possible and practicable, by arbitration. The President alluded in a gratified tone to "the remoteness of the fear of any possible difficulty with the neighboring republic on our north, with which, moreover, we cultivate, as is well known, relations which every day become closer and more friendly."

Though the tentative arbitration treaty between the United States and Mexico, one of the bunch of treaties broached by the Washington administration at that time, fell through, another very practical and useful arbitration convention was concluded between the two nations during the year. This was the convention agreed to in principle during the Pan-American Conference in the city of Mexico in the winter of 1901–02, which provides for the settlement by arbitration of all international questions growing out of pecuniary claims. The representatives of several of the nations taking part in that conference affixed their signatures to this preliminary compact, and it has since become operative among a number of them. It was ratified by the Mexican Senate during its spring sessions.

As pecuniary claims have in point of fact been one of the most fruitful sources of difficulty between the United States and the other nations of the western hemisphere, the conclusion of an agreement, in a binding form, to dispose by arbitration of any such cases as may arise in the future, is a distinct gain for the cause of the rational adjustment of international controversies, and is a guarantee, not indeed absolute, but most substantial, of lasting peace among the nations of this continent.

Though this treaty was not operative according to international law at the time when Mexico and the United States submitted to the Hague Tribunal their controversy in regard to the Pious Fund Claim, nevertheless they no doubt considered themselves morally and constructively bound by its terms, seeing that they had subscribed to the project of a convention during the Pan-American Conference; and, anticipating ratification, they settled the difference in question in the manner provided by the project alluded to.

Then, of course, they could appeal to the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, if further sanction were needed over and above the fact that two nations do not need to have any general prior arrangement in order to submit a specific question to arbitration.

The cordial character of the relations between the United States and Mexico was emphasized by the courtesies shown by the United States to Mexico on the occasion of the return to this country of the remains of the late Mexican ambassador at Washington, Señor Manuel de Azpiroz, who died at his post, at the American capital, on March 24.

It is well known that the position of Señor Azpiroz at Washington had not been a pleasant or easy one. Azpiroz had been the "fiscal," or prosecuting attorney, of the court martial which sentenced Maximilian to death in 1867, and in this capacity he had pleaded for the application of the capital penalty to the unfortunate archduke and his two chief generals, Miramon and Mejia. This fact was remembered to his disadvantage at

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Washington by the European diplomats, and for a time they contrived to make things socially disagreeable for him. But in the end he to a large extent lived down this petty persecution, and from the first had enjoyed the respect and esteem of administration circles at Washington by reason of the rectitude and sincerity of his character.

Azpiroz caught cold at the inauguration of President Roosevelt on March 4, and the relapse occasioned by exposure on that day, aggravating previous maladies, proved fatal. About a month later, the United States sent the remains of Azpiroz home in the cruiser Columbia, which arrived at Veracruz on April 22, and was received with due honors. In the same vessel came the widow, the two daughters, and the son of the deceased ambassador.

Captain J. M. Miller, commander of the Columbia, with some of his officers, marines, and blue-jackets, accompanied the remains to the capital, at the invitation of the Mexican government, and were present on April 24 at the interment, which was attended by President Diaz, his cabinet, the foreign diplomatic corps, and many prominent citizens.

In the funeral procession the casket was carried by eight seamen of the Columbia under the command of the master-at-arms. The band of the Columbia played Chopin's Funeral March. Next came the marines of the same vessel, and last of all the American blue-jackets with the stars and stripes unfurled.

The procession was watched by an immense throng. Under any circumstances a large concourse of spectators might have been expected, but the participation of the naval officers, marines, and seamen of the United States, in the last tribute to a lamented servant of the Mexican nation, gave a deep historical significance to the occasion, and, appealing to the best sentiments of the population, fully justified the manifestation of unusual interest in the ceremony on the part of the thousands of onlookers.

The oration at the grave-side was delivered by Ignacio Mariscal, Minister of Foreign Relations. He thus alluded to the crucial passage in the life of Mr. Azpiroz: —

"When that struggle [against the empire] ended, with the triumph of the national cause, it fell to his lot to take an important rôle in the great tragedy of Queretaro, and he then conducted himself, as he ever did, with absolute loyalty to his principles, heeding, not the promptings of anger or prejudice, but only the voice of duty and the dictates of conscience."

After the obsequies, the officers and men of the Columbia remained in the city of Mexico for some days, and were handsomely entertained both by the Mexican government and by the American colony.

The incident served very materially to improve the state of feeling here toward the United States and the American people; and even the conservative organ, *El Tiempo*, usually so censorious when anything connected with Mexico's northern neighbor is concerned, referred appreciatively to the courtesy of the Washington authorities.

The death of Señor Azpiroz necessitated the appointment of a new ambassador of Mexico to the United States. The choice of President Diaz for this important post fell on Lic. Joaquin D. Casasús, a successful corporation lawyer and economist, a classical scholar, a littérateur, a patron of art and science, and a gentleman of marked social accomplishments. The appointment was made public on June 3, and created a very favorable impression. Señor Casasús, accompanied by his wife and family, departed for his new post on November 3.

Through the resignation of General Powell Clayton, synchronizing with the beginning of President Roosevelt's term, the post of American ambassador to Mexico became vacant almost simultaneously with that of Mexican ambassador to

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the United States. After an incumbency of eight years, first as minister and afterwards as ambassador, General Clayton left Mexico on May 26.

There were no striking developments in the political situation in Mexico.

On December 1 of the previous year (1904) President Diaz had entered on his sixth consecutive term and his seventh term in all.

By a constitutional amendment, a regular vice-president of the republic, for the first time since the early days of Mexico's history, took the oath of office at the same time as the president, on December 1, 1904. The gentleman previously elected, and now occupying the position of vice-president, is the Honorable Ramon Corral, formerly governor of the state of Sonora. By virtue of another constitutional amendment, the present and future presidential terms will be six years, instead of four as formerly.

General Diaz once defined the object of his domestic policy to be, "Little politics and much administration." His present term is being fully characterized by the application of that wholesome rule. It is a system which urgently needs to be reduced to practice in other Spanish-American countries, most of which are cursed with too much politics.

The Mexican President continues to enjoy excellent health, and at seventy-five is in the full possession of his mental and physical faculties. When one meets him, or he appears in public, he does not impress one as an old man. His compatriots may rationally hope that he will be spared to them for years to come.

On the other hand, the firmness yet conciliatoriness, the magnetic personality, the capacity to win both affection and respect, and the proven administrative aptitude, of Vice-President Corral, afford a guarantee of the continuance of orderly political conditions in Mexico, in the event of his being called on, in any contingency, to assume the direction of its affairs.

Much anxiety was occasioned late in November by the fact that Señor Corral was stricken with typhus. The public solicitude in his behalf was proof of his wide popularity. Fortunately, after a fortnight, it was announced that he had passed the crisis, and, a week later, that he had entered the period of convalescence.

Some changes occurred in the cabinet of President Diaz through the resignation of General Mena, Minister of War, which took place on March 10. General Manuel Gonzalez Cosio, who had been Minister of "Fomento," succeeded Mena, and the portfolio of "Fomento" was given to Blas Escontria, former governor of the state of San Luis Potosi.

The official family of the President of Mexico had an addition as from July 1. The new cabinet office is the Ministry of Public Instruction and the Fine Arts. As a consequence of the creation of this office the Mexican Cabinet now contains eight members. The choice of President Diaz for the new portfolio was the Hon. Justo Sierra, one of the most enlightened citizens of Mexico, a distinguished littérateur and an enthusiast in the cause of popular education.

The new minister has not yet had time to develop all his plans, which aim not only at the extension and remodeling of educational facilities, but at the encouragement of all forms of art and literature.

Owing to the prolonged turbulence of Mexico subsequent to its emancipation from Spanish rule, its successive governments were able to give but scant attention to national culture in art and literature, and in this respect did not do so much as had been done under the colonial régime; and though it may be argued that the artist is born and not made, it is a simple fact that Mexico, since the era of independence, has produced no Cabrera and no Tresguerras. It is true that the latter survived the attainment of Mexican autonomy, dying in 1833, but both his genius and his work belong to the colonial epoch.

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In a Latin country the direct intervention of the government in the artistic culture of its people is regarded as a perfectly proper and natural function, the more so in that the public's patronage to the artist and author is not so liberal as in the wealthier Anglo-Saxon countries. The administration of General Diaz, which has done so much for the material advancement of the people, and which has made popular education one of its central features, has now, while the country is on the full tide of prosperity, undertaken to give a wider scope to plans of intellectual and æsthetic culture. In this spirit, and for this object, the new ministry was created.

Señor Sierra is very broad-minded, and, holding that art and science have no country, he some time ago, while still sub-Secretary of Instruction, appointed a foreign artist as Director of the Academy of Fine Arts, and has maintained him in that post in spite of the criticism of the chauvinistic press.

The new minister has signalized his intention of encouraging the drama by initiating competitions, with money prizes, among national authors in that form of literature.

Young Mexicans who show any capacity in art are pensioned by the government so as to enable them to continue their studies in Europe.

Since Señor Sierra took office there have been renewed rumors of the federalization of education and the unification of methods and courses all over the republic. At the present time, the Federal Government controls education only in the Federal District and territories, each state of the Mexican union having its own educational department.

A measure of vital importance to the economic well-being of the nation was promulgated on March 25, 1905. This was the decree for the reform of the currency, issued by the Executive under an enabling Act of Congress, approved on December 9, 1904.

The new monetary system, due to the initiative of the very able finance minister Señor José Yves Limantour, went into effect on the first of May, but the free coinage of silver ceased on April 16.

Broadly speaking, the new system gives Mexico a fifty-cent dollar. It declares that the theoretical unit of the monetary system of the United Mexican States is represented by seventy-five centigrams of pure gold, and is denominated a *peso*.

The silver *peso*, or dollar, which has hitherto been coined with the weight of 24.4388 grams of pure silver, will have a legal value equivalent to seventy-five centigrams of pure gold.

The coins to be struck are as follows: —

Gold: ten *pesos*, five *pesos*.

Silver: one *peso*, fifty cents, twenty cents, ten cents.

Nickel: five cents.

Bronze: two cents, one cent.

The design of the silver *peso* will not be substantially altered, at any rate for the present.

The basic feature of the measure is its affirmation that the power of coining money appertains exclusively to the executive, and that, in consequence, the right of private persons to introduce gold and silver bullion into the mints, for coinage, is abolished. This is the clause that does away with the free, or, to speak more accurately, the unrestricted coinage of silver.

Henceforth new silver coins will be struck and issued only in exchange for gold coin or bullion at the rate of seventy-five centigrams of pure gold per *peso*.

At the time when the enabling act was passed, the creation of a reserve or exchange fund was left to the discretion of the executive, and the opinion seemed to prevail that it would not be established at once. This view, however, proved erroneous, as the creation of the fund synchronized with the promulgation of the new currency measure. Ten million *pesos* from the treasury reserves constitute the

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foundation of the fund, which will gradually be increased from other sources, chiefly the seigniorage and other profits of coinage.

Bankers and financial authorities in general were glad that the exchange fund was made an initial feature of the plan of currency reform, for it gave it an immediate character of stability and permanence, and obviated the drawbacks incidental to the enhancement of the monetary circulation through the single influence of scarcity-value, — drawbacks that were for a time severely felt in India as the result of the currency measures of 1893.

The exchange fund is to be handled by a special commission, of which the ex-officio head is the Minister of Finance, and which, in addition, has a membership of nine persons. Two of these nine are ex-officio members, namely, the Treasurer-General of the Nation and the Director of the Mints. Three members are appointed by the three chief banks of the capital, and the remaining four are appointed by the executive. It is an illustration of the broad spirit in which public affairs are now conducted in Mexico that five of the nine members, including two of the four appointed by the government, are foreigners. The commission performs the functions of a general board of currency control.

Such are the main features of Mexico's currency reform. Simultaneously, however, with it, much cognate legislation was enacted. The chief of these allied enactments is the plan of relief afforded to the mining industry, which was also included within the scope of the enabling act of December 9, 1904.

The net result of currency reform is that it gives Mexico a money of stable value as measured by the world's monetary standard. It makes Mexico's currency independent of the fluctuations in the value of silver. Merchants and investors now have a fixed basis for all their undertakings and all their calculations; an aleatory factor, absolutely beyond control and baffling all human foresight, has been eliminated from financial and commercial transactions.

All these are obvious advantages; but it was apprehended that a somewhat heavy price, in the shape of the perturbation of some industrial and commercial conditions, would have to be paid. Even the most optimistic anticipated this. But in point of fact, the transition from a silver to a gold basis has been effected without jolt or jar. Even the silver mining industry, which, it was expected, would be most seriously affected by the change, continues to prosper and expand. Though this characteristic and historical industry of Mexico has no doubt been temporarily inconvenienced, it is evident, on the one hand, that the loss which it has suffered has not been sufficient to curtail its operations, and that the rebates in taxation and special franchises granted to it by the government have afforded a substantial compensation for those losses. Not only has no mining concern of importance shut down as a consequence of the suspension of the free coinage of silver, but new claims are constantly being located, and both native and foreign capital is being invested in ever-increasing quantities in the development of silver-mining properties.

In fact, in every way the success of the reform has exceeded expectations. The parity of exchange — two Mexican dollars equal to one American dollar, or ten Mexican dollars to one pound sterling — has been attained and has prevailed with substantial fixity for months past, in gratifying contrast to the former disturbing oscillations.

It was expected that some years would have to elapse before gold would actually circulate under the new system, whereas already the yellow metal has entered, of course on a small scale at present, into actual daily use, thus affixing the seal of absolute success, in the shape of the interchangeability and concurrent use of the two metals at the legal ratio, to this important measure.

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On July 1 that time-honored institution known as the Free Zone ceased to exist.

The Free Zone has had different meanings, both territorially and fiscally, at different periods of Mexico's history. For several years, however, prior to its suppression, it was a strip of territory, twenty kilometers wide, on the Mexican side of the northern border, and the duties payable on foreign goods imported for consumption in that strip were ten per cent of the regular tariff rates.

The object of the creation of the Free Zone was to afford to Mexican cities on the southern side of the border the stimulus and encouragement which it was felt they would need to enable them to exist and to prosper side by side with cities which, situated in the territory of the United States, would be characterized by the phenomenal activity, progressiveness, and growth manifested by the economic life of the northern republic.

It was believed that the franchise would attract population to the Mexican border cities by assuring low prices for the chief necessaries of life, and would lead to the building up of manufacturing industries in the zone by giving them cheap raw material.

Owing to a variety of circumstances, these expectations were not realized. For one thing, no important manufacturing interests became located in the Zone, despite the theoretical advantage of cheap raw material. And the reason is obvious. If such interests were to prosper, of course they would have to count not only on the markets of the Zone, but on those of the republic in general. They could do so, legally speaking, but in practice the matter worked out otherwise; for, inasmuch as extraordinary vigilance had to be exercised to prevent foreign goods, imported ostensibly for consumption in the Zone, from being fraudulently interned for interior markets, and as that vigilance had to embrace all goods moving inland from said Zone, including even the output of local factories, in order to guard against substitutions, it follows that these necessary restrictions were an obstacle to the marketing, in the interior, of articles manufactured in the privileged strip.

If to this fact be added the no less important one that the prices of imported goods were not in general lower in the cities of the Zone than in other cities of the republic, it will be seen that the main objects for which the Zone was created were not attained, and no solid argument could be adduced for maintaining a condition of fiscal inequality which had proved inefficacious to produce the advantages expected from it.

When the government had once made up its mind to do away with the abnormal fiscal conditions prevailing along the northern border, it acted with great decision and celerity.

For some years the executive has had delegated powers from Congress to modify tariff legislation, but it resolved to surrender those powers at the close of the last fiscal year, — that is, on June 30 last. It made use of the powers on the last day of their existence to abolish the Free Zone, and the decree of suppression took effect on the very next day. This quick action was necessary to prevent the heavy importations that would have been effected in the interval had a longer period been allowed before the going into effect of the new measure.

The suppression of the Free Zone has been welcomed on the American side of the frontier, as the United States customs authorities always maintained that the Mexican franchise was an incentive to the smuggling of European goods across the border.

Undoubtedly the enhancement of the currency, which is the chief feature of the plan of monetary reform, entailing as it does a lower exchange rate, and therefore facilitating the importation of products manufactured in gold standard countries, would have affected several local industries, had not a slightly additional margin of protection been afforded to them by

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virtue of a comprehensive revision of the tariff.

The new tariff came into operation on September 1.

It was to be expected that the currency reform would stimulate the investment of foreign capital in Mexico. A currency of fluctuating value was a great obstacle to foreign investments in this country, because the foreign investor could not calculate even with approximate accuracy the profits which he might expect from the venture. He could estimate them, of course, in silver, the currency of the country, but he could form no forecast as to what those profits would amount to when converted into gold. Furthermore, as gold capital once invested here was *ipso facto* converted into silver, the risk of its serious curtailment had to be faced in the event of the necessity, arising for any reason, of winding up the business and withdrawing from the Mexican field.

All these drawbacks are obviated by a stable currency. The foreign investor now knows within a very narrow margin what his profits in Mexico will net him in the currency of his own country. And for the same reason he knows that he can withdraw his capital at the same rate at which he invested it, at least so far as that operation depends on the existence in Mexico of a currency of stable value.

This fact will naturally encourage foreign capital to come to Mexico for investment.

During the few months that have elapsed since currency reform became operative, there has been a marked influx of foreign capital into Mexico. Two forms of investment seem at present to be specially favored, namely, Mexican banks, and plants for the conversion of water power into electrical energy for lighting and power purposes.

It is an interesting fact that most of the money recently invested in the increase of the capital of Mexican banks has come from France.

No event during the year in the business world of Mexico more strongly arrested public attention than the contest for control of the Bank of London and Mexico, between the French and British elements in that institution, ending with a complete victory for the former.

The Bank of London and Mexico, founded in 1864, was the first bank of issue, and is the oldest institution of credit, in the republic. It was regarded as a typically British institution, the last remnant of the former preponderance of British interests in the economic life of the republic. Some years ago, however, the first increase of its capital took place, and local French and Spanish merchants were allowed to subscribe for some of the shares, though the controlling interest was still held in the British metropolis. This intrusion of the Latin element was, however, the penetration of the thin end of the wedge. By degrees the new influences, particularly the French influence, expanded, and at the last increase of capital gained a complete mastery. The Bank of London and Mexico, in spite of its name, is now a French, and not a British, institution.

One of the great campaigns of peace carried on by the government has been that against the yellow fever, long the scourge of the Gulf ports, and occasionally raging with marked virulence on the Pacific coast. During the year, the Superior Board of Health, whose president is the noted physician and sanitarian, Dr. Eduardo Licéaga, has received most generous aid from the national treasury, enabling it to establish a system of rigorous sanitary inspection in the port cities, as well as to continue the work on the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, where, owing to the large number of white foreigners present as planters, railway officials, contractors, and the like, the dreaded fever has in past years found many victims. Much has been gained in that region by Mexico's sanitarians, and the results in the port cities have been gratifying, for not at any time during the year was

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yellow fever present in an epidemic form in any one of them. Patients were isolated and screened so that the mosquito, known to carry the germ, could not reach them. Meantime the Superior Board of Health has initiated measures against malaria, and experiments have been made, with excellent results, at various points on the coast of Lower California and Sinaloa. The sanitary work of the government has been commendably efficient, and the labors of the official bacteriologists have aroused interest among farmers and hot country planters who have been benefited by their researches. Along the lines of applied science the Mexican government has done good work. The younger medical men of the country are often found to be most enthusiastic contributors to the researches officially conducted.

In the line of military preparation the government has been, as always, efficiently active. Though the policy of President Diaz is eminently peaceful, he has recognized that the national honor demands that due attention be given the army. Foreign military experts, who have visited Mexico of late, have cordially praised the efficiency of the artillery, the excellence of the cavalry, and the endurance and hardiness of the infantry. Taking the army as a basis, Mexico could place in the field against invading forces a great body of regulars, state troops, and volunteers. The younger men of the country have shown a decided bent toward military life, and thousands of them have voluntarily subjected themselves to drill and discipline. Steadily, and without making any parade of its purpose, the government has devoted much attention and money to the perfecting of its army. Military men have been stationed in Europe to watch the evolution of their art among Continental armies and to gather technical information as to new weapons. To-day, the Mexican army is largely officered by young and devoted men who have received a scientific training, and the military strength of the nation has increased appreciably. Mexico has learned much from the Boer war and from the Russo-Japanese conflict. She desires, above all things, peace and progress, but she is armed and prepared for any warlike contingency. This is simply a policy dictated by self-respect.

It may be noted here that during the Russo-Japanese war the sympathies of those young men of the middle class who have Indian blood in their veins were strongly with the brown warriors of Nippon. Mexican Indians of cultivation, of whom there are thousands, regard themselves as descendants of the men of the Orient; their race-memory preserves, unobliterated, the record of the wrongs done them by the white conquerors from Spain. Even men with but a slight admixture of Indian blood speak with bitterness of the deeds of Hernan Cortés and his fellow *conquistadores*. The rise of Japan is far from displeasing to the thoughtful and reading Indians of Mexico. There exists a race patriotism which will make itself felt in the national policies of the near future.

The mining city of Guanajuato was on July 1 visited by a disastrous flood. This city, one of the earliest mining camps opened up by the Spaniards, is situated in a deep and narrow ravine, of which the further extremity, ending against the mountain side, has no outlet, so that when a heavy rain occurs all the water that gathers in the hollows of the hills at the upper end of the pass necessarily sweeps down in an impetuous torrent through the town. Thus Guanajuato has always been subject to heavy floods, of which the most disastrous, prior to the recent one, were those of 1760 and 1885.

At first, exaggerated reports were current of the loss of life and damage to property through the visitation of July 1. Later, it turned out that the dead numbered less than two hundred, and that the property losses amounted to not much more than half a million *pesos*.

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A national subscription was raised for the relief of the needy sufferers.

An interesting figure passed away on February 14, in the person of Mrs. Francisca Guadalupe Vallejo de Frisbie. She was of the good old California family of the Vallejos, her father having been General Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo, who was head of the Mexican Military Department of California, with headquarters at Sonoma, at the time of Frémont's invasion. General, then Captain, Frisbie, had sailed to California as member of a New York regiment enlisted to do service in the war between Mexico and the United States. He was commissioned as a captain, and as such landed with his regiment at San Francisco in March, 1847, six months after they had sailed from New York. When peace was reestablished, young Frisbie was admitted into the home of the Vallejos, and was married to one of the Mexican general's daughters.

General Frisbie, who still lives, and is an active octogenarian, is one of the wealthiest members of the American colony in Mexico, where he has resided since 1878.

The American community in Mexico suffered a severe loss in the tragic death of its efficient consul-general, Mr. James Russell Parsons, Jr., of New York, who, on the evening of December 5, while driving in a carriage with his wife and young son, was killed by the collision of that vehicle with an electric street car. Mrs. Parsons suffered slight injuries and the boy escaped unhurt.

INDUSTRIAL SECURITIES AS INVESTMENTS

BY CHARLES A. CONANT

Much has been heard during the last five years of "industrials," both as investments and as an economic and political problem. The organization of the Steel Corporation, with a capital of a billion dollars, made it the largest corporation in the world, but it has been hard pressed by other large combinations with capital running into the hundreds of millions. The American Tobacco Company has capital and bond obligations to the amount of $263,000,000; the American Smelting and Refining Company, $201,550,400; the Amalgamated Copper Company, $175,000,000; the American Sugar Refining Company, $90,000,000; the International Harvester Company, $120,000,000; the Standard Oil Company, $97,500,000; and eighteen other companies of $50,000,000 or more each, bring up the total capitalization and bonded debt of such corporations to a total of over $3,600,000,000. The total capital and bond obligations of all the "trusts" is over $20,000,000,000, or more than one fifth the estimated wealth of the country.

Inevitably the creation of such corporations required the issue and sale of blocks of securities corresponding to their capital and bonded obligations. There had been for many years industrial securities on the market, representing woolen, cotton, and silk mills, other manufactures, and trading companies. The shares, indeed, of the Dutch East India Company were the subject of furious speculation on the Amsterdam Stock Exchange as early as 1602.[1] But industrial securities, down to within a few years, were in many cases closely held, and were not such an active factor in stock exchange speculation and

[1] Vide the author's Principles of Banking, vol. ii, p. 315.

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investment as they have recently become. The principal classes of securities dealt in on the exchanges may be thrown into the following four general groups: —

(1) Government obligations.

(2) Railway and other transportation securities.

(3) Industrial securities.

(4) Mining securities.

To the novice it might not appear why securities of one of these classes, taken as a whole, should differ in stability and market value from those of other classes. There are reasons, however, why industrial securities have not yet attained the position of government or railway obligations, although they may fairly be said to rank above many types of mining stocks.

In discriminating between these different classes of investments, the reason why government obligations have a special standing does not require extended exposition. In a country like the United States, where the resources of the people are large, where taxation has not become unduly burdensome except in special cases, and where a high standard of public obligation exists, government securities have the advantage of being not only well known, but of unquestioned value. They have, moreover, in most cases, the technical position of bonds rather than stocks, — a bond representing a definite obligation to pay a fixed income, while stock is only a title to participation in profits, if they are earned. The obligations of a strong government, moreover, are less subject to the influence of prosperity or adversity than the obligations of corporations, whose earnings rise or fall with changing business conditions. Government finance is to a limited extent outside the scope of ordinary economic laws. If receipts fall off in periods of business depression, the individual or the corporation is obliged to diminish the distribution of profits, and may even have to suspend payment of interest on outstanding obligations; governments meet the emergency by imposing additional taxes or issuing new loans. Government securities thus stand in a class by themselves. It is with railway securities, therefore, rather than government obligations, that "industrials" may best be compared, for their parallelisms and their differences.

There is no reason why in course of time the best industrial securities should not acquire the same position as the best railway securities; but there are certain differences which will always exist and which are more important at the present time than they may be in future, because the modern type of industrial securities has not yet stood the test of many years of trial. The differences between railways and "industrials" from an investment point of view may be summed up under the following heads: —

(1) Railways have been longer tested as a means of earning income. Mistakes were made in the early history of railroad construction, as great and serious as any which have been made in the flotation of industrials. The reckless manipulation of Gould and Fiske, the issue of big blocks of stock without authority, new construction in sparsely-settled countries which could not for many years pay operating expenses, the commitment of half the roads of the country to the hands of receivers in 1893, and other experiences, as dishonest sometimes as they were hazardous, have resulted in a system of rules governing the construction of railways and the financing of their securities which have reduced them as investments to a comparatively uniform and conservative basis. The errors made in railway financing down to within a dozen years are not recalled, therefore, to arouse distrust of railway securities, many of which are now upon a basis as secure as government bonds. They are recalled to illustrate the point that industrials also, after passing through their period of experiment, error, and stress, may take their place by the side of the best railroad securities as conservative and well-tested investments. The question here discussed is chiefly that of time alone. Time permits the weeding out of unsound en-

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terprises and the emergence upon firm ground of those only which are conducted by safe methods.

(2) Industrial securities usually depend upon the vicissitudes of a single industry. In this respect they might be considered inferior to railways, which depend for their freight earnings upon the movement of the products of many and diverse industries. On the other hand, it is conceivable that there might be industries ministering to permanent needs, whose earnings would be more uniform than those of a railway, subject to the ebb and flow of the tide of commercial prosperity. An industry the demand for whose product varies radically in periods of business activity and business depression, or which is influenced by sudden changes in fashions, would not *prima facie* afford as safe a basis of investment as one whose product was in nearly uniform demand. The objection might be overcome by setting aside a large portion of the profits of fat years to meet the deficits of lean years, but this is precisely one of those questions which for any given industry can be determined only by the test of time. Among the industrials which require the most careful management in this respect is steel, which Mr. Carnegie has aptly declared is "either prince or pauper," — prince, when the extension of railways, the erection of steel buildings, and the call for new machinery pile up orders at the mills which cannot be filled, and make managers autocratic in dealing with new comers; pauper, when along the line of industrial activity passes the electric shock of depression, railways suspend extensions and postpone orders for new equipment, building ceases, mills have no occasion to order new machinery, and autocratic managers suddenly become pliant suitors for orders at cut prices.

In a sense, all industries, and railways themselves, are more or less subject to these changing conditions, but there are many industries ministering to permanent necessities whose product is not greatly reduced in periods of business depression. Among them, unfortunately perhaps for the moral sense of the people, are such articles as tobacco and whiskey. For these the demand is apt to be nearly constant, since in times of depression the diminished consumption of the provident will be offset by the increased consumption of those whom idleness or misery compels to seek relaxation or oblivion.

(3) The manner of formation of the industrial corporation differs from the organization of a railway. The industry may be itself one of those which minister to permanent wants, and which is assured of considerable earnings even in the dullest times. But its capital may have been unduly "watered," by issuing so many bonds upon which interest has to be paid and so much preferred stock upon which dividends are guaranteed, that a slight falling off in earnings causes financial difficulties. In some of the great combinations made during the past few years the practice has prevailed of issuing bonds for the capital value of the visible assets of the combined companies; preferred stock upon earnings which were believed to be reasonably assured by economies and extensions; and common stock for the possibilities hanging at the end of the rainbow in the minds of enthusiastic promoters.

If the character of these securities were absolutely understood by every one dealing in them, not much harm would be done by over-issues of capital. Even under existing conditions the securities issued upon discounted hopes soon find their level in the stock market at quotations far below their par value. The mischief of such issues is in playing upon the hopes of persons unfamiliar with the brutal facts of business competition, and convincing them that the discounted hopes of the promoters are a safe and solid basis of investment. In railway financing there was much of this discounting of the future in early stock issues, but the crushing pressure of the reorganizations which followed the great panics

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squeezed out most of the water. Some of the industrials have already gone through this process, but others will probably have to submit to it in the future.

(4) In industrial enterprises the character of the management is important. Some of the greatest industrial combinations, which are paying interest and liberal dividends and piling up great surpluses, are subject to risk from this direction. A future which seems to be without a cloud may depend upon the constructive ability, the originality, and the aggressive force of the man at the head. It is true in a general sense that no man is indispensable, but the affairs of a great corporation are likely to fall into a routine which puts it at a disadvantage in the competition with new rivals if its directors cannot instantly put their hands in case of a vacancy upon a man of constructive ability and resource to take the place of one who retires.

In railway management individual initiative counts for much, but the entire railway service of the country is a training school for competent men who may be transferred from one railway system to another to meet new needs. The same is not so broadly true of the big industrial combinations. The American Tobacco Company is not training men able to take up at once the work of the Standard Oil combination, nor is "the rubber trust" training men familiar with the technique of the great smelting combination. It may be that men in the ranks of these companies are being trained to fill the vacancies which time will make among the men at the head, but the danger that the men in the business will fall into ruts and be unprepared to assume responsibilities is greater, and the field of selection is narrower, than in the railway system, which is of substantially a uniform character over two hundred thousand miles of line representing fourteen billions of capital.

The mere bigness of the industrial combinations involves something of an experiment. The corporate form of carrying on business was considered so stifling to individual initiative when Adam Smith wrote, that he believed it must necessarily be limited to a few simple industries. While this idea has been superseded by experience, there are many things in the management of corporations by boards of directors and their nominees which differ from the prompt initiative, the eye single to personal interest, and the ability to make quick and irrevocable decisions, which belong to the man in control of his own business. The scandals which have broken out in the life insurance companies are an illustration of a type of evil which would hardly be possible in a private establishment, however large, where the individual partners kept their hands firmly on the machinery and their eyes always open for opportunities for economy and improvement.

(5) The danger of competition is, in the nature of the case, not the same with industrial enterprises as with railways. The policy of constructing competing railway lines between similar points has now been almost abandoned. A given railway serves a certain community, and competition by another line can be introduced only by obtaining rights of way, land for terminals, and incurring other expenses which are rarely justified by the benefits of the competitive project. In the manufacture of industrial products, however, competing products can be moved from place to place at small cost. The location of the establishment, while one of the factors to be considered in its competitive power, is not usually the most important factor. Competitive products from abroad may face the products of a given mill in the very city of its establishment, having to meet in addition to cost of production only the ordinary costs of shipment by rail or by sea.

This is not the place to discuss the question how far competition has been destroyed in certain industries by the magnitude of the combinations made. But, however powerful these combinations may be at a given moment, and

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however completely they may seem to have absorbed or stifled competition, they are always subject to the menace that if they raise the charges for their products to a point which affords excessive profits, the whole fund of free capital in the world is liable to be directed to the erection of competing establishments. The lesson of prudence, therefore, for the great combinations is to keep their earnings within such a reasonable amount as not to afford a tempting mark for the competition of the accumulating millions of savings of the people of England, France, Belgium, and America.

(6) The danger of adverse legislation is a factor common alike, in a broad sense, to railways and industrial enterprises. In some ways it is an even greater menace to the railways, because their roadbeds are fixed. They cannot, like the Jewish money changers of the Middle Ages, turn their property into bills of exchange, conceal them about their persons, and flit quietly across the border, when they are threatened with confiscation or political regulation of rates. Industrial enterprises are in a better position in many cases to change their location to escape oppressive legislation. This has been especially the case thus far in this country, where severe restrictions and excessive taxation in a single state could be avoided by removal to an adjoining state. Federal restrictions are more far-reaching, but even they do not destroy the possibility of establishments in Canada or Mexico, whose younger enthusiasm to attract capital and develop industry keeps their doors wide open to welcome it, instead of reaching for its throat to throttle it.

This danger, so far as federal law is concerned, is still more or less speculative. A law which in its literal terms almost surpasses the espionage and savagery of the Middle Ages stands upon the statute books in the Sherman anti-trust law, but it remains to be seen how far the courts, in interpreting its provisions, will restrict them within the limits of established principles of law protecting the vested rights to labor and to transfer capital. For many years to come, if this law remains unchanged, the value of industrial securities will move up or down, under the influence of rumors and decisions from the court room, according as these decisions follow the literal terms of the law, making it a crime for two local grocers to agree upon a uniform price for meats; or give it the more reasonable interpretation that only combinations hostile to the public interest are intended to be included in its portentous catalogue of prosecutions, fines, and imprisonments.

What, then, after taking these various influences into consideration, are the merits of industrial securities as investments?

The answer is that their value varies according to the particular security under consideration, in the same manner as other securities which have not acquired the definite and assured character of investments for trust funds. But securities which have reached the latter stage are only occasionally those upon which large profits can be made. It is those which have an element of uncertainty — at least, of speculative profits in the future — which afford the opportunity for anything beyond the three and a half or four per cent which can now be earned upon gilt-edged securities.

There cannot be large profits, especially for the outsider, without some risk. When the insider gets hold of a given property, with whose merits he is familiar, but which has not yet attained a high price on the market, he takes the risk that his judgment will be justified finally by that of the community. In many cases his conclusions are confirmed and great fortunes are made. But in all such ventures the insider, in addition to knowing the possibilities of the balance-sheet of the property in which he thus speculates, takes the risks also of competition, change of fashion, increase in the cost of raw material, and, in many cases, the creation of a demand which has not yet arisen.

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Some of these factors are what may be called natural economic factors; others — like the "strike bills," against which the life insurance companies have spent their money profusely at Albany — are purely arbitrary, incapable of definite calculation in advance.

Some of the great industrial stocks have already passed through the preliminary tests of value, and may be considered on the road to the position of stable investment securities. This is particularly true of some bonds. There may still be some doubt, for instance, of the ability of the "Steel Trust" to continue through good times and bad to pay dividends on its seven per cent preferred stock or to resume dividends on its common stock, but hardly anything save a cataclysm can deprive it of the ability to pay the interest on its five per cent bonds. These bonds were quoted down to 65 in the crash of 1903, and remained as low as 68¾ during a part of 1904. They have since advanced, until the quotation is around 98. This does not put them on the same footing as a municipal three and a half or four per cent bond, or a first-class railroad bond paying the same rates; but a security paying five per cent, which is near par, may be considered a comparatively safe investment for a business man who keeps in touch with the market. Something of the same kind may be said of the four per cent bonds of the Consolidated Tobacco Company, which sagged to 51½ in the break of 1903, and remained as low as 53¾ a part of the following year. After the conversion of half of them into six per cent preferred stock of the American Tobacco Company had been completed, in the autumn of 1904, they sold as low as 71 in January, 1905, but gradually climbed up to 80 in the autumn of that year. A four per cent bond at eighty is the same thing as a five per cent bond at par, so that Tobacco bonds stand practically upon the same basis as the Steel fives, or perhaps a shade better.

To the person speculatively inclined, the rise in some of these securities is seductive. The man who had the courage to buy Steel fives at 65, when the market was at its lowest in 1903, would have been able in two years to realize about $33 upon an investment of $65. Upon an original investment of $6500 he would have made a profit of $3300. In the case of the Tobacco bonds, he would have done still better under the conversion plan which was brought out in the autumn of 1904. This plan permitted him to exchange the old bonds of the Consolidated Tobacco Company, whose quotations have been given for 1903 and 1904, for fifty per cent of the amount in new four per cent bonds of the American Tobacco Company, and fifty per cent in six per cent preferred stock of the American company. The latter is now selling at about 105, so that upon his original investment of $52 he would now realize $40 for his bonds, and more than $50 for his stock, or a net profit approaching eighty per cent. These figures are based upon payment for the securities outright. Had he taken the risk of margins, he would, of course, have made a much larger percentage upon the money actually deposited with the broker.

There is another side, however, to the alluring spectacle of profits which these figures present. Few men have the courage to buy securities boldly and steadily in a falling market. Even if the would-be investor is familiar with the principle that he should buy when prices are low and sell when they are high (to which too many of the general public are strangely obtuse), yet he would be confronted from moment to moment by the doubt whether the securities were going lower. In other words, only hindsight, and not foresight, enables one to tell when the market has "touched bottom."

A five per cent security which had fallen to 65, or a four per cent security which had fallen to 52, would be under suspicion by all but insiders, who knew exactly what assets were behind it. It

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would be a security which would not in any case be recommended by a careful broker or banker to a woman or a minor, whose sole dependence was on a small principal. To such persons honest brokers and bankers have no right to recommend risks. Even where they are reasonably confident of success, they usually learn by experience that a loss causes hard feelings and subjects them to the just criticisms of the courts. A man of intelligence who is willing to take moderate risks is justified in doing what he will with his own. His position should be very different towards trust funds in his custody, or any other funds towards which he exercises an informal trusteeship by acting as adviser for those who ought not to enter into speculation.

In buying industrial securities, as, indeed, in buying other types, patience is an important requisite. The man who becomes discouraged after buying a security at 90, because he sees it hanging about that quotation for several weeks or months, is not well fitted to buy securities for the rise. It is not often possible even for the most skillful speculators to buy at the lowest point. If they are sure that the securities they hold represent solid assets and steady earnings, they need not be frightened by a temporary gust of depression in the stock market. If they are satisfied that the properties are capable of progressive development and are under sound management, they must be willing to wait months, and sometimes years, for them to advance in value.

It is in this element of time, perhaps, that more mistakes are made than in almost any other element of the problem. The results may come eventually which the sanguine promoter and speculator anticipate. The logic of the situation may seem to exclude the possibility that such results shall not come. But it often happens that the patience and capital of the pioneers are exhausted before the fruition of logical reasoning and sound hopes is attained. Then others reap where the first have sown. This has been the case over and over again with railways, whose profits have finally gone into the hands of those who have acquired them under foreclosure or reorganization, and with some of the great trusts, from which the water has been squeezed by unexpected changes in general trade and financial conditions, even when the enterprise itself was sound.

Some of the greatest fortunes have been made by those who have selected good securities when the properties were undeveloped or the general market was depressed, and have stuck by them until their value came to be appreciated by the public. Reading Railroad stock is a case in point. Its minimum quotation in 1901 was $24\frac{1}{2}$; in the big crash of 1902, $32\frac{1}{4}$; in 1903, $37\frac{1}{2}$; and in 1904, $38\frac{3}{4}$. In the autumn of the latter year, its merits began to dawn upon the investing public. It was advanced rapidly to a high price of 70, and a low price of $61\frac{1}{2}$ in September; a high price of $78\frac{1}{2}$ in November; $82\frac{5}{8}$ in December; $90\frac{3}{8}$ in January, 1905; $97\frac{1}{8}$ in February; $100\frac{3}{4}$ in June, and later in the year, by successive stages, to $129\frac{1}{8}$ at the close of October, and finally to 140 early in November. Good industrial securities have gone through this experience to a larger degree than railways, because it has been only recently that their merits have come to be recognized. United States Steel preferred, as already pointed out, was below 50 in the crash of 1903. It gradually emerged from the cloud to a maximum price in 1904 of $95\frac{5}{8}$. It was not until April, 1905, however, that its substantial solidity as a seven per cent stock carried it to $104\frac{7}{8}$ and later in the autumn to $105\frac{3}{4}$. The preferred stock of the United States Rubber Company also required several years to reach its strong position around 110 in 1905. Being an eight per cent stock, it is likely to go still higher and to carry with it the second preferred, which pays six per cent, and was quoted at the close of last year around 80.

To hold stock for a rise requires thorough knowledge of the property repre-

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sented, certainty that its merits are such as to carry it eventually to a higher value, and a mind sufficiently serene and firm to witness undisturbed the ebb and flow of market prices. It is by this policy of patience and serenity that the Rothschilds and others have made great fortunes, by locking up stocks when they were cheap and awaiting the progress of the years to give them value. How much can sometimes be made in this way may be judged from the fact that an investor who had put $36,875 (including commissions) into 1000 shares of American Smelting common stock when it was selling for 36¾ in October, 1903, would have been able to realize $157,000, or a profit of $120,000, in November, 1905. Yet it is doubtful if one man in America — outside of original holders, who were unmoved by market fluctuations — had the patience and foresight to pursue this course.

There is no doubt that the purchaser of some of the industrial stocks now on the market will realize a large profit on them some time. The difficulty is to be certain that the ones which he selects for investment are those which have a substantial value which will not be impaired by any of the influences which have been suggested in discussing the character and position of industrial securities. That some of these stocks are relatively worthless has been the sad experience of the last few years, but this very experience has been in the nature of a winnowing process, and has given a higher average value to those which have withstood the stress and storm of disturbed markets.

It is not intended here to recommend speculation on margins under any circumstances. Such speculation is a legitimate trade, but can be practiced with safety only by those who make it a trade and who are in daily touch with the market. The outsider who plunges into speculation on margins upon the strength of some "straight tip" usually ends by seeing his margins wiped out. A temporary gain is likely, as at the gaming table, to tempt him to larger ventures, and, ultimately, to larger losses. It is as foolish for the outsider to expect to make money against the sharp wits of the professional speculators as it would be for a man without expert training to stand up against Jeffries or "Kid" McCoy, or to take the place of the engineer on the "Twentieth Century Limited." Speculation is a trade at which lifelong practice does not master all the possibilities, and which requires, in addition to profound study and accurate knowledge, a temperament which is swayed by neither optimism nor pessimism. Such a temperament must never be carried along by hopes which are not justified by facts, but must see facts in their true proportions, and draw inferences from them which are accurate not only from the qualitative, but also from the quantitative standpoint.

The general public who are not professional speculators usually buy on a rising market. "Bringing the public into the market" is sought by advancing prices. If the public come in freely at high prices, they can then be "shaken out" by allowing the market to go down. The professional speculator knows by both processes how to shear the wool from the "lambs" who venture into Wall Street. Such speculation cannot be recommended to any person who does not make it his profession. To the investor, who hopes occasionally to make a profit by good judgment, it can only be recommended to study properties carefully before investing in them, to buy in periods of depression, when the excited and panic-stricken are selling, and to hold on patiently to a property he is assured is good until the general public come to realize the soundness of his judgment by paying the price which he demands.

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A TRANCED LIFE

BY HENRY A. BEERS

Was ich besitze, seh' ich wie im weiten,
Und was verschwand wird mir zu Wirklichkeiten. — *Faust.*

HAVE we not all known men who miss their career in a way that seems, at the time, unaccountable, although, when we look back at it from the end, their failure takes on the aspect of a foregone conclusion? Charming fellows, with all kinds of unmarketable talents: versatile oftentimes, able to do many things well, but nothing quite well enough. Perhaps they begin strongly, but before middle age, apathy overtakes them and they give up the game. Or a single blow of fate puts them to sleep, — a knock-down blow, to be sure, but one which would not keep a tougher fighter from getting on his feet again. Thenceforth their life is a somnambulism; and the world pronounces of such a one, with cruel finality, "Oh, he has got through."

When I first knew Terence Vair, we were both serving apprenticeships to the law, — in separate offices, — and, happening to meet and to fancy each other, we clubbed our poverty and took rooms together — or rather *a* room with a double alcove which held our beds. Evenings we would drowse on opposite sides of the grate, each with a volume of reports or of the General Statutes open in his lap, till the tinkle of a coal dropping on the hearth would rouse one or the other of us to refill his pipe and to say yawningly to his room-mate, for the twentieth time, —

"If I were you, old man, I'd get into something else. I don't believe you'll ever make a go of it at this business. You're not cut out for it, you know. You have n't the temperament."

The scene of our auscultation was an ancient inland city of the fourth grade, the county town of a prosperous farming region. It was an unprogressive community. A short-cut railroad branch had left it high and dry on a loop. Several manufacturing concerns had moved their plants to tide water, and the last census showed a gratifying decrease in population. Gratifying, that is, to Vair, who took a whimsical view of such calamities.

"I hate a growing place," he would say. "Give me a little, old, sleepy, worm-eaten town like Biddleton. If I've got to practice law anywhere, I want to practice it right here."

Biddleton was in that stage of municipal development where the residence streets and shopping streets are undifferentiated. Most of the bar had offices in Chapin's Block; but a few old lawyers still received clients in the wings of their dwelling-houses on shady streets, where the faded letters "Blank B. Blank, Attorney at Law," lurked behind a screen of bitter-sweet or Virginia creeper veranda vines, and the upper half of a green door — swung open to let in the summer air — afforded a glimpse of a gray head bent over a deskful of papers.

It was not in Biddleton, however, but in the larger seaport city of Scarborough, that Vair, having passed his bar examination, finally hung out his shingle. I was not living in Scarborough during his brief legal career there; but common acquaintances have told me that, though an interesting talker on the metaphysics of his profession, as a practitioner he was "the worst ever." He was too polite to cross-question the witnesses for the other side with the necessary fierceness: he was too absent-minded to get his own witnesses into court. He took an ironical tone with his clients, — most of whom he confidentially described as damned rascals, — and was apt to discourage them by assuring

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them that they had no case, appearing to sympathize, if anything, with the opposing counsel; and when the verdict went against himself, — as it usually did, — treating the disaster with disinterested amusement, like a mere *amicus curiae*.

As to the science of law, he approached it in the spirit of an antiquary and curiosity hunter, or of Sir Thomas Browne's quibbler, who raised a point as to whether Lazarus's heir might lawfully detain his inheritance — on the ground that Lazarus was judicially dead. He delighted in legal fictions and subtleties of a peculiarly sophistical kind: hair-splitting distinctions between a contingent and a vested remainder; black-letter lore about waifs and strays, flotsam and jetsam, riparian rights, the *filum medium aquae*, and other such out-of-the-way matters as come into court only once in a quarter-century. He used to hunt up queer cases in the old reports, and even dipped into Norman French and toyed with Bracton and Fleta. "The trouble with Vair was," said Wilmerding to me long afterward, "that he was a 'literary feller' trying to practice law, and he took the literary view of everything. His mind was too concrete. In his own cases, he never could dissociate the legal principles involved from the human, dramatic aspects. It was the personality of the litigants that interested him, and especially anything about them that was humorous, quaint, or picturesque. I remember how tickled he was by the plaintiff in an action *de lunatico inquirendo* being made to describe himself in all the pleadings as 'I, a lunatic.'"

There was a story about Frank Carey, who had just got his first admiralty case, rushing around to Vair's office in a great hurry and bursting in with the inquiry, —

"Say, Vair, do you know anything about admiralty practice?"

Vair turned slowly around on his swing chair, and replied dreamily, "I know they call us fellows proctors up there."

"You go to hell!" shouted Carey, after a minute's disgusted inspection of the trifler before him; then slammed the door and pounded down stairs in search of somebody with practical information.

Before long Vair abandoned the law, or the law him, —

"He left not faction, but of that was left," —

and, after drifting about for a while, and filling one or two temporary positions, married a nice girl with some money. He had a bit of his own, — inherited; and putting this and that together, he bought out a very decent little book and stationery business, in which he prospered reasonably the next half-dozen years. It was toward the end of these that I came to Scarborough to live, and renewed my acquaintance with my quondam fellow auscultator.

Vair's book-selling was of a special kind. His wife's people were high-church; and the business had been formerly carried on by an uncle of hers who had extensive Episcopal connections and was solid with the clerisy. The new proprietor was, as has already been hinted, something of a literary person, though his literature was of a secular tendency. But he had the prudence to maintain the traditions of the shop, which continued under his management to be a headquarters for Bibles, prayer-books, hymnals, manuals of devotion, catechisms, Sunday-school lesson-books, and the like. The windows displayed engraved Madonnas and Holy Families, Christmas and Easter cards, rosaries, crucifixes, illuminated Gothic texts, hand-painted Lent lilies, photographs of Phillips Brooks and the Archbishop of Canterbury, silken book-marks with ivory pendents of crosses, hearts, keys, chalices, and similar ecclesiastical gimcracks. You would hardly go to Vair's to turn over the latest publications, but you would naturally go there if you wanted to make your aunty a birthday present of an illustrated edition of *The Christian Year*; and you would meet there the ladies of St. James's, out shopping for Anglican paper weights, pencil cases, monogrammatic note-paper, or patterns for embroidering altar cloths.

When I presented myself at Vair's

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bookstore, I fancied a certain blushfulness under his cordial greeting, — whether he was a trifle shamefaced at having relinquished a profession for a trade, or whether he was merely conscious of a shade of absurdity in his relation to "singular old rubrics and the four surplices at Allhallowtide." The parallax is disturbing when one recognizes in the new bishop a schooldays' confederate in the robbery of melon patches.

Be this as it may, Vair made me heartily welcome both to his shop and his house. I used to think him at that time a perfectly fortunate man. He had an occupation suited to his tastes, a pleasant circle of friends, a lovely wife and two interesting children who made his home life an ideally happy one.

Suddenly, in his thirty-third year, all this changed. His household was visited by diphtheria of a malignant type. His wife and both children died; and he himself, after lying at the point of death for many days, recovered from the disease only to succumb for a time to a mental ailment which attacked him in the weakness of convalescence and the anguish of his loss. He was sent to an asylum, from which, after several months of judicious treatment, he came out with reason regained, and health in great part restored, to take up the broken threads. But it soon became evident that it would be "danger to make him even o'er the time he had lost." Whatever reminded him of his late happy years, with their tragic catastrophe, was a peril to his sanity. He himself avoided mention of them. That way madness lay. Rather did his mind, in an instinctive effort to heal itself, take refuge in earlier recollections. Something had snapped in the machinery of his brain, so that he would plainly be incapable of carrying on his business, at least for the present. And as this was intimately associated with the memory of his family life and bereavements, it was decided, after consultation with his physicians, to sell out the good-will and stock in trade, and find something else for him to do. The matter was arranged for him by his friends, and the proceeds invested in his behalf.

Meanwhile it was proposed that he should travel for a year in Europe. But the proposal was wisely overruled. A celebrated alienist, whose advice was sought, thought that the idleness of a European tour would give dangerous leisure for brooding; while the shock of novel sensations would irritate, rather than soothe, a nature thus enfeebled by grief. What was needed was not the creation of wholly new conditions, but the revival of old ones. To make him forget the recent past, the best means would be to get the patient back into a remoter past and reunite him to some once familiar round of occupation.

It happened that just at this time a position fell vacant which Vair had once filled for the greater part of a year, before he married and commenced bookseller. This was the post of librarian at St. Mark's Rest, a semi-ecclesiastical, semi-educational foundation, dating from the early thirties. Its nucleus was an endowed grammar school, the chapel of which served on Sundays as a place of worship for a dozen old pensioners who dwelt in a wing of the building; and as a parish church for a few Episcopal families of the neighborhood, descendants of benefactors, with hereditary rights to designated pews and the privilege of voting for trustees.

Here I found Vair sitting at his desk, precisely as he had sat eight years before, in a long, narrow library room, with Gothic alcoves, tall, mullioned windows, and galleries to which one mounted by a little iron staircase. The windows on one side gave upon Linden Place, a sheltered mews where the aged pensioners sat upon benches in the sunshine of the spring afternoon, smoking their pipes, nodding asleep, or talking slowly together of old, old things. The windows on the other side opened on an inner court or quadrangle, with a fountain in the centre that had long gone dry, where the boys gath-

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ered at recess to play games or walk up and down the gravel paths like monks in a cloister. A few ancient shrubs and flower-beds gave semblance of a garden. "In all the time I've been here," said Vair, "I have n't seen a blossom on one of those plants. I asked the janitor what kind of plants they were, anyway, and he said, 'Oh, no kind in particular; just plants.'"

All through the drowsy school sessions, the drone of classes reciting lessons came through the open casements; the shadows shifted from the eastern to the western wall of the quad; the clock on the bell-tower told the hours with lingering stroke. There is not in this hurrying land such another haunt of ancient peace, nor such a sinecure, as Vair enjoyed. At intervals a boy came into the library to return a text-book, or one of the school faculty to consult a classic, or a pensioner who was consuming his evening of life in slowly reading through the catalogue from A to Izzard, or perhaps a lady from one of the privileged families to draw a volume of a standard author; — nothing more modern than 1850 enlivened the shelves of St. Mark's Rest. But for the greater part of the day, that hushed solemnity, — as though the corpse were in the next room, — which rebukes the intruder in all libraries, was unbroken by human footfall. Once in central Massachusetts, near the Connecticut River, I passed a tollgate where two graybeards sat, placid, ruminant, and kept the pike, meditatively whittling, now and then exchanging a syllable, now and then collecting a toll, when the velvet dust of August was stirred by the rare wheel. I was reminded of this pair of philosophers, retired from the world to the contemplative life, whenever I visited Vair in his library. He had drifted out of the current into a back eddy. The hand had turned back upon the dial plate, and stopped at a point which it had passed long ago.

I had been away from Scarborough during the year which included his bereavement, his illness, and recovery; and was uncertain as to the psychology of the situation. But friends had cautioned me not to speak to him of anything in his personal history between the times of his first and second incumbency of the librarianship. There was a blank spot on the map of his life, where all paths ended, beginning again on the opposite border. Not that there was any definite lapse of memory. It seemed to me, on the contrary, that he had forgotten nothing, and that his consciousness brooded continually over the scenery of this forbidden tract. But he had conformed instinctively to the treatment prescribed, and there was a tacit avoidance between us of any allusion to late events. Once or twice, when I blundered into some reference to his children or his stationer's business, his unresponsive silence hid a flutter of distress which flew a warning signal. *En revanche*, his "desolation did begin to make a better life" in years farther back. He was copious of reminiscences, not only of the old Biddleton days, but of the time before I had known him at all, and told me much that I had never heard about his boyhood and first youth. Superficially, he did not appear to have changed very greatly. In particular, the whimsical humor, and that disinterested and sympathetic view of affairs which had made him so agreeable as a companion and so impossible as a practicing attorney, had, in great part, survived his misfortunes. He was simple about himself, too, and confidential as in the old days, speaking freely of his intimate feelings and thoughts, save only those related to his recent experience. Yet, upon longer acquaintance, it grew evident that the spring was broken. Having gone back, he had lost care to go forward. There was no question of beginning any fresh career. Life was over, and St. Mark's Rest seemed likely to be Vair's rest to the end.

But I come now to the most curious feature of the case. This hurt mind, deprived of hope and outward activity, shrinking even from the exercise of mem-

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ory where memory was most insistent, built itself a house of refuge founded on the recollections of childhood, roofed with imaginations and timbered with dreams. More and more I came to discover in Vair a mental disturbance which I can describe only by saying that his sense of reality had been unsettled. He had become a mystical somnambulist, unable to draw a sharp line between waking and sleep. His dreams had for him a singular vividness and importance, and he would repeat them with an air of belief. One, in particular, of early date, was much in his thoughts, as having, in some way, a symbolic or prophetic significance. "When I was about nine years old," he narrated, "I dreamed, or thought, that I was in the kitchen one day, — the large, old-fashioned kitchen of our home in the village of Sudbury, — when I heard a great cry out of doors. I ran to the west door and saw all the people looking up. I looked up, too, and there was a beautiful girl on horseback galloping over the housetops. The people were calling, 'The lovelight — the lovelight!' Then I ran to the front door and out into the street, but she had disappeared. Next I found myself in a large room like a schoolroom. A man was sitting at a desk on a platform, and in front of him were rows of girls on benches. One by one they came up and stood before him, and he touched each with a wand; whereupon her head turned to a fox's head, and she went and sat down on another bench at the side of the platform, with a number of other girls who had fox heads. Among the maidens waiting to be changed was the one I had seen on horseback, — the lovelight. She was just standing up to come forward and be touched with the transforming rod. A pang of grief and horror — I can feel it now — shot through my heart. But how the vision ended, — whether she was touched and changed like the rest, or whether my wild remonstrance broke the spell of sleep and I woke with the dream still unfinished, — I cannot remember. But I do remember the intense impression of reality that the whole thing left in me, and how for many days after I puzzled my elders by questioning them as to what a 'lovelight' was. A kind of shyness, however, made me keep the dream to myself. A boy of nine, I loved that dream maiden with a consuming passion. I recall distinctly the insolent grace with which she sat her horse as it bounded over the roofs, and the beauty of her face as she sat with the other girls on the benches. It appears that I had walked in my sleep that night; for I remember stumbling, half awake, half asleep, part way up the dark garret stairs, and finally fumbling my way into a spare chamber where I lay down on an unmade bed, with only one cold sheet over the mattress. And there I was found by some member of the family, shivering and whimpering in the chill dawn."

This dream was not repeated, though the impression of it had never faded. But there were recurring dreams, some of which came back so often that they had established a sort of claim to actuality. There was one, for instance, of cruising on and on through endless archipelagoes in the South Sea, — islands and island groups in an infinity of ocean, unmarked on any map of Polynesia. Another persistent dream was of opening a door previously unnoticed in the wall of the parlor or library, and walking through it into a suite of strange rooms, all furnished and ready for occupancy, but manifestly vacant for years; saying to himself, "Why, either I did n't know that these rooms were here, or else I had forgotten them. Now how lucky! We'll open them up again, and 'inhabit lax.'"

Vair told me that his parents had died when he was very young, and he had been brought up by his grandfather, a country banker, accounted rich until he failed, somewhat discreditably, and died soon after, leaving a widow, two maiden daughters, and this one grandson, in straitened circumstances. Now in Vair's dreams, — echoes of a boyhood spent in the sombre, decent poverty of a household of elderly

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women, — this bankrupt ancestor refused to stay dead. Always he kept returning, a king of sleep, — *rex quondam et rex futurus*, — bringing back the lost prosperity. Sometimes Vair would fall in with him living in an obscure corner of a neighboring city, shabby and furtive, having started again in business in a small way, with hopes of recovering a competency from the wreck of his fortune. Sometimes he would reappear at his old home, affectionately confiding to his grandson that he was once more a rich man, having made a larger salvage than was generally believed, and having multiplied it exceedingly since his failure by cunning investments.

Whether Vair's lost wife and her children ever haunted his sleep, I never knew; but I guessed that they did, and that increasingly he lived with the dead. For once he said to me, with a look of deeper hopelessness than usual, —

"Once I would have liked to live a hundred lives, every one's life, such a fresh, inexhaustible variety there seemed in human experience. But nowadays it tastes stale, — the same thing over again. You know how it is with me. My ghosts have been with me so vividly of late, so substantially, overpoweringly present, that I had come to hope — almost to believe — that it meant something, that I was visited, that tokens — messages — Oh, well" — breaking off with a half laugh — "the doctor says my kidneys are out of order. Illusions — phantoms — apparitions, the only things worth while, of course they don't exist. Only some dirty little material fact exists, — indigestion, liver, kidneys!"

The last time I saw Vair was in front of the post office at high noon on a day of January thaw, — one of those days of weakening heat when every fibre is relaxed, winter garments are a burden, and the sweat trickles down the back unseasonably. The sun dazzled in a sky of violent blue; clocks and factory whistles clanged and shrieked; clerks, shop girls, mechanics were hurrying to dinner; a thousand shovels were scraping the slush from the sidewalks; melted snow puddles smoked in the sun; gutters overflowed, catch basins roared, icicles crashed from leaders and cornices, sleigh runners grated over the bare pavement with the agonizing noise of a knife edge on a tin plate. Everything dripped, steamed, glared, blared.

Vair looked confused, tired, ill. "Kirkham," he said, as we parted after a few words, "if I ever kill myself it will be in a January thaw." Yes, I could well understand that, for a soul which sought the shadows, the unwinking, public light of such a noonday was far more disheartening than the visionary midnight with its voices of winds. On such a day the tyranny of the actual is at its height, matter oppresses spirit, life clamors inflamed, and the only escape seems to be into the cool, dark emptiness of death. Into that kindly darkness, at all events, Vair presently departed; whether by his own act or not, who shall say? "An accidental overdose of morphine." Oh, yes, an overdose certainly.

Among the scraps in the portfolio which the trustees of St. Mark's Rest handed over to me, were some verse beginnings, — Vair never finished anything latterly, — which witnessed to his habits of mental somnambulism. Here is a fragment, for example, perhaps suggested by the well-known saying of Novalis, —

My dream wears thin,
Like a bubble ripe for breaking;
And louder tones begin
To mingle with the voiceless sounds of sleep;
While from some outer deep
A light shines in: —
I must be near the waking!

The image was varied somewhat in a solitary stanza entitled *Animula Vagula*, —

Where have you been, O my soul, through the infinite void of the night
Traversing spaces and times never imagined by me?
Now in the dawn I awake, and, spent with your measureless flight,
Home you are come like a ship beating in from the uttermost sea.

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Still another bit, which employs a line from a Scotch poem, — *The e'en brings a' hame*, — appears to have been inspired by that falling back to his starting point at St. Mark's which I have described, —

> Thus life returns upon its track:
> We toil, we fight, we roam;
> Till the long shadows point us back,
> And evening brings us home.

And finally his habit of living in his reminiscences was recalled to me by a few homely lines, —

> When I wake in the deep of the morning
> There 's a sound that comes to me,
> The click of the latch of the garden gate
> Under the big sweet-apple tree,
> By the corner of the barn, at the turn of the grassy lane,
> Where you hear the grunt of the comfortable pigs,
> And the querulous hens complain.

THE JOYS OF BEING A NEGRO

BY EDWARD E. WILSON

Some time ago I received a beautifully engraved card inviting me to spend my winter at a certain aristocratic Southern hotel. In I know not what way — perhaps because I was duly enrolled among the lawyers of a Northern city — my name had drifted with a few others into the hands of the proprietor of this hostelry. I am sure there was no intention either on my part or on the part of my name to impose on any one. In America one may have whatever name he chooses, and mine was of the plainest kind; it was neither parted in the middle nor preceded by *de* or *von;* it had, indeed, an absolute and hopeless democracy in sound and meaning.

But to the point. When I received the above invitation, flinging off realities for a moment, I yielded to my fancy and began forthwith to imagine myself, after collecting from every conceivable source overdue fees, and after such extensive borrowing as my credit would allow, going to this exclusive winter resort and offering myself as a guest thereof. Fancy was not so extravagant, however, as to allow me to ride thither in a Pullman, because not even fancy could evade certain laws enacted by fastidious legislators preventing persons of my ancestry from so traveling. Nor, as being beneath the dignity of a select resorter, did I care to try the delights of a ride in a freight car; although such a ride was most ingratiatingly recommended by a writer in the *Atlantic* a short time since. Arrived, in imagination, at my destination, I look up the broad shrubbery-fringed esplanade leading to the hotel; but I see no black servitor with shining ivories hastening to meet me. As I enter the hotel I am sensible of an excitement — the mixture of curiosity and consternation — created by my coming; the factotums of my own race about the hotel gaze at me in speechless wonder, or else whisper meaningly to one another; as I stalk to the clerk's desk and ask to register, I gorgonize that hitherto unabashed individual; the loungers, amazed, sit upright like statues in the Hall of Silence. Imagination picturing true, I will not dwell upon what happens thereafter. Suffice to say, that if I escape unbruised and unarrested, and can make my way with the aid of freight car or any other vehicle through the dark and tortuous ways of a hostile country to that city of the North whence I came, I shall ever afterwards recall my safe return with soul-sincere thanksgiving.

Now I ask in all seriousness, what member of any other race could have such a thrilling experience in his imagi-

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nation, from the mere imaginary acceptance of an invitation duly directed and solemnly sent to him?

Such an experience in reality at a Northern hotel or in a Northern Young Men's Christian Association would, in some quarters, call forth a deal of gratuitous sympathy. An idea has unfortunately got abroad that being a Negro is like being in solitary confinement, — away from the rest of the world. It is thought, indeed, that there could be no place chosen so gloomy or so hopeless in which to be born as among this race composed to some extent of descendants of Ham. Yet the whole question depends — as all other things do in life — on the point of view and the state of mind. I can never forget how near I came once, at a certain institution of learning, to rustication, because I insisted, in the face of frequent and emphatic asseverations of the Professor of Philosophy to the contrary, that objects were objects and things existed outside of the mind. Since then I have seen how cheerful was the view of the good professor, and how a Negro adopting it can experience joys such as no white man can ever know.

Worn as is the saying that life's happiness lies in anticipation, it is a truism that perfectly fits the Negro's case. So much lies before him, the things he can hope to achieve are so much more numerous than those which Aryans can look forward to, that his pleasures of hope are endless. And why should he end them? why seek disillusion in attainment? Was Sancho Panza happier when he was hoping for, or when he had come into his government? With the Negro it is but seldom that delights grow stale by being transformed from the imaginary to the real. He may have suffered here and there such disillusioning, but not enough to render him cynical. He had faith, it is true, that the coming of his freedom would solve all questions for him; yet he found it but broadened his field of anticipation. He as firmly believed that his advance in education would help him, but this merely served to show the measureless distance between him and satiety. He is in position to pity the self-extolled Aryan who, if American, thinks himself nearing the limits of perfection.

In fact the Negro is the rustic of America. Of the doings of this great and busy nation he is but a spectator. He stands as the procession passes, with mouth agape. He imagines that ever new wonders are to arrive, and his fancy creates a veritable *Arabian Nights*. What is common to others is a source of admiration to him.

One who basks in the sunshine of adulation, who is constantly told or constantly telling himself that he is the very climax of civilization, the heir of all the ages, knows not what it is to feel the heart beat quickly at a word of praise. Heap abuse upon one, however, misrepresent his every action, call his assertion of his ordinary rights insolence, scoff at his efforts at deference and politeness as servility, and then a kind word to him is as a grateful palm in the midst of a desert.

While in particular instances a chance encomium may reach a Negro, yet on the whole he is little subject to that soul-deadening anæsthetic, — flattery. With him plain speaking is the vogue; a spade is a spade, however black; and consequently he is not led by ill-advised laudations to look upon himself as perfect, — a boon which will forever keep him struggling forward, and because of which he ought, without ceasing, to rejoice. A few, indeed, are so constituted that this plain-speaking frequently directed at them reduces them to a pachydermatous state (which if reached by philosophers would be called the Centre of Indifference), wherein they remain unmoved by calumny even. The dullest can see the advantage of such a condition. A few others, all too sensitive, wilt and wither under this hard candor; but the great world cannot stop to care for the few.

To attract attention — *monstrari digito* — has, since the existence of man, been the chief support of his vanity and ambition. Herostratus, in olden times, burned

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Diana's Temple to become immortal. And to what shifts have not men resorted to gain a modicum of notoriety, to stand for a moment in the limelight? How happy, then, must the Negro be, when, if fairly dressed, entering a public palce with wife or sweetheart, he, without effort on his part, arouses a bustling curiosity that good manners, even, do not restrain! He is stared at, whispered about, — becoming the centre of all glances; and despite the fact that a little scantness of morals — a little illegal Mormonism — has left many Negroes with features scarcely distinguishable from those of the most rampant Anglo-Saxons, if his companion happens to be light of color, fair-haired and blue-eyed, yet having either a bar sinister or an African ancestor somewhere in the far-off past, the attention he receives is riotous.

But all things have their recompense. Does a theatre refuse to sell me a first class seat? or rather, not refusing because of the law, falsely pretend that all such seats are sold? Does a heartless real estate dealer decline to sell me a house outside of the slums? — I simply call on a white Negro to buy one for me, and go off, gloating over the fact that the proud Aryan has put it in my power to triumph over his unrighteous exclusiveness. More than once Negroes have, because of what is known as their "white reinforcement," moved along in intimate relations side by side with those the very breath of whose lives was the hatred of anything African. Now I challenge the world to show me an Aryan who can successfully pass for a Negro.

Moreover, it is a great wonder that the blacks have so little haughtiness when they find themselves the topic for magazine and newspaper articles, the inspiration for many marvelous songs, the subject of innumerable discussions in the very Congress of the United States, and not seldom the moving spirit in those latter-day gems of literature, — race novels.

Many have thought the common belief that all Negroes are alike was a fact much to be deplored; but here again is an almost universal mistake. The surprise, the pleasant shock, that the Aryan gets when now and again he finds this belief upset, in no small measure atones for any injury done to the less fortunate race. I remember once upon a time meeting on a railroad train an elderly gentleman full of good intentions toward the heathen and downtrodden, and somewhat officious withal. I had in my hand a score of the opera *Rigoletto*, which had been sung in my city the night before. A book in the hands of a Negro quickly attracted the benevolent gentleman's attention. He then perused me from head to foot, as though I was the strangest of creatures. I could see condescension oozing from every pore. "Young man," he said, "I see you are trying to elevate yourself. This is a glorious country, where every man has a chance. The nation shed its blood for you. What book have you there?" I meekly showed it to him. "Ah, music — opera — you enjoy that! You are different from the rest of your people. My family was at that opera. I know very little about music myself." Not less than the writer; but here was my chance for revenge. I dragged forth and criticised out of hand musician after musician (my knowledge of them having been obtained much after the manner of Pendennis's acquaintance with things while working with Warrington on the *Pall Mall Gazette*), — Wagner, Verdi, Bach, Bizet, Strauss, Donizetti, Gounod, and such others as my ransacked memory afforded. My new-found acquaintance was the very picture of amazement, — began to retreat when I appealed to him to decide whether the world was most indebted to Mozart or Wagner for dramatic music; but I was unrelenting, and, pursuing, poured upon him such volleys of "counterpoint," "arias," "ensembles," "phrasings," that he dropped into his seat mute and helpless. Should any one object that I was guilty of pretentiousness, even of deception, I admit it, but plead self-defense, which justifies ex-

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treme measures, — even to the taking of human life. What right had he to assume because I had a book in my hand that I was a prodigy, and to affront me by telling me so?

When one desires to express a truth it is the fashion to apologize for the triteness of it; as though the extirpation of triteness from the earth would not most surely leave us without a shred of truth. It is therefore without apology that I state the world-wide axiom that altruism has been the principal factor in the advancement of true civilization. Those who exercise it are bound to have delights that the individual who cares but for himself can never hope to attain. What a scope, then, for selflessness must not the Negro have, when he is told that he must raise all of his race to a high level of respectability and intelligence before any individual thereof, whatever his merit, can hope to receive the treatment accorded to a man and a citizen! At first blush such a proposition would seem absurd, but the very fact that Aryans advance it shows that they, as a rule, regard the Negro as capable of more general cultivation than themselves. And then that responsibility of one for all and all for one, — how surely it makes each Negro his brother's keeper, and how each must tremble and deplore (and I had almost said turn pale) when he hears of an offense committed by any son of Ham.

In negroes' working for themselves alone, there would, from a larger view, be something of selfishness. Yet they can fairly claim to have lightened the burdens of myriads, and to have furnished amusement to countless thousands who could not, perhaps, have been otherwise entertained. One often wonders what would become of the cheap cartoonist and outlandish dialect-writer if the Negro were suddenly removed from American life; what untimely fate would overtake the melon joke and the chicken joke. As one contemplates the matter a real alarm is created; for what would become of certain heavy magazine writers, sensational novelists, and numberless Lilliputians in newspaper offices? How many words of detraction would lie unused and rusting in the lexicon! How, here and there, philanthropy itself would droop and die!

Giving joy to another is a joy in itself. To keep another in a state of complacency amounts to the same thing. Of how much just pride the Aryan would be divested if he no longer had the lowly Negro to measure himself by, we can never know. Could there be nobility without commons? Could there be princes without subjects? Could there be an indomitable Aryan race, whose matchless courage, virtue, and heroism conquered the American wilderness and overcame its savages, were there no Negro here clamoring for his share in American life? Not so; without the Negro as a foil, Americans would be nothing more than plain white men.

If the satisfaction furnished the superior race sometimes causes the less fortunate pain, the latter should remember that what benefits the majority makes for the good of the whole, and that nothing is nobler than vicarious suffering. The frogs were foolish when they cried out to the boys, "What is fun for you is death to us." The very wrongs of the oppressed have more than once called out the finest qualities in their oppressors, which might have, for the want of incitement, lain dormant forever. In compensation for injustice at home a deal of commiseration may be scattered abroad. Who can tell but that certain small, sporadic iniquities wrought against the blacks in America have so softened the consciences both of the people and of our ruling powers that they have been led to sympathize with the oppressed of all the foreign world, and to utter tearful protests against Armenian outrages and Kishenev massacres?

In this age where all is doubt, and every statement outside veracious newspapers is picked to pieces by original investigation, one may, without being liable to the charge of heresy, stick at accepting

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the theory that he who enjoys the highest things alone enjoys existence. It would not be fair to presume that, because one leads a lowly and unlettered life, he in his own way has not as much solid enjoyment as the greatest of philosophers, poets, or artists. The youngster, swallowing with eager gulps the contents of a detective story in which are recounted the hairbreadth escapes of some matchless sleuth, will, even though raised in after life above such literature, confess, if ingenuous, that he enjoyed his *Old Thunderbolt* as much as the *Adam Bede* of his later life. And what has brought more real joy to the soul of the sentimental maiden than, say, *When Armor was in Fashion?* It would be many a long year before she would prefer *Henry Esmond* to it. There is no aristocracy of enjoyment. Those who tell us that there is no music but Wagner's, and that the love of melody is an infallible sign of a vicious taste; no poetry but Browning's,— at least that part of him that must be guessed at, — thrive by assumption alone. It is impossible that any considerable portion of the human race shall be elevated to the level where these alleged highest pleasures are; and to the many, — the common people have some rights, — those things they comprehend and delight in give as true gratification as the elect enjoy.

If this be true, the Negro, presumed by the thoughtless majority, because of his environment, to be the most joyless of creatures, has a much larger share of happiness than many who outwardly appear more fortunate. (Here we speak of the typical Negro, not the late, revised, Aryanized one.) First of all he has what satisfaction there is in knowing that the theory of things is right. In theory he has whatever any other man has; just as in theory all men are created equal, — the law is impartially administered, — we are a Christian nation. Though the Negro is actually excluded from the social, political, and industrial life of America, there is comfort in the fact that he is not the least of the non-Aryans in this country. He has been theoretically placed on equal footing with the great white man by the great white man himself. Mongolians cannot become citizens of the United States, while the African from any part of the world and his descendants have this glorious privilege. It is interesting to note that members of the race that has so lately flung the proud Aryan into the dust in the Far East have, on several occasions, once in enlightened Massachusetts (In Re Saito, 62 Fed. Rep. 126), been refused the citizenship which a Negro may have for the asking. But after all, such discrimination as is practiced against him gives him leisure to develop, undisturbed by outside cares, those things in him worth cultivating. While the German, Irishman, Frenchman, and even the proud Englishman, who comes to this country, pools each his individuality in Americanism, the Negro, developing independence, stands aloof, with a determination to yield only when longer resistance would be criminal folly.

The negative pleasures of the Negro are not few. He has none of the burdens of governing, being relieved therefrom by his altruistic Aryan fellow-citizens. He has none of the troubles and temptations of millionaires; he expects but little and hence is seldom disappointed. He carries no revenges concealed in his bosom. He forgives his enemies easily. Do him a grievous injury, and a modicum of kindness removes resentment therefor. Bastinado his sensibilities to-day; he will salve them with biblical quotations, and to-morrow go on his way rejoicing.

From the Bible, indeed, the Negro draws no small portion of his philosophy of life; and while he may take a passage here and there too literally, yet he derives such satisfaction from this book that he would probably assail more truculently an enemy thereof than one who had done him personal wrong. "Take no thought for the morrow;" "The Lord will provide;" "Lay ye not up treasures on earth;" "Consider the lilies how they grow, they toil not neither do they spin;"

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"Man that is born of woman is of few days and full of trouble," — these and such passages are unction to his soul.

From the Bible, likewise, the Negro draws justification for his failure to be actively resentful of his wrongs. And who best represents the Christian spirit, the Aryan raging over the loss of a tooth, demanding a tooth in return and refusing to be comforted without it, or the humble black who, hardly smitten on one cheek, meekly presents the other to the smiter? In the lowliness of the Founder of his faith the Negro finds comfort for his own poverty. He is not so engrossed with earthly things, but he has a constant eye on Paradise. He believes that like Lazarus he will recline on Abraham's bosom; while those who enjoyed without stint this world's goods squirm amidst brimstone with no drop of water to cool their quenchless thirst.

The contemplation of death, which brings terror to many and to almost all men sadness, brings to the Negro the idea of rest from labor and surcease of sorrow. Hence one finds more preparation by him for that fatal last event than for living, moving, and having his being on earth. Death, too, is a certain vindicator of equality; not that the Negro is glad when an Aryan, though a hostile one, goes to the land of darkness; but he points significantly and with melancholy satisfaction to the fact that poor Mose, who died a social pariah only yesterday, occupies as much of his mother earth as the dead colonel who lorded it over him so haughtily but a short fortnight ago.

Through all his vicissitudes hope is the black man's priceless asset. This he never loses, how gloomy soever the way. For him there is always something in the future, no matter how distant. A negro of uncommon ability, the advocate of a new education for Negroes, has told them that in a thousand years they would be fitted to partake of the things the Aryan now enjoys, and this promise of remote enjoyment the blacks hail with enthusiasm. Was there ever sublimer faith? The very heart-wailings of the Negro speak of a brighter beyond. Of joy he cannot be bereft: his buoyancy overtops any sorrow. Pessimism seldom knows him. One miracle of deliverance has been performed for him, and he is confidently expecting another.

Should any question my authority to speak as above for the Negro, I reply that I became a Negro above thirty years ago; and, being initiated into all the mysterious rites of the race, have remained one ever since.

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NATURE POETRY

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

MOTHER of all the high-strung poets and singers departed,
Mother of all the grass that weaves over their graves the glory of the field,
Mother of all the manifold forms of life, deep-bosomed, patient, impassive,
Silent brooder and nurse of lyrical joys and sorrows!
Out of thee, yea, surely out of the fertile depth below thy breast,
Issued in some strange way, thou lying motionless, voiceless,
All these songs of nature, rhythmical, passionate, yearning,
Coming in music from earth, but not unto earth returning.

Dust are the blood-red hearts that beat in time to these measures,
Thou hast taken them back to thyself, secretly, irresistibly
Drawing the crimson currents of life down, down, down
Deep into thy bosom again, as a river is lost in the sand.
But the souls of the singers have entered into the songs that revealed them, —
Passionate songs, immortal songs of joy and grief and love and longing:
Floating from heart to heart of thy children, they echo above thee:
Do they not utter thy heart, the voices of those that love thee?

Long hast thou lain like a queen transformed by some old enchantment
Into an alien shape, mysterious, beautiful, speechless,
Knowing not who thou art, till the touch of thy Lord and Lover
Working within thee wakens the man-child, to breathe thy secret.
All of thy flowers and birds and beasts and woods and waters
Are but enchanted forms that embody the life of the spirit;
Thou thyself, earth-mother, in mountain and meadow and ocean,
Holdest the poem of God, eternal thought and emotion.

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ELIANA: THE LATEST WINDFALL

BY WILLIAM C. HAZLITT

AFTER all that has been accomplished by my contemporaries and myself in the direction of gradually building up the correspondence of Charles and Mary Lamb within a fair distance of exhaustion, additions to all our stores are continually presenting themselves until it becomes difficult to foresee when the end will be reached. The multiplication of letters and notes is mainly due to the release of Lamb in 1825 from his official duties, or to the long retention of papers of this sort in the hands of descendants of the recipients; and it is an absolute matter of fact that even now there are important letters to John Chambers, Miss Fryer, and others, undiscovered, and those to Chambers more than possibly lost. Nor should we be surprised at the volume of material, known and unknown, when we perceive, on Lamb's own showing, that during the years of greater leisure he dispatched as many as twenty communications in a single day.

It has been my fortune to accumulate, since the appearance of my last Elian volume in 1900, apart from a sheaf which I contributed to Mr. Lucas's and Mr. Macdonald's editions, about fifty unpublished epistles, not inferior on the whole to those in type, if we except the journal-like ones to Coleridge, Southey, and others, belonging to the eighteenth or very early years of the nineteenth century, when the members of the circle were young and comparatively obscure. From the sources which I indicate, and elsewhere, there is much new light to be obtained on Lamb's life and writings, and it is my aim in the present case to limit myself to a sketch or précis of this freshest treasure trove, with extracts of striking or illustrative passages. It is assuredly singular that of a man and a household living among us, so to speak, within a generation or so, the personal and literary history should remain a work of the future: and yet we wonder at the difficulties attendant on learning more about Shakespeare. Is it generally known that John Lamb, the father, was a clever modeler in clay, and that his profile portrait of his master, Samuel Salt, is still extant, or that the grand ambition of John, the brother, was to produce a play, and his most heartfelt mortification the rejection of his attempts by the managers? Anecdotes of Charles are occasionally regained from those, now themselves advanced in years, who received them from the lips of friends of the humorist, such as that one where Lamb, seated in the coach on his return home from Highgate, where he had visited Coleridge at Gillman's, is accosted by an old lady with the inquiry whether *he* is full inside, and replies, "Yes, ma'am, that last bit of pudding at Gillman's did it." He once mischievously spoke of the surgeon as *Killman*.

Through the Novellos Lamb seems to have acquired a sort of musical taste and insight, and in a letter or two to Vincent of that ilk he employs the refrain *Da Capo*, which we encounter in the Concertos at Covent Garden Theatre in 1791. But this point and numberless others must be reserved for a suitable and convenient opportunity, and I now proceed to my appointed task.

The body of unedited correspondence in my hands extends from 1821 to the last week in August, 1834, exactly four months prior to the close of that distinguished career. So far as I am able, I propose to place the reader in possession of the substance and salient features of those effusions, of which the characteristics are so exceedingly familiar; and I commence

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with the only letter hitherto found to Miss Humphreys, who belonged to Lamb's Cambridge coterie and the Isola tie. It is dated 1821, announces Emma's early departure for Cambridge, where she was to rejoin Mrs. Paris, gives Mary's and his own love to all true Trumpingtonians (Mrs. Paris resided in Trumpington Street), admits Emma's addiction to making dog's-ears in books (of which he was not himself guiltless), and is subscribed "Yours Truly, foolish C. L." In a note of the same year to Robert Baldwin he asks him to keep a little room for him in the *London* till the 18th, as he does not like to have a number quite Elialess. On the 29th of November, 1823, Crosthwaite is charged with a note to Wordsworth to report a visit from the Monkhouses and Miss Hutchinson at Colebrook Cottage, where he hopes some day to see W. himself. In 1824 we find Alaric Watts sending a handsome copy of the *Souvenir*, and soliciting a contribution from Lamb for the next volume. Lamb describes himself as dried up, but will see what he can do. He had shown the volume to Coleridge, who was pleased with it. He begs Watts not to trouble again to give him a superfine copy, as an ordinary one would be good enough. This one puts his poor collection to the blush. A letter to Allsop, which has so far been misplaced, just succeeds the retirement. The Lambs had gone down to Enfield; Mary is ill, Miss James is in attendance; and Lamb has had bad nights. Allsop has been attending to some business. But he can keep the £81. 4. 6 till they meet, as Lamb has plenty of current cash. This note is dated September 14, 1825, not 1827.

A very curious letter to Hone, of or about 1827, contains a droll figure of Miss Lamb drawn by Hood, representing her in a coal-scuttle bonnet, mounting a stile; above, in her brother's hand, is "Ride a cock-horse," and beneath "Mrs. Gilpin riding to Edmonton." It was intended for insertion in the *Table Book*, where there is an erroneous and misleading account, signed *A Sojourner at Enfield*. He invites Hone to slip down some day to Enfield and go a-greendragoning. He was at this date familiar enough with Edmonton, although he did not settle there until 1833.

There is in this parcel a series of letters to Moxon between 1827 and 1833, which have so far been withheld from the editions, and which Moxon himself sold about fifty years since to a private collector. There comes, in one of July 27, 1827, a response to an invitation for Emma Isola to go to Vauxhall, apparently with her future husband, but the scruples of an aunt, who is described as "a queer one," interpose, and it is made peremptory that there shall be a chaperone. Lamb has been writing letters till he can no longer see. The relations between the Lambs and the Kenneys and Holcrofts had been early and remained steadfast; the correspondence which passed on the Lambs' side has been slowly emerging from sundry obscure and mysterious recesses, and my store embraces two or three rather material omissions. In a letter to Miss Louisa Holcroft, who successively became the wife of Dr. Badams (1832) and of the Baron de Merger, Lamb begins by declaring that his sister has written her last letter in this world, but reassures the lady by explaining that Mary is extant and sleek, but has left him writing legatee. The Kenneys were then residing in Brunswick Square, and Lamb shrinks from calling on Kenney, lest he should be suspected of coming to be repaid for the hospitality shown to him at Enfield. He inquires about the small Kenneys, the second family, and wants to know whether they lie three in a bed. A note to Hone of December 15, same year, condoles with him on a loss in his family, and points to one of the severe trials of Lamb during his sister's illness. It was the eleventh week. The notes to Moxon go on with brief intermissions. They are chiefly on current matters of business or commission. He hopes that the *Keepsake* he asked Mrs. Hazlitt to return has arrived. It had a blot on it when it first

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came. He will be glad to see Moxon, either with his switch in his hand or with Hunt's *Lord Byron* or Hazlitt's *Napoleon* under his arm. Under February 18, 1828, Mary Lamb is said to be in no immediate want of books, as she has had "a damned consignment of novels in MS. from Malta," which he says "I wish the Mediterranean had in its guts." This unwelcome present was from Lady Stoddart. A notelet of September 25 following, to Mrs. Hood, finds the Lambs a little embarrassed by visitors, — Martin Burney, his sister and her husband, Coleridge, etc., and it is extremely noteworthy from the subscription, "believe us ever yours affectionately, C. Lamb," because such an unusual form of words accentuates the peculiar regard which I think the Lambs entertained for the Hoods. In December, Lamb, in his quality of amanuensis for his sister, thanks Louisa Holcroft for her handkerchief, and intimates that Mary would have preferred blonde to white sarsenet trimmings. He was not to tell her, but maybe it would be a hint for the next. Lamb has an attack of something, — an eruption, — and describes his symptoms. He is told that it is very catching, and cautions Louisa that she might, as he makes out, take it in a piece of plumcake. He dreads the possibility of spreading the contagion through the postman to the whole village. A vein of pleasant hyperbole pervades the whole. The attack may have been a slight one of erysipelas, which was to recur.

Since 1806 he had known Elliston, who took the name part in the ill-fated farce of *Mr. H.* The actor does not come to the surface again till his friend had become a personage of distinction and could afford to look back on his early dramatic efforts with indifference. But the truth is that Lamb never renounced the hope of success in this direction, and I have above noted that his brother was haunted by a similar aspiration. In 1829 Lamb wrote a farce, to which he gave the title of *The Pawnbroker's Daughter*, not impossibly a reminiscence of the Bartrum episode, and in 1830 inserted it in *Fraser's Magazine*, but he did not do so until he had appealed to Elliston to produce it at the Surrey Theatre, and as the manager's reply is one of a slender salvage, no letter to the Lambs being at one time known to exist, I append it: —

SURREY THEATRE,
March 14, 1829.

MY DEAR SIR, — I was delighted to find you had not forgotten me, and shall with much pleasure renew your acquaintance. The Farce you have sent me, I regret to say, would not in my opinion be suited to the interest of the theatre, and therefore I return it. I have a tolerably good house, 84 Great Surrey Street, Blackfriars Road, where I shall be always happy to see you, and I request you to believe that I am,

Very truly yours,
R. W. ELLISTON.

CHAS. LAMB ESQRE.

The communications to Moxon are incessant. Under September 22, 1829, he asks for the loan of the *Garrick Papers* or *Anne of Geierstein*, but does not want Mrs. Jameson or Lady Morgan. Mary is hopelessly ill. He will be glad to talk over Moxon's ramble with him. On the 12th of May, 1830, he sends him criticisms on his Sonnets, and thinks that he is destined to shine in them.

I now come to two letters, the first from Dorothy Wordsworth to Mary Lamb, January 9, 1830, the other to Lamb from Wordsworth himself, January 10, 1830, both further additions to the hitherto recovered epistolary remains of this kind. I shall print them as they stand, with the very obliging permission of the representatives of Wordsworth: —

TO CHARLES LAMB

Sunday, Jany. 10th, 1830.

MY DEAR LAMB, — A whole twelvemonth have I been a letter in your debt — for which fault I have been sufficiently punished by self reproach.

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I liked your play marvellously, having no objection to it but one, which strikes me as applicable to a large majority of plays, those of Shakespear himself not entirely excepted, I mean a little degradation of character, for a more dramatic turn of Plot.

Your present of Hone's Book was very acceptable, and so much so, that your part of the Book is the cause why I did not write long ago. I wished to enter a little minutely into notice of the Dramatic Extracts, and on account of the smallness of the print deferred doing so till longer days would allow one to read without candle light which I have long since given up. But alas when the days lengthened my eyesight departed, and for many months I could not read three minutes at a time. You will be sorry to hear that this infirmity still hangs about me, and almost cuts me off from reading altogether. But how are you, and how is your dear Sister? I long much, as we all do, to know. For ourselves, this last year, owing to my Sister's dangerous illness, the effects of which are not yet got over, has been an anxious one, and melancholy. But no more of this — my Sister has probably told everything about the family, so that I may conclude with less scruple, by assuring you of my sincere and faithful affection for you and your dear Sister.

WM. WORDSWORTH.

My Son takes this to London.

Sunday, 10th.

My brother has given me this to enclose [in] my own. His account of me is far too doleful. I am, I assure you, perfectly well and it is only in order to become strong as heretofore that I confine myself mainly to the house — and yet were I to trust my *feelings* merely I should say that I am strong already. His eyes, alas! are very weak and so will I fear remain through life; but with proper care he does not suffer much. D. W.

[*Endorsed*] CHARLES LAMB, ESQRE.
Enfield Common,
Enfield.

TO MARY LAMB

RYDAL MOUNT, 9th *Jany.* 1830.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — My Nephew John will set off tomorrow evening to Oxford to take his Master of Arts' Degree and thence proceed to London where his time will be so short there is no chance of his being able to see you; but there is a *possibility* that your brother may happen to be in town at the same time — in which case it would grieve him, & us at home not less that he should not see him, — therefore if it *should* happen that your brother is in town anytime from the 17th to the 26th of this month pray desire him to inquire for the Revd. J. Wordsworth at Mr. Cookson's, No. 6 Lincoln's Inn. There he will be sure to learn where John may be found, of which at present he knows no more than that he will not lodge at Mr. Cookson's, though he will certainly call there & leave his address immediately after he reaches Town.

I do not write merely for the sake of seeing your Brother (& you also if you happen to be in London) but to inquire after you both, for now that our good friend Henry Robinson is absent you might as well also be living in Rome for anything we hear concerning you; and believe me we are often uneasy in the thought that all communication seems cut off between us; and sincerely and earnestly do we all desire that your Brother will let us have a post letter (no waiting for Franks or private conveyances) telling us himself how you live, what you are doing, — and whom you see, of old friends or new — as visitors by your fireside — I do not ask you, Miss Lamb, to do it, for I know you dislike the office, but dear Charles L. you whom I have known almost five & thirty years — I trust that I do not in vain entreat you to let us have the eagerly desired letter at your earliest opportunity, which letter will, we hope, bring us tidings of H. C. Robinson. We have not heard anything concerning him since his departure from England, though he promised absolutely

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to write on his arrival at Rome — and if his intentions were fulfilled he must have been a resident there for many weeks. Do you see Talfourd? Does he prosper in his profession? What Family has he? &c. But I will not particularize persons but include all in our general inquiry letter (Miss Kelly amongst the rest). Tell us of all whom you know in whose well-doing you know us also to be interested; but above all be very minute in all that regards your own dear selves, for there are no persons in the world, exclusive of members of our own Family, of whom we think & talk so frequently or with such delightful remembrances. Your removal from London (though to my thought London is hardly London without you) shall not prevent my seeing you both in you own Cottage, if I have to go there again — but at present I have no distinct plans heading me thither. Now that Mr. Monkhouse is gone, our family have no absolute home there, and should we go it will probably be in our way to the continent, or to the southern shores of England: — Wishes I can now and then at least indulge of at last re-visiting Switzerland — and again crossing the Alps & even stretching on to Rome; but there is a great change in my feelings respecting plans for the future. If we make any, we entertain them as an amusement perhaps for a short while, but never set my heart upon anything which is to be accomplished three months hence, & have no satisfaction whatever in schemes. When one has lived almost sixty years, one is satisfied with present enjoyment, & thankful for it, without daring to count over what is to be done six months hence. But, forgive me, I go on prosing & do not say a word to satisfy your desire to know how we are all here & what doing. To begin, then, with the heads of the house — My Brother & sister are both in excellent health. In *him* there is no failure except the tendency to inflammation in his eyes, which disables him from reading much or at all by candle light — & the use of his pen is irksome to him: however he has a most competent and willing amanuensis in his Daughter, and she takes all labour from Mother's and Aunt's aged hands. His muscular powers are in no degree diminished — indeed I think that he walks regularly more than ever, finding fresh air the best bracer of his weak eyes. He is still the crack skater on Rydal Lake, and as to climbing of mountains, the hardiest & the youngest are yet hardly a match for him. In composition I can perceive no failure, & his imagination seems as vigorous as ever. Yet he shrinks from his great work — and both during the last & present winter has been employed in writing small poems. Do not suppose, my dear Friend, that I write the above boastingly — Far from it! It is in thankfulness for present blessings — yet always with a sense of the probability that all will have a sudden check, and if not so the certainty that in the course of man's life but a few years of vigorous health and strength are allotted to him. For this reason my sister & I take every opportunity of impressing upon him the necessity of applying to his great work — & this he feels — resolves to do it, and again resolution fails, — and now I almost fear habitually, that it will be ever so. I have told you *she* is well, and indeed I think her much stronger than a few years ago, and (now that I am for the whole of this winter set aside as a Walker) she takes my place, & will return from an eight mile walk with my Brother unfatigued. Miss Hutchinson & her sister Joanna are both with us — Miss H. is perfectly well and Joanna very happy, though she may always be considered as an invalid. Her home is in the Isle of Man, & with the first mild breezes of spring she intends returning thither with her sailor brother Henry — they too "toddling down the hill" together. She is an example for us all. With the better half of her property she purchased Columbian bonds — at about 70 — gets no interest & will not sell, consequently the cheapness of the little Isle tempted her thither on a visit, & she

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finds the air so suitable to her health and everything else so much to her mind that she *will*, in spite of our unwillingness to part with her, make it her home. As to her lost property, she never regrets it. She has so reduced her wants that she declares herself to be now richer than she ever was in her life, and so *she is;* for she has always a little to spare at the end of the year, and in her little way can always assist the distressed. I believe you never saw Joanna, & it is a pity, for you would have loved her very much. She possesses all the good qualities of the Hutchinsons. My niece Dora, who remembers you always with the greatest affection, has lately been in much better health than within the last few years. She is [a word lost] & very active and a most useful personage at home — her Father's helper at all times, and in domestic concerns she takes all the trouble from her Mother & me. I trust that in the course of a year or two she may become strong; but now is no walker — cannot climb a mountain. It is not improbable that her Father may take her to Cambridge in the spring, & if so to London, & in that case they would see you: but no plans are laid, though now & then Dora amuses herself with talking about it. As for myself, you will be glad to hear that I am perfectly well; but after this pleasant assurance I must tell you that my health had a sad shaking last April, when I was with John in Leicestershire. The disorder was imflammation of the Bowels. In June I left that country & from want of care have had two or three attacks but neither so severe nor of the same kind: however enough to convince me of the necessity of great care; & therefore *now* though perfectly well I am acting the invalid — never walk except in the garden, & am driven out whenever weather permits by my Niece in the poney chaise. By these means I hope to resume my former habits next summer — during the present winter laying in a stock of strength. My dear Friend, your eyes are weak, & you will find this a sad troublesome prosy letter, & vexed I am, for (using proper discretion) I might have told all I *have* told in one half the number of lines. Pray forgive me, & entreat your kind Brother to scrawl me a written assurance that you do so, and with that to send us a minute account of all that concerns yourselves and as much about Mutual Friends as he has leisure for and inclination. My Brother, Sister, Miss H. & Dora unite with me in sincerest good wishes for the coming year & every succeeding one of your lives — & that they may be many. God bless you both, & my dear Miss Lamb

Believe me ever your affecti. Friend

D. WORDSWORTH.

Strange that I should have written this long letter without a word of our absent William to whom you were so kind when a London School-boy. He has been at Bremen since last June. When he left Rydal Mount his health was but indifferent but in Leicestershire he recruited & left England in good health, but at first the change of climate, habits, &c., &c. disagreed with him, & he was very unwell, yet always wrote in good spirits. I am happy to tell you that his late letters have only spoken of "excellent health," but it is nearly two months since his last, & we are anxiously expecting letters. He is much attached to the excellent Family with whom he lives; and we have reason to believe that his time passes profitably.

In common with the other conversers on paper of the first era, Wordsworth presents himself very rarely in later days, when his old friend had gained success in literature, although the keynote of these two letters of 1830 betrays no sign of faltering attachment. Yet they were in London in 1831, and Lamb speaks of not having seen them, hardly expecting to do so.

A letter to Moxon of February, 1831, is written in the presence of a very severe winter, when the roads are made almost impassable by snow and ankle-deep slush. He alludes to the well-known case of Dyer, and his lines on Rogers, which were

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subsequently suppressed, but on which Dyer brooded long after. Moxon is desired to exhibit a letter of apology to Rogers to convince him that Dyer meant no offence, yet, as Lamb puts it, "this unique recantation is like a dirty pocket handkerchief muck'd with tears of some indigent Magdalen. There is the impress of sincerity in every pot-hook and hanger." It appears that *Satan in Search of a Wife*, a sequel to sundry Satanic productions by his friends, is not selling: he thinks he must bear part of the loss: Moxon is indispensable in attending to small matters in London, lending books, returning books borrowed, and delivering messages to "the dead people," those to whom the Lambs at a distance seem dead. We gain fresh insight into Lamb's reading tastes and resources in this batch of notes. He would like Collier's book, probably *The History of Dramatic Poetry*, just come out (1831), and the sixth volume of Nichols's *Literary Illustrations of the Eighteenth Century*. Wordsworth did not approve of "Nicky," — Lamb's Satan aforesaid, — whereas, says Lamb, "he and I used to dispute about Hell Eternities, I taking the affirmative. I love to puzzle atheists and — parsons." Talfourd has been complimenting him upon a performance of which he knows nothing in the *Tatler*. Lamb has been busy in support of Coleridge's application for a pension, and has an interview with Lord Grey. "I was received by the Great Man with the utmost cordiality (shook hands with me coming & going); a fine, hearty Gentleman, & as seeming willing to relieve any anxiety from me, promised me an answer through Badams in two or three days at farthest." But Gillman marred the scheme by what Lamb terms an "extraordinary insolent" letter in the *Times*. An application had been previously made to the Chancellor. At this juncture, in Lamb's opinion, Coleridge's life was never worth two years' purchase. We hear here of the Sugdens as visitors to Enfield, and Lamb has been informed that Kenney has cleared £100 by his play, and thinks that Moxon is a damned fool if he does not exact his tithe of him — some loan, it is to be apprehended; and probably he had lent K. money, too, for he subscribes himself "Your Brother Fool, C. L."

A letter of 1831 to the same correspondent has already been printed, but from a recent comparison with the autographs it is to be inferred that the two notes have been rolled into one, and the second incompletely rendered. I refer to the one mentioning George Dawe, R. A., and to Moxon's venture called *Peter's Net*. The second seems to open with the words, "Send, or bring me Hone's No. for August," and continues, "Hunt is a fool, and his critics." — Most of the note is as it occurs in print, but the editors omit at the conclusion: "S—— is a coxcomb. W—— is a —— —— and a great Poet." I presume that these lines were written in August–September, 1831, from the reference to Hone. In December he writes to Moxon: "Nothing with my name will sell, a blast is upon it. . . . Being praised, and being bought, are different things to a book. Fancy books sell from fashion, not from the number of their real likers." In January, 1832, Moxon has made the acquaintance of Rickman. Lamb wants Moxon to bring the last *Blackwood* with him, and finishes by a grotesque attempt to draw a corkscrew, below which is *C. L. fecit* and "C. Lamb born 1775, flourished about the year 1832." The same year saw the end of Lamb's pensioner, Mrs. Reynolds, and Lamb calculates that, as a second pensioner is in the workhouse, he is a gainer of £42 a year: but Moxon is not to disclose this, or other candidates will spring up. Alas! this twelvemonth also witnessed the death of Admiral Burney. Payne the bookseller, his son-in-law, acquainted Lamb; but the latter had already seen the sad news in a paper. "Half of the pleasantness," he says to Payne, "of the better half of my life was from the society in James Street. It lasted longer than such friendships are used to

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do: Mary sends her very kindest love to *Sally* — tis her old appellation, and returns forcibly on this occasion."

Great news! Moxon has arranged to move into Bond Street. Lamb, his sister, and Silk-Cloak (Talfourd) congratulate. "Rogers approving, who can demur? Tell me when you get into Dover Street & what the No. is — that I may change foolscap for gilt & plain Mr. for Esq. I shall mister you while you stay." Lamb humorously addresses his friend, "Dear Murray! Moxon I mean," and alludes to his "fallen predecessor in Albemarle Street, "for whom he suggests Pope's line, —

"Murray long enouth his country's pride."

There is an illusory catchword at the foot of the first page, and overleaf is written: "Here's nothing over here."

The second series of *Elia* was issued in 1833 and led to a threat of an injunction against Moxon by Taylor, who had brought out the former volume, and claimed a copyright in those papers which had subsequently appeared. On March 6, 1833, Lamb wrote to Talfourd, congratulating him on the birth of a son, to whom he eventually stood sponsor, and soliciting advice. He also wrote to Moxon directing him to send copies of *Elia* to Coleridge and Bernard Barton, and to contrive a way of making one reach Savage Landor. The subscription is: "We join in triple love to you, Elia & Co." Nothing further seems to be ascertainable except that, writing on March 30, he tells Moxon that he will speak to him about the matter. Lamb averred that he had made no bargain with Taylor, and we find that gentleman a little later in friendly communication. The letter to Talfourd found him on the Oxford Circuit. There is a very remarkable paragraph in it rather foreign to Lamb's usual style. "Talking of accidents in families," he says, "what an egregious piece of duplicity has Proctor [*sic*] plaid off." He insinuates a playful doubt in his signature, whether his *nom de plume* belongs to him any longer: it is "C. L. (Elia, qu.)"

The Moxon marriage was now drawing near. It seems to be the event intended in a note of April 25, 1833, where Lamb says: "We perfectly agree in your arrangement. *It has quite set my sister's mind at rest.*" He asks Moxon to come over, as he desires to have him there "unWestwooded," and he talks of getting a bottle of choice port. He has transferred some stock to Emma. Not very long before he had had a misadventure at Forster's and burned his shin, so that he had to nurse his leg.

Forster saw a good deal of Lamb during these latter or last years. A note of June 3, 1833, found Lamb at his old amusement of writing acrostics, which required, as he informs his acquaintances, a steady hand to form the initial letters. He wants to see Forster to-morrow, and adds: "N. B. Tomorrow is Today with you. Set off."

The reception of a gift copy of *Elia*, 1833, afforded Wordsworth an occasion, of which he availed himself, to thank the author, and send quite a news-letter. The house at Rydal Mount was not just then a cheerful one, and the writer may have sympathized with the troubles of the man whom he addressed, and who had been the friend of his youth. This makes the fourth item here now first reclaimed from those hundreds on hundreds of messages by post delivered to Lamb and his sister, and as a general rule destroyed after a perusal or, at all events, reply: and the present writer has so far succeeded in bringing together from a variety of sources about a dozen. Others may be latent somewhere.

TO CHARLES LAMB.

RYDAL MOUNT,
May 17, or thereabouts.

MY DEAR LAMB, — I have to thank you & Moxon for a delightful vol. (your last, I hope not) of Elia. I have read it all except some of the popular fallacies which I reserve not to get through my Cake all at once. The Book has much pleased the whole of my family, my Wife, Daughter,

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Miss Hutchinson, & my poor dear Sister, on her sick-bed, they all return their best thanks. I'm not sure but I like the Old China & the Wedding as well as any of the Essays. I read, love me and love my Dog to my poor Sister this Morning, while I was rubbing her legs at the same time. She was much pleased, and what is rather remarkable, this morning also I fell upon an Anecdote in Madam D'Arblaye's life of her father where the other side of the question is agreeably illustrated. The Heroes of the tale are David Garrick and a favorite little Spaniel of King Charles's Breed, which he left with the Burneys when he & Mrs. Garrick went on their Travels. In your remarks upon Martin's Pictures I entirely concur — may it not be a question whether your own Imagination has not done a good deal for Titian's Bacchus and Ariadne?

With all my admiration of that great Artist, I cannot but think that neither Ariadne or Theseus look so well on his Canvass as they ought to do. But you and your Sister will be anxious if she be with you to hear something of our poor Invalid. She has had a long & sad illness — anxious to us above measure, and she is now very weak and poorly — Though she has been out of doors three times since the warm weather came. In the winter we expected her dissolution daily for some little time. She then recovered so as to quit her bed, but not her room, and to walk a few steps; but within these few days the hot thundery weather has brought on a bilious attack which has thrown her back a good deal & takes off the flesh which she was beginning to recover. Her Spirits, however, thank God, are good and whenever she is able to read she beguiles her time wonderfully. But I am sorry to say that we cannot expect that whatever may become of her health, her strength will ever be restored. I have been thus particular knowing how much you & your dear Sister value this excellent person who in tenderness of heart I do not honestly believe was ever exceeded by any of God's Creatures. Her loving kindness has no bounds. God bless her forever & ever! —

Again thanking you for your excellent Book, and wishing to hear from you & your dear Sister, and with best love to you both from us all I remain, my dear Lamb,

Your faithful Friend,
W. Wordsworth.

[*Endorsed*] Charles Lamb, Esq.,
c/o Mr. Moxon,
Bookseller,
Dover St.

I next offer, for the sake of juxtaposition, four notes to Moxon sent between June 14, and October 17, 1833, where the central theme is the union of the poet-publisher and Lamb's young protégée at the close of July in that year. In the first of this quartette, Emma seems to be staying at a friend's. Lamb has met Miss Norris, daughter of that oldest of friends, the last to call him Charlie; and after almost a life-time another friend of Salutation and Cat days, nay, of earlier than those, Valentine Le Grice, has reappeared, and given Lamb a dinner at Johnny Gilpin's at Edmonton, "where," writes Lamb, "we talked of what old friends were taken or left in the thirty years since we had met." Now the peroration to letters to Moxon begins to anticipate and to be in the dual number: "Bless you *both*, C. L." The next is most painful from a cause outside the immediate matter, — very immediate indeed, for it is dated July 28, just two days only prior to the marriage. It apparently refers to Martin Burney, and to a distressing communication from Matilda Betham. Lamb says, "I have a dreadful letter from Miss Betham which I should not attend to but that the situation she describes is *what I foresaw was inevitable.*" He begs Moxon to see Payne (Burney's brother-in-law) or Foss and try what can be done "to recover M. B. to a state of respectability." He is doing his best to present a suitable appearance at the forthcoming event,

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and he signs himself "Yours (both) affectionately, C. L." His correspondent is now unfailingly *armiger*.

In the third of the batch the scene has changed to Edmonton; the young wife is expected; dinner is at two; Moxon is to be there as well, and the bottle of super-excellent port or its fellow rises once more to the surface. M. and he are to discuss it, after deducting some for the ladies. Miss Betham's "exquisite verses" are named; but there are no farther allusions to the Burney case. The conclusion is: "Your loving friends, C. Lamb, M. Lamb." A letter of October 17, 1833, exhausts the supply at my command, so far as Moxon goes, just at present. Lamb wants books. Mary is ill again — probably after the excitement caused by the wedding. The Moxons are welcome to Edmonton, whenever they choose to come down. There are omnibuses in opposition to the stages, and cheaper, — only 1s. 3d. Moxon is to assure Emma that he is *very good*, but he adds: "We are poor devils, that's the truth of it." Ryle of the India House and another friend have been dining with them. The landlady guessed Ryle to be nearly the same age as Lamb. "He always *had* an old head on young shoulders. I fear I shall always have the opposite." A quaint illustration of old-fashioned plain speech occurs just below, where the writer refers to Emma's sister Harriet, who is ill at Dover Street, but has to return in due course to Cambridge to take up her duties at Mrs. Paris's: "Devil take us both," exclaims Lamb, "if both our bowels don't bleed for her. So does [*sic*] E's, I know."

I have to return to the Holcrofts. Louisa had now married Dr. J. Badams. and they were resident at Paddington. On the last day of 1832 Lamb dispatched a rather lengthy letter of which the principal point and interest lie in the account of a murder in which the writer was at first suspected of being an accessory or accomplice in consequence of his having proceeded to the Crown and Horseshoe at Edmonton to get an additional pint of porter for Moxon, who was expected, and meeting there four men playing at dominoes, of whom one persuaded him to join them. He played with Danby, who recognized an old Temple acquaintance, being the son of a hair-dresser there, on whom Jem White once played one of his hoaxes. After the game Lamb returned home, but to his infinite surprise was summoned before the magistrate the next morning to depose to what he knew of the business. He was treated, however, with the utmost delicacy by Mr. Creswell, and at once discharged. The whole case is in the Annual Register; but Lamb only occurs in the current newspaper report as "a gentleman whose name we could not gather." *Forsan* the said gentleman and the reporter had a friendly word together. The episode, however, sickened Lamb of the Crown and Horseshoe, and he would never enter the tap-room again. It was bad weather when he sent this strange story to Mrs. Badams, who related it to the present writer, when he met her abroad in his boyhood. He says: "cordial ill comes, not welcomes — Wretched New Year to you. Discompliments of the season:" and he makes the circumstances answerable for their inability to reach Paddington — perhaps till April. He offers, as the next best thing, their kindest congratulations on her marriage to Badams.

It was not till almost a month after the Moxon-Isola nuptials that Lamb took up his pen to give Mrs. Badams some account of the affair. "I was at church as the grave Father, and behaved tolerably well, except at first entrance when Emma in a whisper repressed a nascent giggle." Emma was "as pretty as Pamela." Lamb tripped at the altar and was rebuked by the parson. "I am not fit," he says, "for weddings or burials." He proposes to visit the family at Paddington shortly, and to have a game of whist with the Doctor. He speaks of staying the night. "My lodgings," says he, "may be on the cold

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floor" — in reference to the song in the old play. The signature is "Yours truly, Charles and Mary Lamb." The visit was paid, and the game came off; and Mrs. Badams seems to have invited their guest to explain to her the technical details on paper. At all events there survives an extraordinary composition, elaborately setting forth all the moves and directing the proper method for ensuring success. It seems that Lamb had gleaned from Captain Burney's treatise some of the learning which he here displays; but he was himself quite a veteran and an expert. This unique lucubration opens without any date, address, or superscription, with a sort of diagrammatic sketch of the table and players: —

A
D B
C

and then proceeds thus: —

"A sits with the left hand to B
B sits with the left hand to C
C sits with the left hand to D
D sits with the left hand to A."

And then the writer elaborately describes the whole business, and provides for all known contingencies. At the end we have: "And this is all I know, or pretty nearly — Mister Badams may study Captain Burney's little Treatise, but don't you puzzle yourself with it yet. Milk for Babes. C. Lamb." It may be held to have sufficed, if Mrs. Badams mastered even all that she found in the quarto sheet of paper.

I am sorry that this small group of correspondence reaches its close, so far as my existing information extends, under some unpleasant circumstances, which are noticed in a letter from Lamb to Badams himself, but of which the precise nature is left unexplained. Lamb seems to have been in a state of "heatedness," to use his own words, after a long walk at Edmonton, and to have encountered some one who, he imagined, meditated taking a house in the neighborhood, and so, by bringing down "crowds of literary men," destroying the quiet of the place. The sole conclusion to be drawn from the obscure wording is, that Badams was somehow involved, and received an affront. Possibly it was Badams who was on his way to the Lambs', and was mistaken for some one else. At any rate, Lamb expressed the next day in writing his profound sorrow and spoke of the lines as "the most humble apology C. L. can offer."

A Mrs. May, not otherwise recognizable, is the recipient about this time of a parcel of books. Perhaps it was the Dog-Days, 1833, for in a postscript ejaculates Lamb: "My! how hot it is." This was pretty clearly a distinct person from the two Mays of earlier years.

In the autumn of 1834 he received from Hood a copy of *Tylney Hall*, and his last letter to that old and cherished friend embodies an appreciation of it. It is a delicate way of insinuating the obscurity of some of the poems, when the writer says that "the most inveterate foe to that kind of jokes not being expectant of 'em, might read it all through, and not find you out." Mary has been ill, but is better. "She tries to make it out, & laughs heartily, but it puzzles her to read above a page or two a day."

It is sufficiently familiar that Lamb outlived Coleridge only a few months, and throughout that brief interval he had his friend continually present to his mind. The name of Joseph Henry Green is almost equally well known as that of one of Coleridge's literary executors; but no correspondence between Lamb and Green was on record or evidence until a note of August 26, 1834, barely a month after Coleridge's death, casually fell in my way. It thanks Green for a copy of the will, which, saving the codicil, Lamb apprises him that he had already seen at Highgate. He and his sister are highly gratified by the affectionate remembrance, and Lamb will collect and send all the fragments they possess of his handwriting. But letters, he fears, they have none, "having been long improvident of preserving any." In the will, dated 1829–30,

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Lamb is signalized as Coleridge's "oldest friend and ever-beloved school-fellow."

I have emptied my budget. I flatter myself that it is a farther step toward an adequate edition of the Correspondence, whenever that may, by some amicable and generous arrangement among those concerned, become possible. All those in the market are undeniably imperfect and unsatisfactory on different grounds, the writer's of 1886 inclusive. But his successive labors since that date have achieved much toward the desired result. Much more remains to be done

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THE TELEPHONE MOVEMENT: ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW

BY JESSE W. WEIK

[The article on "Telephone Development in the United States," published in the *Atlantic* for November, 1905, has called forth numerous letters from readers of the magazine, particularly in the Middle and Western States. Most of these correspondents felt that the article in question urged too strongly the advantages of a centralized control of the telephone business of the country. The *Atlantic* has never found it practicable to establish a department in which letters from its readers could be printed. Otherwise we should have been glad to publish some of the replies to the position taken in Mr. Coburn's article. In view, however, of the interest taken in this question by many of our correspondents, we have asked one of them to put the case for the Independent Telephone companies more fully than would be possible in a letter. — THE EDITORS.]

STRICTLY speaking, the telephone was not invented. Like Topsy it simply grew. It is not the result of accident; nor, after all, is any one man entitled to the credit of having first conceived or designed it. Rather is it the fruitage of years of unremitting experimentation, supplemented by a thorough study of the laws of electro-magnetism and sound. Although the law awarded Professor Bell a patent on his idea of the telephone, there are abundant reasons for our belief that that wonderful "device for the transmission of articulate speech by the agency of electricity" came, not through the doorway of invention, but down the straight and unmistakable pathway of evolution.

The first published conception of any plan or device looking to the transmission of human speech over an electric conductor appeared over fifty years ago in the columns of a magazine in Paris known as *L'Illustration Journal Universelle*. In the issue of August 18, 1854, will be found a communication by Charles Bourseul, a man of somewhat advanced scientific notions, who, we are told, had been a "soldier in the African army of 1848, where he attracted the attention of the governor-general by a mathematical course delivered to his comrades of the garrison at Algiers." Bourseul made the rather startling announcement that the "spoken word in Vienna could be instantly transmitted by electricity to Paris." As a means of accomplishing this seemingly incredible undertaking he described or outlined an apparatus, rather crude it is true, which, nevertheless, contained the vital and essential principle of the modern telephone. "Speaking near a movable disc sufficiently flexible to lose none of the vibrations of the voice, and which alternately makes and breaks the connection with a battery," he predicted, "you may excite the same vibrations simultaneously in another disc situated at some distant point. No apparatus is required save an electric battery, two discs and a wire."

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To what extent Boursel pursued his investigations, or whether he finally succeeded in transmitting the spoken word by means of the simple appliances suggested, we do not know. Like many another savant he may have been content to predict what the apparatus would do if constructed, leaving to others the less agreeable task of "working out the details." His efforts, however, were not without good results, for others, mindful of his prediction, now began to experiment with batteries, discs, platinum points, and wire. Of the many persons who, meanwhile, were at work on the problem, no one seems to have evolved anything new or noteworthy till October 28, 1861, when Philip Reis, a teacher in a boys' school in Friedrichsdorf, a village not far from Homburg in Germany, came before the public with an apparatus with which, as claimed, he was "enabled to reproduce the tones of various instruments and even, to a certain extent, the human voice." The device, constructed along the lines laid down by Boursel, was first known as an acoustic telegraph; later its inventor called it the telephone, by which name it has since been known. Reis, moved by the enthusiasm which characterizes almost every inventor, persevered with his experiments unceasingly. As early as April, 1863, he had progressed so far that "by means of the telegraphic conductor with which the apparatus was connected, two remote parts of the city were united, and not only were the melodies of songs reproduced distinctly and perfectly at a remote station, but known voices could be recognized. All present capable of judging," says one who witnessed the experiment, "agreed that the possibility is before us of making one's self understood verbally at any distance in the way shown by Mr. Reis."

In August, Reis began the manufacture and sale of his telephone, "an apparatus," as set forth in his prospectus or circular, "for the production of tones with the aid of galvanism." Reis made the more delicate and important parts of the instrument himself, but intrusted the purely mechanical construction and the external outfit to J. Wilhelm Albert, a mechanician at Frankfort, who was likewise commissioned to sell it. The price was fourteen and twenty-one florins (eight and twelve Prussian thalers respectively), in two qualities which differed only in their external finish and make-up.

Of Reis, who made various forms of telephonic apparatus and achieved more or less success in his later efforts, it was said by a lawyer of ability and skill in electric litigation: "He was the first man in the world who ever spoke to an electric current, expecting to influence that current. His was a noble, magnificent invention, and when we consider that every telephone that was ever seen by any one has that precise feature in it, are we wrong in saying that Reis is entitled to as high praise certainly as Alexander Bell or any other man who made any claim, because there is no telephone known at this day of any commercial value which has not that feature copied servilely from Reis?"

Omitting all account of the experimentation that succeeded or was set on foot by Reis's invention, — and great strides toward ultimate success were meanwhile made, — we find ourselves in the United States Patent Office on February 14, 1876. On that day, strange to relate, two petitions asking for a patent on the telephone, describing it as an invention for "transmitting vocal sounds telegraphically," were filed with the commissioner. One was a formal application by Alexander Graham Bell, of Salem, Massachusetts; the other, a caveat on the part of Elisha Gray of Chicago, Illinois. It was a strange coincidence and probably without a parallel in the history of the Patent Office. As both covered practically the same ground and involved the same points, it was necessary later, when the question of priority arose, to examine the day-book or blotter in the chief clerk's office containing the entry of applications, to determine the exact

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time of day when the respective papers were filed.

On March 7, before a month had elapsed, the patent issued to Bell, and immediately thereafter the Bell Telephone Company was organized and incorporated in the state of Massachusetts. In due time it began the manufacture of instruments. Meanwhile, notwithstanding the action of the Patent Office, Gray and others similarly aggrieved, as a demonstration of their faith in the merits and efficacy of their respective inventions and of their unwillingness to leave the field undisputed to the Bell Company, also began to manufacture and put their apparatus on the market. Later, the Western Union Telegraph Company secured control of the device of Gray with the improvements thereon by Edison, the coming wizard of electricity, and entered into the business of installing and operating telephone exchanges in direct competition with the Bell Company. As might have been expected, the latter, realizing that the anticipated monopoly of the business was in serious danger, began to cast about for some effective means to rid the field of the obnoxious elements against which it was forced to contend, and which were daily growing in strength and popular favor. The first step in that direction was a deal made with the Western Union Telegraph Company, the details of which it is not necessary to enumerate here, whereby that corporation peaceably and gracefully withdrew from the telephone business. Thereupon the Bell Company brought infringement suits against all persons or concerns manufacturing or using telephones, save those operating under proper licenses from itself. These suits, begun in various parts of the country, were practically all consolidated into one cause when they reached the Supreme Court of the United States. The decision of that august tribunal was rendered March 19, 1888. Four of the justices favored the Bell Company; three, namely Justices Field, Bradley, and Harlan, dissented. Justice Gray, having been absent when the cause was argued, and Justice Lamar, not having been a member of the court at that time, took no part in the decision. The chief justice, Mr. Waite, having, as was reported, risen from a sick bed to attend court, read the opinion. Four days later he was dead.

The members of the court who dissented based their opinion, not on the conflict with the claims of Gray as generally understood, but on their belief in the priority of the invention of Daniel Drawbaugh, an obscure mechanic who lived in the village of Eberlys Mill in Pennsylvania. Although denied the benefit of scientific training or education, Drawbaugh was not without decided inventive genius, added to great mechanical skill. As early as 1860 he was endeavoring, by experiments, using the primitive appliances within his reach, to prove that he could convey local sounds over an electric wire. He had probably never heard of Boursel or Reis; but between 1867 and 1869 he succeeded in constructing an apparatus consisting mainly of a glass tumbler, a tin cup, and a mustard can, connected through a membrane, by means of a wire leading from a battery, with another instrument placed some distance away. Through this apparatus he was able to transmit vocal sounds of a certain range. As the result of continued experimentation he gradually improved it. The thing was crude, it is true, and Drawbaugh was not sufficiently skilled to comprehend or explain the scientific principles involved, but that by means of it people at a distance were enabled to talk to each other there is no doubt. At the trial in the lower court over two hundred witnesses testified that Drawbaugh's telephone was an accomplished invention prior to Bell's; seventy-five persons talked through it, and over one hundred and thirty saw the apparatus, which was then in court, and identified it as the instrument with which Drawbaugh had carried on the experiments in his shop. In this connection the following words from the dissenting opinion of Justices

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Field, Bradley, and Harlan may not be without interest: "We do not question Mr. Bell's merits. He appreciated the importance of the invention, which brought it before the public in such a manner as to attract to it the attention of the scientific world. His professional experience and attainments enabled him to see at a glance that it was one of the great discoveries of the century. Drawbaugh was a different sort of man. He did not see it in this halo of light. He was only a plain mechanic and looked upon what he made more as a curiosity than as a matter of financial, scientific or public importance. . . . It is regarded as incredible that so great a discovery should have been made by the plain mechanic and not by the eminent scientist and inventor. Yet the proof amounts almost to demonstration, from the testimony of Bell himself and his assistant, Mr. Watson, that he never transmitted an intelligible word through an electrical instrument, nor produced any such instrument that would transmit an intelligible word, until after his patent had been issued; whilst for years before, Drawbaugh had talked through his so that words and sentences had again and again been distinctly heard. Drawbaugh certainly had the principle and accomplished the result. He invented the telephone without appreciating the importance and completeness of his invention. Bell subsequently projected it on the basis of scientific inference and took out a patent for it. But, as our laws do not award a patent to one who was not the first to make an invention, we think that Bell's patent is void by the anticipation of Drawbaugh."

By the slender majority of one in the vote of the judges the claims of Alexander Bell had now secured the indorsement of the highest judicial tribunal in the land. From that decree there could be no appeal. By virtue of it every rival or competitor of the Bell Company was driven from the field, and that corporation rested, serenely content, in the undisputed ownership of one of the greatest benefactions that ever came to bless mankind. Thus equipped, it not only set about to enlarge its manufacturing capacity, but in other ways undertook to develop and extend the business of which the law had given it such absolute and unrestricted control. It leased instruments to subordinate companies, which, in turn, installed and began to operate exchanges in the larger and more important business centres of the country. Being relieved from all danger of competition, its policy became arbitrary in proportion as its rates increased.

Thus far the telephone had scarcely been used for social purposes, and in many of the smaller cities and towns it had not been introduced at all. To the majority of the people it was still a scientific curiosity, with mechanism apparently too delicate and complicated for practical every-day use. No farmer had ever seen it; much less dared he dream that some day he might speak through one attached to the wall of his own home. The owner of the only authorized speaking telephone for commercial use in the world, the policy of the Bell Company was short-sighted. With demands for the new invention coming from every quarter, it restricted its operations to that territory alone which promised the most immediate and bountiful returns. In this respect it ignored and neglected portions of the field, the whole of which it should have served. It attempted neither to extend nor to nationalize the new industry of which the law had so magnanimously given it sole and undisputed control. The door of opportunity which competition has always opened to ambition it effectually closed. If a man conceived or invented an improvement to the telephone, unless he yielded to the terms of the Bell Company and disposed of it to them, he could find no market for his device. Thus it may truthfully be said that, instead of stimulating, its policy proved a virtual hindrance to inventive genius, and that, the field being thus restricted, the telephone movement, instead of expanding and benefiting mankind, really languished,

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and, to that extent, failed of its benign purpose.

This was the condition of affairs when, on March 7, 1893, the original patent issued to Professor Bell expired by limitation of law. In December, 1894, before the Independents had established a foothold, there were 291,253 complete telephones in the United States. At that time a receiver was in most cases used both as a transmitter and receiver, the royalties being almost prohibitive against equipping with both. Instantly, and as if by magic, telephone exchanges sprang up everywhere. Companies to manufacture instruments and switchboards organized in almost every state west of the Alleghanies and north of Mason and Dixon's line. The farmer was now permitted to buy his own telephone, — a thing unheard of under the Bell régime, — and, over a wire running along his fence or from tree to tree, was enabled to talk to his neighbor, and beyond him to the next neighbor, and thence on to the village. In the Mississippi Valley the movement was especially strong and noteworthy. Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, and Missouri soon became one vast network of wires and poles. In one county alone, containing a population slightly in excess of 21,000, a manufacturer sold over 2500 telephones in twenty-three months. The movement became so spontaneous and general, and the response of the people so overwhelming, that the Bell Company undertook to perpetuate its lease of power by the aid of the famous Berliner transmitter case. This was an infringement suit for the use of the transmitter which had been invented by Émile Berliner, and with which almost every telephone then in use was equipped. The Bell Company had purchased Berliner's rights, but, by means of continued and repeated amendments, delayed the issuance of letters patent thereon till a short time before the expiration of the original Bell patent. The application was filed June 4, 1877, and the patent issued November 17, 1891. By this means it hoped to prolong its monopoly of the telephone for another patent period. The outside companies were aroused. A national meeting was called in Detroit, and here, on June 22, 1897, with the representatives of telephone companies and manufacturers from Charleston to Duluth, was born the Independent Telephone Association of the United States. A fund of generous proportions was raised to fight the Berliner case through all the courts, and thenceforward the telephone industry of the country was lined up, with the Bell Company on one side and all other interests consolidated under the Independent banner on the other.

The Independent movement gathered force and momentum from the very start. Limited at first to the Central States, it has spread until it has found its way into every part of the public domain. For obvious reasons it is weakest in the Eastern States, although in conservative New England, the home of the parent Bell Company, there are to-day from twenty-five to fifty independent exchanges, and numerous plants under construction. A franchise has recently been taken up in New York City by a combination of strong financial interests, which have announced that they will begin operations with an immediate capacity of over two hundred thousand telephones. The remainder of New York State is well developed. There are good exchanges in Philadelphia, Baltimore, Pittsburg, Buffalo, Rochester, Syracuse, Albany, Cleveland, Columbus, Toledo, Louisville, Indianapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Seattle, Los Angeles, and many other places. These exchanges are all growing rapidly, the Cleveland exchange having increased over 10,000 telephones in twenty months, and Kansas City showing a gain of over 13,000 in two years.

Plants are building in Chicago, Spokane, San Francisco, Portland, and Detroit; franchises pending in Milwaukee, Nashville, Cincinnati, Tacoma, and Omaha. In Portland, Oregon, the second Independent exchange is being built, the

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first having been purchased by the Bell Company about four years ago. The latter's action in dismantling the plant and raising the rates aroused such general disapproval that early in 1905 the Council was forced to submit the matter to a popular vote. The election held on June 5 resulted in 13,213 votes in favor of an Independent exchange and 560 votes against it.

In most of the states of the central west the Independent companies reach over seventy-five per cent of the post-offices, the farmers' lines being run to these centres, where they are switched from one line to another, and to the long distance lines now reaching from one city to another and across several states. With the foregoing figures before us, is there any reason to question the claim of the Independent companies that they have manufactured and placed in service in ten years (the first three of which were fought every inch of the way, while contending with litigation on patent subjects) more telephones than their competitor has in twenty-seven years, during the first seventeen of which the latter had absolute control of the field? The Independent companies claim to-day over 3,000,000 subscribers, while the Bell Company, according to their August statement, claimed 2,600,000.

By reason of its priority in the field and its ample command of capital, — for it represents over sixty-five per cent of the total telephone capitalization of the United States, — the Bell Company has easily been in the lead over all others in the matter of long-distance toll lines; but even in that regard it is safe to predict that the days of its supremacy are numbered. Independent companies are paralleling the Bell toll lines in every direction. Not only are the former arranging, by a division of the territory they cover, to care for the toll business between counties, but also from state to state, until to-day first-class service is furnished across a number of states. A federation of strong and determined long-distance companies in the Central States is now in existence, which announces that within the year it will be possible to talk from Kansas City to Cleveland and Albany, and from St. Louis and Indianapolis to Pittsburg, Baltimore, and Philadelphia, entirely over Independent long-distance lines.

Paradoxical though it may seem, yet, unlike other corporations which serve the public, the telephone has no competitor. Steam railroads compete with electric roads; gas companies are competitors of electric light companies; and, although the telephone to some extent invades the field hitherto filled by the telegraph, yet the latter is not, in any appreciable degree, its competitor. In fact, since some one has discovered that a telephone and telegraph message can be sent simultaneously over the same wire without interference, the telephone bids fair to become the first as well as the most serious competitor the telegraph has ever had.

Telephone stocks and bonds, which, for a time, received scant recognition in the financial world, have, as the result of a patient, persistent struggle to keep their footing, gradually won their way in value, till now, in many of the money centres, they rank with the best securities in the market. The failures of telephone companies are few, — in fact as compared to bank failures the percentage is almost infinitesimal. They have suffered less by the depression resulting from hard times than the securities of other public-service corporations. In 1893, the panic year now famous in history, the receipts of all the wire-using companies were greater than in 1892.

Being of more recent issue, Independent securities, although many of them have found their way into some of the stronger trust companies and other financial institutions of the country, have met only a limited demand in the general market. This is due largely to the fact that in the Eastern States, where the Bell Company is so thoroughly intrenched, capitalists and inventors have thus far not had the proper conception or appreciation of

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the scope and extent of the Independent movement. In some respects this has been a wholesome thing, in that it has compelled the Independent companies to look to their own localities for financial assistance; so that each town or city to a large extent holds the securities of its own telephone company, just as it owns or controls the financial destiny of the bank, factory, gas, water, or electric light companies which furnish service to its people. No foreign corporation has ever been able to compete successfully with that kind of ownership in any other line of business.

But the financial end is not the only consideration involved when we come to estimate the real value of a public utility. Other features are to be taken into account. There is the economy of time, the saving of labor, and the general good resulting to mankind. Viewing it in this light, who can deny that the mission of the telephone has just begun? Vast numbers there are whose steps have not been lessened, whose burdens have not yet been lightened by it. The future may have still greater wonders in store for us. Perhaps some day we may be able to see as well as speak to our friend at the other end of the line; and the line may be, after all, not a wire, but a stratum of the blue ether extending through infinite space. Who can tell? But even though human ingenuity should devise nothing further and we are made to be content with the present appliances, be they Bell or Independent, let us not forget the debt we owe to him who, first of all men, had faith to believe in the transmission through space of the "spoken word."

SIGNIFICANT ART BOOKS

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

THE development of the art book as a really active factor in current literature here and in England is recent enough for certain questions of form to have failed, as yet, to get themselves settled. Since I began these annual surveys of the subject in the *Atlantic*, I have had occasion to note more than one definite step of policy taken by the publishers in what has looked like a regular campaign toward the establishment of a practicable and profitable method. Readers on both sides of the ocean have been extraordinarily stimulated to interest themselves in art matters, and little by little the books intended for this rapidly expanding public have been taking the right shape. Attention was drawn last year in this place to the increase in the number of books projected less as handsome gifts than as thorough studies of valuable themes, adequately but not too luxuriously produced as regards press work and illustration. At the same time half a dozen works were recorded which had been brought out in sumptuous form, — works like *The Prado and its Masterpieces*, by Mr. Ricketts, *The History of Portrait Miniatures*, by Dr. Williamson, or the *Romney* of Mr. Humphry Ward and Mr. W. Roberts. This year it would seem as if the manufacture of these imposing quartos and folios had been almost entirely abandoned. One or two examples will presently be touched upon, and it may be remarked in passing that art books on a great scale, when they have a certain character, will always be successful; but on the whole it looks as though the less expensive volume were destined to be accepted as the type.

The art student of modest means longs to possess many a monumental book, but its price places it beyond his reach, — for

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a time at least. If he has patience he may ultimately be able to acquire the coveted book. A number of the costly publications I have in mind have proved doubtful ventures, though of great intrinsic merit, and copies of them have lately been displayed for sale in those shops which make a business of disposing of "remainders" at seriously reduced prices. This fate seems to have overtaken more particularly the book devoted to a single master, I suppose for the reason that the student can, as a rule, find all that he wants to know about such a subject in some inexpensive volume, and he feels that to pay twenty-five dollars, say, for a collection of fine photogravures, is, for him, an extravagance. Hence the fact that the superbly made books of the present season are not biographical monographs, but works of a miscellaneous character, appealing to the collector even more than to the student.

The first of these publications is *The Royal Collection of Paintings at Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle*,[1] brought out by command of the king in two magnificent volumes, with an introduction and descriptive text by Mr. Lionel Cust. It contains one hundred and eighty photogravures of generous dimensions, and it forms a precious record of one of the finest collections in the world. This collection, founded in Tudor times, embraces many more masterpieces than one would assume to be in it, in view of the fact that the royal house of Great Britain has not been, in every generation, a house of connoisseurs. The truth is, however, that, what with the commissions executed by court painters, the gifts received from foreign sovereigns, and the purchases frequently made by the kings and queens of England, the artistic property of the crown remains to-day positively resplendent, despite even such a catastrophe as that which followed the execution of Charles I, in the dispersal of his pictorial and other treasures by order of Parliament. Mr. Cust gives an interesting account of the way in which many of the martyred king's belongings were recovered for England, and he shows how precious additions were made to the royal collection even in the Victorian epoch, which has always had a feeble reputation in matters of art. The popularity of painters like Winterhalter and Von Angeli at court has seemed to spell a wholly backward tendency in respect to taste in that quarter; but Mr. Cust justly makes much of the fact, hitherto very little known, save among critics and historians, that the late Prince Albert was advanced enough in connoisseurship to have purchased some highly interesting examples of the early Italian school. Indeed, this book will go far to establish in an unexpectedly favorable light more than one of those who have helped to make the royal collection. People who have given to Henry VIII and Charles I more credit, as lovers of art, than they have given to any of their successors, will acquire from Mr. Cust's pages a new sense of what was done in the same field in the Georgian epoch and later. The superb photogravures in this book illustrate masterpieces of the Italian, Dutch, Spanish, Flemish, French, German, and English schools, which have been known before as priceless, but which have not before been placed so effectively in the perspective of England's social history.

By a rather striking coincidence the second of the elaborately made publications which I have to record also relates to England. This is the smaller, but still ample, volume called *British Painters and Engravers of the Eighteenth Century from Kneller to Reynolds*,[2] which has been brought out with text by Mr. Edmund Gosse. It is not so much a history of the subject as it is a collection of

[1] *The Royal Collection of Paintings at Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle.* By Lionel Cust. Two volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905.

[2] *British Painters and Engravers of the Eighteenth Century from Kneller to Reynolds.* By Edmund Gosse. Paris and New York: Manz, Joyant & Co. 1905.

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plates after those mezzotints, "plain and colored," in which the enchanting portraits painted by fashionable artists who were also men of genius, were reproduced with an elegance and a skill unsurpassed by the originals. The plates in their turn are so well made that in some, if not in all cases, they actually rival the qualities of the mezzotints from which they are taken. Mr. Gosse's text provides an instructive accompaniment to the illustrations, but it is as a picture gallery in little that this will find its appreciative public. It is to be followed next year by a similar volume in which the succession of painters and engravers will be carried on from Reynolds to the nineteenth century.

Art and society meet on polished terms in Mr. Gosse's pages, and, in fact, the world of his painters and engravers seems also so much the world of urbane statesmen and stately beauties that one might easily forget that the artists had their Bohemia in that flashing epoch. It is very much worth while, therefore, to consider, with the other works under discussion, a book, which, while not strictly speaking an art book, does a great deal to increase our knowledge of the *milieu* in which British art was produced at a critical stage of its history. The new edition of the *Reminiscences of Henry Angelo*,[1] which has been printed in two well-proportioned volumes with a wealth of illustrations, is a blessing, since it gives new life to the observations of a man qualified to speak with equal authority on the figures of the Court and those of the studios in the eighteenth century. A scion of a family renowned in the annals of professional swordsmanship, he was brought up in the brilliant society crowding the rooms of the fashionable fencing-master of an age jealous of the point of honor. Great nobles sought the tuition which, of all men in Europe, Angelo's father was best qualified to give, and the lordly patron then was often, in his condescending way, the friend of those who served him. Both as a boy in his father's house, and afterwards, when himself a tower of strength to the young bloods about town, Angelo had every chance to use his sharp eyes and equally attentive ears, and to store up impressions of his celebrated contemporaries.

Throughout his career, too, artists, musicians, authors, and wits generally were among his intimates, and he was able, in consequence, when he wrote his reminiscences, to show the reader many a great man at play, unbending and talking about his profession without reserve, humanizing himself, as it were, for the edification of posterity. Thus the student who has seen only the monumental significance of a certain historic portrait by Reynolds has but to turn to Angelo to be brought closer to the mood in which the painter actually approached his work. Here is the revealing anecdote: "Garrick, one day dining at the elder Lacy's in Berners Street, where the late President West was of the party, and speaking of Sir Joshua's incomparable portrait of the Marquess of Granby and his horse, observed, 'I was complimenting my friend on the nobleness and grand simplicity of the composition, and the candid-minded painter, with a simplicity no less noble and grand, returned: "Sir, I took the hint for that composition from a common woodcut, the headpiece to a worthless ballad."'"

Angelo's book is thickly studded with these bits of workshop gossip, free anecdotes of artists and others whose eminence he fully appreciated, but whose everyday walk and demeanor friendship authorized him to sketch with an utterly unhampered pen. He tells us of the actor Quin, and of the way in which that blithe spirit used to talk to Gainsborough. "Sometimes, Tom Gainsborough," he would say, "the same picture, from your rigmarole style, appears to my optics the veriest daub — and then

[1] *The Reminiscences of Henry Angelo.* With an Introduction by Lord Howard de Walden, and Notes and Memoir by H. Lavers Smith, B.A. Two volumes. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1904.

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— the devil 's in you — I think you a Van Dyck." We see the painter in his hours of enthusiastic but not too patient effort to master one musical instrument or another; we see Rowlandson getting to the bottom of his twelfth glass of punch as he exchanges stories with Peter Pindar and other old cronies; or we see George Morland, half drunk, and diverting that rare Bohemian, the Right Honorable Charles James Fox, with his bemused humor. The king himself frequently passes across the stage, mingling with artists, and playing, in a manner all his own, the æsthetic wiseacre. In short, these *Reminiscences* recreate the very life and movement of the time. The court painter and the caricaturist jostle one another in the volumes, and we are made to feel how the suave ministrations of a Reynolds and the boisterous, heavy-footed satire of a Rowlandson or a Gillray, were nourished at the same fountains of social habit. The numerous plates, often in color, from mezzotints and other prints in the collection of Mr. Joseph Grego, who supplies notes on them for this edition, complete an invaluable record. They include, in addition to many portraits, some capital views and a number of humorous pieces. In more than one case the illustration is unfamiliar, and in every case the subject is so interesting, the artistic quality of the original work is so high, and the reproduction has been so perfectly made, that Mr. Grego's share in the publication is hardly secondary in importance to the text.

With this book we take leave of the collector and his editions *de luxe*, passing to the student and to the works framed for his use, which, as I have indicated, dominate at this time; but we will remain on English soil. English writers have busied themselves with uncommon energy over the history and criticism of art in the last few years, and of late they have been especially attentive to their own heroes and institutions. The books treating of these form a group which serves to bring up the whole question of what the relation of the genius of the people has been to art from the very beginning.

We have seen from Mr. Cust's book what Britain's rulers have done to assemble a great body of work by the masters, and to contribute thereby, whether consciously or unconsciously, to the development of a standard of taste. We have been reminded by Mr. Gosse's book and by the Angelo "Reminiscences" of that fruitful period in which it must have seemed to those who lived in it that an English school had at last been raised upon a firm foundation. But in neither case have we been made aware of one of those long-continued creative forces of which the student is conscious when he is traversing the history of one of the Continental schools. To think of the eighteenth century in English art is to think of masters like Reynolds and Gainsborough, who appeared upon the scene as practically unheralded gifts from the gods, and, dying, left practically no heirs. Hogarth alone survives as a truly racial type, and there has never been a second Hogarth. To think of Mr. Cust's royal connoisseurs is to remember that the salient Tudor painters were foreigners like Holbein and Moro, and that as years went on it was to alien hands — to those of a Van Dyck, for example — that the court was wont to go for its paintings. Native talent, when it cropped up, was for a long time apt to be crassly imitative.

The absence of an inborn feeling for art in the British nature is exposed with obviously unintentional clearness by the authors of *The Royal Academy and its Members*, 1768–1830,[1] a book in which one would expect to find, if anywhere, some evidences of a national predilection. Without unfairly exaggerating what was,

[1] *The Royal Academy and its Members*, 1768–1830. By the late J. E. Hodgson, R. A., and Fred A. Eaton, M. A. Assisted by G. D. Leslie, R. A. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905.

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doubtless, a kind of accident, we may, nevertheless, find a rather uninspiring significance in the "first cause" of England's most famous art institution. In the book under consideration, written by the late Mr. J. E. Hodgson, and Mr. Fred A. Eaton, with the aid of Mr. G. D. Leslie, it is related that the talk in London in the eighteenth century about starting a more or less official society was brought to a head by the financial returns of an exhibition got up for the benefit of the Foundling Hospital. "That charitable exhibition in Great Coram Street," we are told, "was the germ of the Royal Academy." Exhibitions were organized, with lively anxiety as to the possible profits, and as we go through this volume it is difficult not to feel that it commemorates a purely economic phase in the development of British art. There is something very characteristic about George the Third's solicitude for what he loved to call "My Academy." He had a real share in its administration, undertaking "to supply any deficiencies between the receipts derived from the exhibitions and the expenditures incurred on the schools, charitable donations to artists, etc., out of his own privy purse;" and though the artists, as they prospered, gladly dispensed with his aid, he never ceased to interfere when their actions in money matters struck him as injudicious. From the start, admission to the Academy conferred solid benefits upon an artist; it meant that he had achieved a definite and honorable standing, and reassured the hesitating purchaser of a picture as nothing else would have reassured him. So it was in the eighteenth century, and so it is to-day.

Neither in the old days nor in the new has the Academy stood for an artistic inspiration. The presence of a handful of great men in its earlier councils, such men as Gainsborough or Reynolds, invested it with a passing glamour, but nothing could make the Royal Academy a really constructive influence, for the excellent reason that the art of the country, broadly speaking, has not potently enough reacted upon its affairs. Messrs. Hodgson, Eaton, and Leslie leave the reader only the more convinced that the institution of which they are so proud stands not as a proof of artistic impulse, but as a monument to prosaic prudence. It is fitting to mention here a work now in course of publication under the title of *The Royal Academy of Arts*.[1] This is a complete dictionary, compiled by Mr. Algernon Graves, of exhibitors from the foundation of the Academy in 1769 to the year 1904. With each name in the alphabetical list the titles are given of the works exhibited by the owner, the date of exhibition and the catalogue number being affixed. As each letter in the alphabet is dismissed, blank pages are inserted, so that the record can be carried on almost indefinitely. Two volumes have thus far been published, bringing the list down to "Dyer." As a work of reference for the historian, whether dealing with the Academy or with any one of a tremendous company of artists, this handsomely printed compilation commands the warmest praise. It is the kind of book which, when needed at all, is needed sorely. The biographer of an artist, wishing to settle a question of date, may easily find just the information he needs on having recourse to Mr. Graves. The only thing to regret is that he should have been chary of the piquant notes, which, as he has shown in a few instances, he is well qualified to write.

Of the few masters whose biographies touch the history of the Royal Academy, Reynolds is the one figuring most conspicuously among recent publications. Sir Walter Armstrong's excellent critical life of him,[2] which was first published a

[1] *The Royal Academy of Arts:* A Complete Dictionary of Contributors and their Work, from its Foundation in 1769 to 1904. By ALGERNON GRAVES, F. S. A. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1905.

[2] *Sir Joshua Reynolds: First President of the Royal Academy.* By SIR WALTER ARMSTRONG. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905.

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few years ago in a massive folio, is now available in a convenient, inexpensive, but still well printed and illustrated, octavo, similar to the reprint of his *Gainsborough*, issued a year ago. There is also a new book on the subject, Mr. William B. Boulton's *Sir Joshua Reynolds, P. R. A.*,[1] which, if less vigorous in its ideas than Armstrong's work, has the merit of telling the story of the painter's life with much entertaining detail. Mr. Boulton is not altogether to be blamed for saying nothing new. The subject has been pretty nearly written to death. In one respect he does something to correct the impression left by his more brilliant predecessor. Armstrong does not give a wholly sympathetic view of Reynolds as a man. Mr. Boulton denies that he was hard-hearted, and brings some fairly conclusive evidence to prove his case. This book and the Armstrong reprint are cited as good examples of the kind of useful publication that is nowadays being put at the service of the student with a slender purse. Another popular volume that deserves commendation is Mr. Roger Fry's new edition of Sir Joshua's *Discourses delivered to the Students of the Royal Academy*.[2] The editor, in his introductions and notes, does a great deal to minimize the insidiously dangerous effect of much that is old-fashioned, and, indeed, actually wrong-headed, in the text. He cannot quite turn the *Discourses* into a living work of instruction, which the reader may enjoy without constantly being on his guard against misconceptions due to Reynolds's identification with a very early stage in the modern study of art. On the other hand, there is much good reading in this celebrated book, for the student who knows how to make the proper deductions for himself or can use caution in taking advantage of Mr. Fry's guidance. Above all things he will learn something of the lofty spirit in which the representative men of the British school have labored. That spirit has been, indeed, England's chief artistic possession. She has reared up comparatively few painters of the first rank, but she has brought forth many an artist whose noble rage wins sympathy for work that would otherwise be forgotten.

This thought springs naturally from the perusal of a book into which, I dare say, the art student preoccupied with technique would scarcely think of dipping: I refer to *B. R. Haydon and his Friends*,[3] by George Paston (Miss Symonds). Rarely has a professional man had a career more bitter than that which fell to the lot of this friend of Keats and Lamb. He had an incurable gift for misfortune. Poverty and disappointment hounded him until he chose suicide as the only release from an intolerable burden. Yet he could write in his journal, on going to see one of Sebastiano del Piombo's pictures, "If God cut not my life prematurely short, I hope I shall leave one behind me that will do more honor to my country than this has done to Rome." In other words, he cherished high ambitions with a splendid sincerity, and the concise, well-balanced account of his career which George Paston has prepared is well worth reading for its reproduction of the atmosphere in which generations of British artists have lived. In the persistence of his misery Haydon is unique, but in his point of view, in the very soul of him, he is curiously representative. Nobody thinks of admiring his portentous compositions any more, but no one who studies his life and personality fails to recognize the gleam of the divine fire that he possessed. How often has this boon been granted to British artists without the other endowments necessary for its happy exploitation! Their name is legion. Again and again the school has

[1] *Sir Joshua Reynolds, P. R. A.* By WILLIAM B. BOULTON. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1905.

[2] *Discourses delivered to the Students of the Royal Academy.* By SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, KT. With Introductions and Notes by ROGER FRY. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1905.

[3] *B. R. Haydon and his Friends.* By GEORGE PASTON. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1905.

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produced men like Haydon, who have had the artist's enthusiasm in its purest estate, all the devotion to high ideals that the most philosophical criticism could ask; and again and again these zealous workers have fallen short of success for the tragically simple reason that they have never, in the strict sense, known how to manipulate paint. This is the lack that we feel behind the strange history of the Royal Academy. This is the handicap which a rare being like a Gainsborough, a Hogarth, or a Constable has escaped, but which Haydon and hundreds of others have found nothing less than crushing. One thinks of it with a sharp sense of the vanity of human effort, as one turns to an art book of absorbing interest issuing from the press almost at the moment in which I write these words. The relation of technique to the spirit of the artist is a problem opened anew by Mr. W. Holman Hunt in his *Pre-Raphaelitism and the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood*.[3]

The book is absorbing because it gives with minute particularity the reminiscences of a man who was born in 1827, began to paint at an early age, has been painting ever since, and, throughout his long career, has been a man of original ideas and of interesting friendships. He is the patriarch of English Pre-Raphaelitism. He writes as one who assisted at the birth of a celebrated movement, and now, in dignified isolation, defends its principles against an unsympathetic generation. Perhaps "defends" is scarcely the right word, for it is doubtful if in many studios occupied by types of young England the ideals of the Pre-Raphaelites would be discussed with much feeling. In young England's eyes they are played out. To Mr. Hunt they still burn as they burned in the days when he and Millais and Rossetti lived largely on poetry and dreams, and planned a rejuvenation of English art. In turning his pages one is torn between admiration and despair. On one side we have the spectacle of youth kindling with a magnificent purpose and living laborious nights and days in a passionate attempt to create forms of beauty. Simply for its pictures of that old life, for its vivid anecdote, for its riches of personalia, and for its manly tone, the narrative is readable and delightful to a wonderful degree. But there is the other side to the medal; there is the group of young zealots resolutely walking into the *impasse* so favored by their countrymen in matters of art, the *impasse* of an inartistic method.

Mr. Hunt makes an allusion to this question of method which is touching in its sincerity — and futility. "It is now high time," he says, "to correct one important misapprehension. In agreeing to use the utmost elaboration in painting our first pictures, we never meant more than to insist that the practice was essential for training the eye and hand of the young artist; we should not have admitted that the relinquishment of this habit of work by a matured painter would make him less a Pre-Raphaelite. I can say this the better because I have retained, later than either of my companions did, the restrained handling of an experimentalist." Pre-Raphaelitism must bear the burden of what the Pre-Raphaelites actually produced. Millais, who was most the instinctive painter in the group, developed, as we all know, a method of his own — and ceased completely to be a Pre-Raphaelite. Rossetti, it is true, broadened in his style to some extent, but he retained, no less than Hunt did himself, the essential temper of the cult, and that was all for a meticulous realism which was hung like a millstone around the neck of every man dedicated with greater or less fervor to the establishment of the Pre-Raphaelite idea. Hunt, Rossetti, Madox Brown, Burne-Jones, — these and all the others made the same mistake. Many commentators have proceeded as though there was something deeply esoteric about the Pre-Raphael-

[3] *Pre-Raphaelitism and the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood*. By W. Holman Hunt, O. M., D. C. L. Two volumes. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1905.

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ites; they have taken the movement with an appalling seriousness, as though it had something dramatically memorable about it, instead of being an episode which, on the Continent, would long since have been put in its place and forgotten. The true point for the student, of course, is not what Hunt and his comrades *meant* when they formed their Brotherhood; it is not the priority of this or that contributor to the scheme, though this is fair game in an historical byway. No, the true point is simply that the Pre-Raphaelites, as Mr. Hunt shows, sought to return to nature, to build their works on the rock of truth, and, in the effort to do this, forgot to learn what to leave out.

They went in for excessive definition, and in wreaking themselves on unimportant details they paralyzed what we may call the nerve centres of artistic freedom; they narrowed their vision until they saw all the petals of a rose and not the rose; they cramped their brush hands within the limits of an almost calligraphic style, until all that meant the bold caressing of pigment became to them a sealed book. The frontispiece to Mr. Hunt's first volume offers a perfect illustration of the point. It is from his painting of The Lady of Shalott, that incomparable design which, in the woodcut made for Moxon's edition of Tennyson, years ago took captive every lover of subtly woven line. The painting, as we see it in the frontispiece aforesaid, is a glorious invention; the romantic figure with its waving tresses is set in a scene that is itself all fascination; and here you have, indeed, a poetical conception which owes quite as much of its quality to Hunt as it owes to Tennyson. Yet to apprehend it on these high grounds the critic has to shut his eyes to a hundred details, to passages in the delineation of the figure and the accessories which are hopelessly overdone. So it is with all of Hunt's pictures; so it is with all Pre-Raphaelitism. The Lady of Shalott is finely imagined; so are The Eve of St. Agnes, Valentine and Sylvia, The Light of the World, and The Hireling Shepherd, and so are all the rest. But only at the rarest intervals, in a portrait or in a glimpse of landscape, has Mr. Hunt relaxed, or given the appearance of relaxing, the tension of his research into detail. The painter, no less than the poet, must, if he is to achieve anything, "see life steadily and see it whole;" he must not exalt the substance over the form, any more than he must exalt form over substance. He must establish a perfect harmony between the two, and he must learn that if there is a passion which feels the beauty in a thing of nature's making, there is a passion which feels the beauty in a stroke of paint laid on the canvas with an inspired sense of the genius of sheer paint. When these two passions are blended into one, the artist produces a masterpiece.

Regret over Mr. Hunt's failure to put the highest kind of work to his credit is deepened by appreciation of the tone in his book, to which reference has already been made. In his preface he has this passage: "Burne-Jones, once conversing upon the shortness of human life for the attainment of maturity in art, impulsively said to me that at least three hundred years were needed. This, though an unpremeditated exclamation, was not a baseless guess." Here you have the key to Mr. Hunt's reminiscences; his high aspirations have never quenched in him a certain beautiful modesty, and the story of his struggle to attain to mastery in his profession touches the imagination of the reader as some chronicle of heroic things might touch it. Is it not doubly hard, then, to have to admit that the painter's effort has been only half rewarded, that his pictures have never been stamped with the authority which ought to have been granted to the holder of such ideals? Remembering all that the history of the British school suggests, one speculates idly as to whether the fate of Holman Hunt, and, for that matter, of all the other English Pre-Raphaelites, has not been determined as much by the force of national temperament as by the mistaken

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method they adopted. Does not the group illustrate once more the presence of something in the air of England which has militated so strongly against the development of ideas of technique that only a few born masters have been able to triumph over their surroundings? Certainly one English artist after another has confirmed this hypothesis. Witness, for example, another of the new books, Mrs. Russell Barrington's *G. F. Watts: Reminiscences*.[1]

The author of this affectionately fashioned memorial reveals no critical qualifications for her task, and her volume is to be taken only as a stop-gap to serve while Mr. Spielmann is preparing the official biography. Mrs. Barrington has apparently little, if any, knowledge of Watts's limitations. She scarcely realizes that, while he occasionally drew like a master, he more often drew no better than the average student. Though she admits, in speaking of his color, that "at times it could become almost smoked and murky, too suggestive, I think, of decay," she is not aware of the frequency with which Watts, as a colorist, deserved this condemnation. But, on the other hand, her reminiscences are decidedly welcome, inasmuch as they amplify, with illuminating anecdotes, the saying which the painter once uttered in her hearing. "I am nothing," he exclaimed. "Oh! you will find out I am nothing. One thing alone I possess, and I never remember the time I was without it, — an aim toward the highest, the best, and a burning desire to reach it!" As with Hunt, so it is with Watts. The man is a creature of spiritualized visions, of grand thoughts; but no matter with what energy he seeks to translate his conceptions into terms of form and color, he ends by exciting admiration for his moral fibre and for his imaginative qualities, rather than for the envelope of æsthetic beauty in which he tries to present those elements. He once told Mrs. Barrington that he "was always seeing Titian in nature." He saw much else there; he saw a world so full of humanitarian and grandiose ideas that his mind was rapt away from the mundane issues of the studio, and his best pictures became, from a purely artistic point of view, lucky hits rather than the inevitable expression of a true artist's view of his material. Struggling about in him were powers of design worthy of the great Venetians, and the grand style was in his blood; but he conveys the impression of a man who never succeeded in really organizing his resources, if, indeed, he ever seriously tried to do anything of the kind. Think of what his majestic allegories would have been made, think of what we would behold in the many portraits he painted from the leading spirits of his time, if he had subjected himself with a good will to a long period of academic training! He moves us, as it is, through his spiritual and intellectual qualities; but with a perfected technique he would not simply have recalled the memory of the old masters, he would have actually revived their tradition as a fructifying force; and his influence, which has done so much to purify artistic ideals, would have also affected matters of method. We relinquish Mrs. Barrington's book, as we relinquish Mr. Hunt's, with an emotion of gratitude for the teachings of character, and with a poignant consciousness of how little character alone can do, in art, to withstand the tooth of time, if it is not aided by consummate powers of eye and hand.

That there are occasions on which the inexorable law may be suspended is shown by the history set forth in *Kate Greenaway*,[1] by Messrs. M. H. Spielmann and G. S. Layard. The most charming of all the modern illustrators of children's books could never quite bring her art to the point of technical perfection which even Ruskin, who was the last man

[1] *G. F. Watts: Reminiscences.* By Mrs. Russell Barrington. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1905.

[1] *Kate Greenaway.* By M. H. Spielmann and G. S. Layard. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1905.

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in the world to put form before substance, was constantly urging her to seek. Perhaps, she felt that, in her minor sphere, technical perfection was not of transcendent consequence. At all events, she went her way, doing the best she could, but shrinking with ineradicable sensitiveness from the life studies which Ruskin advised, and contenting herself with the effects easily within her grasp. It is impossible to say that she was wrong. Perhaps, if she had followed too assiduously the precepts of the schools, she would have lost some of the sweetness, some of the naïveté, some of the freshness which is like unto the freshness of childhood itself, in which we recognize, when all is said, a touch of genius. Mr. Spielmann and Mr. Layard paint a most winning personality in this book, printing many delightful letters written by Kate Greenaway or by Ruskin and other friends of hers; and the numerous illustrations in colors round out the record of a life summed up in the one word "felicity." Kate Greenaway lived apart from the main currents of British painting, and from the nature of her work it is probable that the historian of the school will always assign to her a subordinate position. We can imagine the scorn which would be excited in some circles by a sentence in a little note she wrote to Lady Maria Ponsonby, some ten years ago. "Tell Mr. Ponsonby," she says, "I *hate* Beardsley more than ever." Yet I venture to say that she, who had not a tithe of Aubrey Beardsley's technique, has left infinitely more than that young decadent has left which the world will not willingly let die. After all, she drew well enough to say what she wanted to say, and her bewitching little figures have an unfading vitality. As has recently been said of them, they are the embodiment of the civilized world's child ideal; "they belong to the eternal spring, with whose sweet freshness the artist so often surrounded them in her drawings, — to the tender grass, the golden-eyed narcissus, the capering lamb, the rosy apple bloom, the blue sky with its floating fleece of cloud, in which she so delighted." That is enough, and we willingly let the life studies go, despite Ruskin's playful pleadings. I must briefly glance at a book about one other of his friends and disciples, an Englishwoman who was never in any serious sense a maker of works of art, but whose contributions to art history were of lasting value. I speak of the late Lady Dilke, whose four volumes on the French art of the eighteenth century it has been my privilege to praise in the pages of the *Atlantic*. Under the title of *The Book of the Spiritual Life*,[1] her husband has published half a dozen imaginative pieces of hers, prefixing to them a short but adequate memoir. This souvenir of a brilliant and scholarly woman, the intimate of some of the best thinkers of her day, and herself an accomplished and substantially useful writer, should be read by every one interested in the literature of art.

We have been long in the atmosphere of things English in this survey of the year's art books, and we do not altogether leave it in taking up one of the most important of the publications peculiarly our own, Mr. Samuel Isham's *History of American Painting*.[2] This forms part of the admirable series on American art, which Professor John C. Van Dyke is editing. It divides itself naturally into two sections, the early and the modern, and in the first of these Mr. Isham proves himself a competent historian. Our eighteenth-century painters were less the founders of a new school than they were the missionaries of an old one. Men like Gilbert Stuart and Copley worked from a point of view which had been originally established by Reynolds and his followers, and if we subordinate patriotism to critical principles, we are

[1] *The Book of the Spiritual Life.* By the late Lady Dilke. With a Memoir of the author by the Right Hon. Sir Charles W. Dilke, Bart., M. P. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1905.

[2] *The History of American Painting.* By Samuel Isham. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1905.

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bound to be reconciled to a moderate estimate of their standing. We cannot plume ourselves on them as upon new creative types, sprung from our own soil. But neither need we overstate what they owed to English precedent, and it is on this point that Mr. Isham's book is gratifyingly strong. He narrates the career of our early men of distinction at some length, giving a clear idea of their personalities and of the world in which they lived, and bringing out all those merits which could fairly be called individual. He makes it plain, that is to say, that if Stuart was an Anglo-American artist, he was also a good one; and what he does for the greatest in the group he does for the rest, rendering credit where credit is due for a higher level of proficiency than the casual reader might be disposed to attribute to our pioneers.

Mr. Isham shows discrimination as well as sympathy in this first part of his book; and in his treatment of the immediately succeeding phases of his subject, as well as of the members of the Hudson River school, he uses precisely the discretion called for in a history which has no authoritative predecessor. We have always had a tendency to think pretty well of ourselves; and since our art history is only about a hundred years old, it is very desirable that it should be described with a sense of measure. For the student no one could be a more inspiriting or a safer guide than Mr. Isham is, among the painters who flourished before the middle of the nineteenth century. He makes an equally good interpreter of those landscape men, like Innes, Wyant, and Homer Martin, who slowly emerged from the rather arid conditions of the fifties and sixties, and assisted enormously in the extension of our range. If he had been able to remain outside his subject, as it were, seeing to its very centre, but preserving otherwise the detachment of the natural critic, he might have dealt with the modern artists no less luminously than with those who have disappeared from the scene. Unfortunately, Mr. Isham is an artist himself, and in handling the works of his contemporaries he writes as if perpetually in fear of letting himself go.

Art history is nothing if not a history of values, and the genuine historian is known no more by his accuracy in the recording of facts than by his courage in estimating the subtler elements for which they stand. It is not enough to be told the name and date of an artist, with a superficial description of the kind of pictures he has painted. We want to know whether he is good or bad, whether he is really an artist, or is only a mediocrity, stodgily practicing the rudiments of his profession. Is a given temperament to be seriously considered for its intrinsic merit and as an influence, or is it simply marking time? Light on these matters is necessary if a reader is to get a workable idea of just what American art, since 1875, has meant or is meaning to-day. Specific influences, like those of Paris in general and impressionism in particular, require to be followed up through the ramifications of all the studios; and we may go farther and say that when this has been done it is the duty of the historian to bring some broad ideas of artistic right and wrong, of progress and decay, to bear upon the data he has assembled. His instinct will tell him where to curb the play of his faculty of generalization. Mr. Isham seems to prefer to remain on the safe side. He runs through the directory of artists, if not with the glibness of an auctioneer, at any rate with little more originality than we would look for in that personage, and the result is an abundance of information of a commonplace sort, but scarcely any enlightened instruction. Here is a typical passage: "Another man excelling in pure painting is William T. Dannat, whose early work showed clearly his training in Munich and under Munkacsy. One of his first works, a Quartette, now in the Metropolitan Museum, was declared by Albert Wolff to be the best piece of painting in the Salon of 1884, and Wolff, if no very subtle critic, knew

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his trade and voiced accurately the current opinion." There is more in the same colorless vein. Mr. Dannat is thereby disposed of, roughly speaking, but I wonder if any reader unfamiliar with his work would gather a correct notion of just where he belongs in our artistic hierarchy from what Mr. Isham says about him.

The want of grasp in the second half of this book is to be deplored for two reasons. To begin with, Mr. Isham is, as I have said, the first to write a history of American painting on a generous scale, and with modern research. Secondly, he had a unique opportunity to modify the tendency, previously mentioned, to err in criticism on the side of kindness. No school is ever the worse for the application of the highest standards in the appraisal of its productions. What Americans have lacked in willingness to buy pictures executed by their countrymen, they have made up in printed, postprandial, and other fervid amiabilities, which, if not unforgivable on some grounds, are at any rate harmful in that they retard the growth of the power of discrimination in the public mind. I rejoice in Mr. Isham's praise of some of his fellow painters, but I would have greater confidence in his book if I could find in it the bitter truth about this or that painter, characterizations of poor work as poor, with the critic's reasons for his severity. By this process he would accustom the readers in schools, who will form a large part of his audience, to look at pictures with a livelier curiosity and a sharper intelligence. In the history of art a painter must be candidly and rigorously treated, both as a link in a chain, and as an individual. Not otherwise can his rank be fixed.

In some of the current monographs analysis of the individuality of an artist is carried so far as to destroy all sense of proportion; the writer loses his hold on critical principles in a rapture of admiration. This is notably the case with M. Camille Mauclair, whose *Auguste Rodin: the Man, his Ideas, his Works*, is almost a good book.[1] The interpretation of the French sculptor is helpful at many points, but in the long run it bewilders the reader through its reckless eulogy. I mention this book, in fact, chiefly for the sake of the specimens it contains of Rodin's talk. They are full of interest as giving us momentary, half-formed glimpses into the workings of his mind. It is worth wading through M. Mauclair's delirious periods to get at the suggestive reflections which he has quoted from his adored master. A very capable biographer is M. Auguste Bréal, who has written in his *Velasquez*[2] just the handbook to the Spanish painter which the tourist needs. Some day, I hope, there will be a pocket edition of Mr. Ricketts's book on the Prado. While we are waiting for it M. Bréal promises to hold the field. He has plenty of enthusiasm in his heart, but he writes with moderation, and his little book forms an almost ideal introduction to the study of Velasquez. It appears in the Popular Library of Art, a series of small illustrated volumes in which English and foreign critics have been writing on great subjects in brief and simple fashion. The series is one of the best produced by the recent movement in art literature.

To another, the Library of Art, a more ambitious venture, which I have dealt with before, there have lately been added several good monographs. Mr. Basil de Selincourt's *Giotto*[3] surveys the painter's works with thorough-going system, and it is rational in criticism. I like especially the way in which the author has shown that care for what he calls Giotto's "religious earnestness of purpose" is not incompatible with scientific methods of research. Mr. T. Sturge Moore shows a similar freedom from Morellian pedan-

[1] *Auguste Rodin: The Man, his Ideas, his Works.* By CAMILLE MAUCLAIR. Translated by CLEMENTINA BLACK. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1905.

[2] *Velasquez.* By AUGUSTE BRÉAL. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1905.

[3] *Giotto.* By BASIL DE SELINCOURT. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905.

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try in his *Albert Dürer*,[1] contributed to the same series. He does not attempt to overhaul questions of minute scholarship, but wreaks himself on a broad interpretation of Dürer's genius; the book is, indeed, simply a long essay, and an essay richly colored throughout by the author's own temperament. Mr. Moore has ideas as well as insight, and from time to time he strikes fire from his theme. In a series like the Library of Art the best books are those which are the most provocative, which do most to rouse in the reader an interest in the subject in hand. Such a book is Mr. Moore's. The reader must go elsewhere for a full and formal narrative of Dürer's career, but Mr. Moore will take him close to the secret of the German master's art. Mr. M. Henderson's *Constable* [2] is a creditable piece of routine composition, but there is more of the inspiring quality which we have found in the *Dürer* in Mr. G. F. Hill's *Pisanello*.[3] This is the first book to be written in English about the Italian painter and medalist, and the author has made the most of his chance. Pisanello is a simple and yet a complex type. His style has the purity characteristic of early Italian art; but while in some of his paintings, like the portrait of Ginevra D'Este in the Louvre, or in some of his drawings, his draughtsmanship has a flower-like delicacy, his medals rise to a plane of antique austerity and force. At one moment he recalls the subtle, evanescent charm of Botticelli; at another it is the grandeur of Mantegna that he brings to mind. Mr. Hill paints his portrait and interprets his art with a skill worthy of the theme. In all this collection of monographs there is nothing better than this learned but flexibly written book, and there are only two or three of its companions that are so good.

[1] *Albert Dürer*. By T. Sturge Moore. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905.

[2] *Constable*. By M. Henderson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905.

[3] *Pisanello*. By G. F. Hill, M. A. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905.

Italian art does not loom large in the books of the year. Save for Mr. Hill's *Pisanello*, nothing has been published worthy to be named with Kristeller's *Mantegna*, for example. A work of which much was expected, Professor Charles Herbert Moore's *Character of Renaissance Architecture*,[4] has turned out a sad disappointment. The same author's *Development and Character of Gothic Architecture*, first published fifteen years ago, was so well written that it had not seemed possible that he could write a dull book on Renaissance. It would seem, however, as if Professor Moore's devotion to Gothic had dried up any sympathies he may ever have had for the architecture of the Renaissance in Italy. He has traveled about amongst the beautiful buildings of the South, chiefly bent upon proving that men like Alberti, Brunelleschi, Michael Angelo, Bramante, and so on, used classical motives in ways to violate the sanctity of architectural principle, and the result is a book of nearly three hundred captious, irritating pages. There is something comic about the pedagogical gravity with which Professor Moore summons before his tribunal the men of genius who forgot to consult the rules when they were planning their masterpieces, admonishes them with pathetic earnestness, puts black marks against their names, and dismisses them with a caution. Prejudice could no farther go. But happily, while Professor Moore is reiterating his charges, the architecture of the Renaissance will endure, and those who know a beautiful thing when they see it will go on delighting in Brunelleschi and Bramante. One recalls the words Matthew Arnold supposed himself, in a famous preface, to address in certain circumstances to a portly jeweler from Cheapside. "The great mundane movement," he said, "would still go on, the gravel walks of your villa would still be rolled, dividends would still be paid at

[4] *Character of Renaissance Architecture*. By Charles Herbert Moore. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1905.

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the bank, omnibuses would still run, there would still be the old crush at the corner of Fenchurch Street." Likewise I feel that Renaissance architecture will survive Professor Moore's disapproval. Through allowing his tale of its departures from academic correctness to obscure the record of its splendors, he has discounted the legitimate weight of his argument, and given to what ought to have been a work of impersonal scholarship an atmosphere of carping provinciality.

The few books that remain for consideration form themselves into two groups. One is composed of volumes relating to museums. M. Salomon Reinach's *Répertoire de Peintures du Moyen Age et de la Renaissance*,[1] the first volume of which has lately been published in Paris, is a book which students, critics, and historians everywhere will find a precious boon. It gives in well-drawn outlines the essentials of hundreds of paintings, classified according to subject; and the notes not only locate every picture, but give the different attributions where the doctors have disagreed, and other information. A more practical work of reference in its field could not be invented. *Paintings of the Louvre: Italian and Spanish*,[2] by Dr. Arthur Mahler, Carlos Blacker, and W. H. Slater, is a judicious handbook to the schools named in the French museum. The small but fairly clear illustrations add a good deal to this volume, which, by the way, is to be followed by one treating of other schools. M. Gustave Geffroy's lavishly illustrated quarto, *The National Gallery*,[3] is a book of intelligent and pleasant talk. Printed in handier form and with better illustrations, — most of the photogravures and half-tones in this volume are of a distinctly inferior quality, — it would make a first-rate popular guide; but under the circumstances it is unlikely to deprive Mr. Edward T. Cook's well-known volume of its vogue. A meritorious contribution to museum literature is Sir Walter Armstrong's account of *The Peel Collection and the Dutch School of Painting*,[4] in the familiar series of Portfolio Monographs. The illustrations might be better, but they are pretty good, and the text provides a really valuable description of a signally important group of paintings in the National Gallery. Lastly I have to refer to three volumes intended more especially for the collector. In the Connoisseur's Library, a series of handsomely made volumes, Mr. Alfred Maskell's *Ivories*,[5] Mr. Dudley Heath's *Miniatures*,[6] and Mr. Frederick S. Robinson's *English Furniture*,[7] have appeared since I last touched upon the enterprise. All are written with authority, and contain the numerous facts which the collector needs.

[1] *Répertoire de Peintures du Moyen Age et de la Renaissance* (1280–1580). Par Salomon Reinach. Paris: Ernest Leroux. 1905.

[2] *Paintings of the Louvre: Italian and Spanish.* By Dr. Arthur Mahler, in collaboration with Carlos Blacker and W. A. Slater. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1905.

[3] *The National Gallery.* By Gustave Geffroy. With an Introduction by Sir Walter Armstrong. New York: Frederick Warne & Co. 1905.

[4] *The Peel Collection and the Dutch School of Painting.* By Sir Walter Armstrong. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1905.

[5] *Ivories.* By Alfred Maskell, F. S. A. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1905.

[6] *Miniatures.* By Dudley Heath. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1905.

[7] *English Furniture.* By Frederick S. Robinson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1905.

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THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

BOOKS THAT STAY BY

I HAVE never discovered just how to classify them. With me, at all events, — and in this corner we are privileged, I take it, to talk of personal experience and impression, leaving formality and eloquence to our betters in the more public parts of the magazine, — with me such books seem not to be restricted to any special, recognizable class. I could go to my shelves and pick them out, with more or less of hesitation and fumbling, — not without some indecisive takings down and puttings back again, probably; but when all was done they would look, I apprehend, like a rather motley crew, — as if the chooser's taste had been more freakish than catholic. Even so, however, they would have at least one thing in common: they would be mostly books that I did not fall in love with early. As between man and man, — meaning also, but not exclusively, as between man and woman, — I am a believer in love at first sight; that is to say, I think I am. At all events, I am not a disbeliever, although if I were put to it, and compelled to rake my memory over, I fear I should have to confess that, according to the sum of my observation and experience, love at first sight does not always turn out to be the poet's

> "ever-fixed mark
> That looks on tempests and is never shaken."

My own youthful bookish affections, certainly, have shifted under far less stress of weather than such language seems to figure. The truth is, no doubt, that in this respect, as in others, we are all parts of the whole, and subject to the general law. It would be a bold man who should boast of standing still (though some theologians have seemed to do it, we must admit), with all the rest of creation on the move about him. So I take no shame to myself for having neither fixity of taste nor fixity of opinion. Even the poet, in his highest flight, makes the child to be only the *father* of the man.

As a reader, then, — I confess it frankly, for all the natural piety that has bound my days together, — I have altered as I alteration found, and bent with the remover to remove. My condition, in short, is not dissimilar to that of another "reader," with whose curiously naïve confessions (my thanks to him) we were recently favored in this place.

Carlyle and Macaulay, for example, friendly as I once was with them both, are now for the most part mere stayers upon the shelf, — pensioners, so to speak, enjoying an *otium cum indignitate*, — serving a use, such as it is, as reminders of a good time (and what a good time it was!) now far removed.

Emerson, a considerably later favorite, is more frequently invited down. He long counted for so very much with me — many times more than Carlyle and Macaulay together — that it must be I shall still find him companionable, I say to myself; but alas! the experiment is more likely than not to end in failure. There is a world of lofty thought and feeling between those faded maroon covers; no one has better reason than I to know it; but somehow, for better or worse (it is my fault, if anybody's, but I suspect it is nobody's), the noble sentences no longer stir me as they used to do. Perhaps the tide will turn again, perhaps not. Possibly I have read the books so much (few, if any, ever did more for me) that whatever of nutriment and stimulus they once contained for my particular need was some time ago exhausted. For my particular need, I say; for as no author ever put into his book all that his best readers get out of it, so no one reader, however faithful and competent, ever gets out of a book all that the author put into it. There

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is no such thing, in other words, as mind answering perfectly to mind.

Thoreau, up to this date, lasts better with me than his so-called master. Some wiser head than mine can possibly tell me why. Perhaps, although he was a younger man, he wrote for older readers. He seems to me rather more concrete, more nutty, to use a word of his own. He is more provocative, and oftener gives me a useful nudge. Sometimes, too, serious humorist that the man was, he makes me laugh, at him or at myself, — a pretty sound benefit, better and better esteemed by most of us, I think, as years lengthen and desire begins to fail.

Matthew Arnold, again, with whom I have faithfully served my time, is no longer quite what in the old days I found him. To tell the unhappy truth (I speak of his prose), he is beginning to seem to me like an old story, a "back number," — if it is n't too free an expression, a sucked orange. I fed much upon him, but while I acknowledge my debt with all thankfulness, it is with no very fervent yearnings for a second course. Is it, I wonder, that I feel a something too much of the schoolmaster in him, — as if the rest of us were to him but so many boys on the bench?

Lowell keeps a better place, though I still see, as I have always done, some of his shortcomings. These, fortunately, are not of the nagging, unendurable sort, and, after all, we do not let books go so often for their faults as for their deficiencies. If he sometimes permits a metaphor to run away with his discretion, I have only to skip a few lines. If he is unpleasantly smart once in a while, as I am sure he is, that is a failing that leans to virtue's side, and withal is not amazingly common. It annoys me, now and then, to think how much better he might have done with a more patient revision, but on the whole the best of his prose is still an invigoration to me. I can read it in those hours, known to all bookish people, when I feel the need of something that is familiar and yet as good as new.

And so I might go on; but Club talk must not degenerate into monologue, and really I had no thought of compiling a list. Let the names I have cited be taken as examples merely, not the best, of necessity, but such as came first to hand. My concern is not so much with the case of this or that author as with the general question of the quality or qualities by virtue of which any author retains his hold upon us. Why is it, I say, that Stevenson wears with me so much better than some whom my critical judgment (for I am supposed to have one) settles upon as larger men? Somehow the best of his work (the best to me) bears a fresh reading most remarkably well. At times, indeed, I question whether he really was a smaller man; whether his highly finished style has not caused him to pass for a less substantial thinker than he actually was. Clear water, I remind myself, is sometimes deeper than it looks. I will not presume to judge. One thing, nevertheless, I am bound to say: that I am often finding stimulation and help in him, choice and (even yet) unexpected turns of phrase through which a new light breaks in upon the mind. He pleases me greatly by these flashes. Taking times together, few things are more to my liking. My attention is kept awake, now and then I have a thought of my own, or what seems to be my own (an extraordinary piece of fortune), and when I lay the book down I am conscious of a feeling of elation, expansion, uplifting, as if I had been breathing pure air and looking at a wide prospect. As long as any books do this for me, so long I shall love to read them.

So it is with Montaigne, dear old Montaigne. I seldom feel like being with him a great while at once, but I never wish to be long without at least a rambling page or two of his wise garrulity. Perhaps I am naturally something of a gossip myself. My occupation at the present minute may be held to indicate as much. That I like the personal note is certain. Who is there that does n't? When I read a book

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I relish it all the better if it sounds like a man talking; and if he talks about himself, with a modicum of frankness and a modicum of wit, why, so much the better still. Good Montaigne, good Stevenson, say I, your place is on the table rather than on the shelf, and long may you be within reach from my pillow.

OF A SINGULAR GOOD CURE FOR MELANCHOLY

It stood among my great-great-grandfather's books on the topmost library shelf, wedged in between *The American Preceptor* and *The Journal of Thomas Chalkley*. I had climbed up for a word with that "gentlest of skippers," and in taking him down, had displaced the small brown volume, from whose leaves dropped out a faded purple flower. As I slipped the flower in again, I read upon the page where it was to lie for perhaps another hundred years: —

The Melancholy Thistle

"It riseth up with tender, single hoary green stalks, bearing thereon four or five green leaves, slightly dented above the edges. The points thereof are little or nothing prickly. They grow in many moist meadows of this land. They flower about July and August. It is under Capricorn, and therefore under both Saturn and Mars; one rids melancholy by sympathy, the other by antipathy. Their virtues are but few but these are not to be despised; for the decoction of the thistle in wine being drank expels superfluous melancholy and maketh a man as merry as a cricket. Superfluous melancholy causes care, fear, madness, despair, envy and many evils more beside, but religion teacheth us to wait on God's providence. Dioscorides saith the root borne about one doth the like and removes all diseases of melancholy. Modern writers laugh at him. *Let them laugh that win.* My opinion is, that it is the best remedy against all melancholy diseases that grows; they that please to use it."

So stout an indifference to modern prejudices concerning the wisdom of the ancients, and the number of the pronoun, invited to further acquaintance. Who was this quaint thistle-monger, bold to appropriate the advice that Margaret gave to Beatrice, — this melancholy anatomist, less occupied with his symptoms than with their cure?

CULPEPPER'S FAMILY PHYSICIAN

The English Physician

An Astrologico-Physical Discourse of the vulgar Herbs of this nation whereby a man may preserve his body in health or cure himself with such things only as grow in America, they being most fit for American bodies.

Revised, Corrected and Enlarged by James Scammon.

Thus, and much more, the title-page. To wander down between the narrow columns of the index is like walking through the fragrant rows of an old-fashioned English garden. Here bloom cowslip, motherwort, and turnsole, with gillyflower and gooseberry-bush, ivy, germander and pellitory-of-the-wall. "Such things only as grow in *America*," Mr James Scammon? Or is the English Physician revised no farther than his title-page, since "Burnet groweth in divers counties of this island, especially in Northamptonshire, as also near London by Pancras Church and by a causey-side in the middle of a field by Paddington." "Hyssop is found among the bogs on Hampstead Heath." "Juniper is plentiful on Finchley Common," and "Winter Rocket aboundeth in divers places and particularly in the next pasture to the Conduit-head behind Gray's Inn that brings water to Mr. Lamb's Conduit in Holborn."

One wonders if Mr. Pepys did not idly stoop to pluck a handful of the yellow blossoms as he loitered in Gray's Inn Fields with the "dear Faber Fortunae of my Lord Bacon," or "Thinking to hear Mistress Knight sing at her lodgings," or musing on Dr. Bates's sermon that day when the Presbyters bade farewell to London, and the cautious Samuel, having

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renewed his vows and being well content with finding himself a changed man, did take great pleasure in "the pretty, sprightly lady," at St. Dunstan's door. Perhaps Mr. Lamb's gentle namesake sometimes paused on his way to the Inner Temple absent-mindedly to taste a pungent seed or two.

The recent Contributor who so pleasantly inveighs against a horticultural snobbishness may well prize our "reliable though commonplace" garden acquaintances. Those peasant marigolds are children of the Sun, and not the Lady Rose herself is a better comforter of the heart and spirit. "What a pother have authors made of roses!" cries Master Culpepper. "What a racket have they kept!" 'T is true that damask roses refresh, if one "smell the sweet vapours thereof out of a perfuming-pot," and "red roses do strengthen the heart," — yes, verily, even when gathered from a florist's box. But on the whole these votaries of Venus are much over-rated flowers, not to be named with Beatrice's Benedictus, or honest wormwood, most martial of herbs.

Are you too dainty for thistles? Here's "Love-in-Idleness, Three Faces-in-a-hood, in Sussex, we call them Pancies." Here's rosemary, "it helpeth a weak memory" — pray you, love, remember. Here is fennel for you and columbines, and "fennel is of good use for them that would see clearly." Here is rue for you, excellent herb-of-grace, which "secureth a man from poison." And here is balm, of which "Sciapus saith that it causeth the heart to be merry and driveth away all troublesome cares and thoughts out of the mind." But since "Physick without astrology is like a lamp without oil," see to it that every herb that drinks the dew be gathered in the hour of its star. How easily then had sad Ophelia escaped her murderous willow!

Wherefore, if skies are gray, and the verses come limping home again, — courage, my heart! Wet weather is good for the wild thyme, and thyme, fit herb of poets, "both comforteth the phrensy and quickeneth the wit." Even now celandine and pimpernel, foxglove, fellwort, and Jack-by-the-hedgeside are trooping all together in Kentish lanes; and though the heart-strengthening red roses have long since scattered their petals about New England doorsteps, southernwood survives them, and sweet Basil and dittany still linger in many a gentlewoman's garden. For there is not a noisome humor of the mind but some "gallant fine temperate herb" may succor it; the very cracks in city pavements nourish convenient simples; and — is that a bud on the bit of geranium in my neighbor's window across the way?

A "NOW" DESCRIPTIVE OF A COLD DAY IN SOUTH DAKOTA

When Leigh Hunt wrote his "Now" descriptive of a cold day, he profited by the mild humors of an English climate, and could afford to be philosophical about it. Would his fancy have but rioted the more in a South Dakota winter, I wonder, or would it have trailed off into the hopeless exclamation point of an icicle?

But — as the discursive Hunt remarks — to begin: —

Now the mercury, long buoyed up by the illusive persistence of a late fall, drops down, down, to zero, five below, ten below, — will it never stop? The ground hardens inch beneath inch until the driven excavator quarries it like granite.

Now the snow — here, by a perversity of nature, harbinger of lower temperatures — sifts through doors and windows and sprinkles the draughty floor with millions of slippery globules. The snowfall over, a north wind rises, shaves layer after layer off the white expanse, whirls it up into fantastic wraiths, and malignly packs it wherever struggling mankind has sought to establish a right of way. Now the householder, locating his front walk by compass, ditches drifts into the semblance of a path — only to find an hour later that the unrelenting wind has obliterated every trace of his two hours labor.

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Now the helpless railroad engines, struggling under a weight of ice, pant against the drifts and bury themselves impotently in the hardpacked mass. The passengers strain their eyes over the unrelieved white level of the prairie, fret a while, and then settle down to the hopeless inanities and narrowing rations of a forty-eight hours' siege.

Now the mercury drops again, descending until its previous record seems summer by comparison. The air cuts like a knife, and the grind of wheels on the snow-packed village streets is as the rasping of a saw.

Now the normal human type disappears from the highways, and buffalo-coated Scandinavian bipeds with great frost-weighted beards — strange, uncouth animals, aroused untimely from their hibernation — walk the streets or drive the shivering horses. Now the plate-glass front of the village drugstore discreetly veils behind an opaque wall of frost the illicit traffic of a local option town. Now even the post-office loafers seek their holes, and the sidewalks are given over to the man with a purpose.

And now the housewife thaws the ingredients for dinner on the crackling range, and skims the ice from the sputtering tea-kettle. Now the freshly washed kitchen floor tempts the cook to don her skates, and aching feet send spinal thrills of sympathy to scorching face. Now the hoarded apples turn to stone, and fruit jars — product of a summer's toil — crack and burst. Now the erstwhile genial furnace becomes a roaring dragon, devouring the bank-account and returning an equivalent in liabilities and shivers.

And now the woeful prisoner in this land of iron hies him to the solace of his yet unfrozen soul, and fancies himself in some "far Eden of the purple East" — some warm spot which the blue Ægean girds —

With ever-changing sound and light and foam
Kissing the sifted sands and caverns hoar;
And all the winds wandering along the shore
Undulate with the undulating tide;
There are thick woods where sylvan forms abide,
And many a fountain, rivulet, and pond,
As clear as elemental diamond,
Or serene morning air; and far beyond,
The mossy tracks made by the goats and deer
(Which the rough shepherd treads but once a year)
Pierce into glades, caverns, and bowers, and halls
Built round with ivy, which the waterfalls
Illumining, with sound that never fails
Accompany the noonday nightingales;
And all the place is peopled with sweet airs;
The light clear element which the isle wears
Is heavy with the scent of lemon-flowers,
Which floats like mist laden with unseen showers,
And falls upon the eyelids like faint sleep;
And from the moss violets and jonquils peep,
And dart their arrowy odour through the brain
Till you might faint with that delicious pain.

Hapless wight! How shall he break his South Dakota bonds? Whence shall come the wherewithal to get the albatross which bore the Poet to the Halcyon Isle? Before his mind flashes the genial picture of a cheque from the *Atlantic;* and with cold and shaking fingers he indites this "Now," and mails it to the Contributors' Club.

CONCERNING RETICENCE

Arms and the man are sung. Action, speech, works, happenings, — deeds, in short, occupy the chronicling humor of our day. Possibly "those things which we ought not to have done," the deeds, are duly deplored, but it is the doing of them that is brought to notice. History lives and fattens on but one part of human thought, that which is expressed. Embodiment is prerequisite to all else; with embodiment the poet, the financier, the scientist, and the housewife work, and for it is the credit of eternity invoked.

But who extols the unexpressed? When is it said that by their omissions ye shall know them? What homage has the man whose virtue is that he has not done, has not said? Some belated appreciation he may have at the hands of an admirer who comes afterward upon the traces of his

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restraint, but the world has stigmatized him as uncontributive. He himself is the sole communicant in the elegant sanctuary of his reserve, the King Ludwig of his intimate drama. The very renunciation which keeps him silent forbids him the encomium it merits; his great inaction, maintained at the cost of we know not what effort, and to the detriment of we know not what personal success, but ever reinforced by what consoling humor we know not either, — his monumental inaction is less noted than his merest outward reflex of habit that can be classed as deed.

Just how monumental, indeed, may never be known. But every man's memory will confirm the adjective. What an *Epochmachende und Welterstaunende Arbeit*, for instance, was the epigram which I sacrificed yesterday to the claims of that anæmic goddess Propriety! It mortifies me to recall the witless platitude I hurriedly stuffed in its place, — a cheap gravestone, but a noble burying. And not the least of the achievement was the smile with which I afterward resumed my tattered amiability. Is there a harsher abstinence than the abstinence from wit?

Or again, there was the mutual speech of those two strangers concerning a person whom I had well-nigh by heart. Without a sign I listened to their inexact decrees and vain imaginings, when I possessed the word that would have turned their faces in amazement. And how was I compensated for the forfeiture of that wondrous look? By the doubtful satisfaction that it was the just tax of good taste.

Possibly a lecturer did violence to my sternest convictions, or a minister startled me by a betrayal of some deep-guarded weakness; but who of my neighbors was aware? Or some light word was dropped in casual talk that swept the ground of the future away beneath my feet, but my outward composure had still to be inviolate. Or else, more likely, I burned to reveal, by ever so slight a word or gesture, some secret that would revolutionize an occasion.

There may even come a time when I must suffer the imprisonment of my intelligence, must exhibit before the world an unstudied innocence, when the simplest calculation has sufficed to put me in possession of the facts. Is there a more cruel fate than to be obliged to wear an outgrown ignorance, to allow unrepudiated some tacit charge of denseness?

In wider relations, too: I made perhaps a sufficiently noteworthy success at the work I loved, and afterwards was besieged for more of the same by admirers, consumers, and purveyors; but in the face of their persuasion I refrain and shall refrain, for reasons which may never obtain credit abroad.

No credit, perhaps; these inactions are not recorded, are not so much as recognized. Yet a curious thing is that the social fabric is woven thereof. From the basic silences asked by refinement, to the conventional neglect of the last morsel on your plate, the spirit of reticence permeates human intercourse. Set formulas of thanks or welcome cover a multitudinous variety of sentiment not to be uttered; by uniformities of usage we avoid self-revelation.

For at best we are only neophytes at reticence. To be able so to put things away in the mind that they may never get accidentally mixed and uttered, to be able to "separate words from thoughts" so that they flourish quite independently of each other, — these are Olympian attributes. An atmosphere of trustworthiness seems to emanate from the rare being so possessed; an aura of safety hangs round about him. Though you can scarcely name the reason, he has become to you a marked man. He has the self-respect born of his omissions, and although he alone knows the full beauty of his restraint, the afterglow of the vision is seen upon his personality.

For comment on the contributors to this number, see advertising page 17.

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